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ALL THE MARTYRS.

PIONEER PRIESTS
OF
NORTH AMERICA

1642-1710

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VOL. II

AMONG THE HURONS

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JOHN M. FARLEY, D.D.,

Archbishop of New York.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE first volume of "The Pioneer Priests of North America" contains the biographies of the eighteen priests who labored among the Iroquois Indians in what is now the State of New York. The present one concerns itself with the lives of the chief apostles of the Hurons. The period of time covered in this narrative is more restricted than the other, but is more tragic in its character, and is filled from beginning to end with deeds of more than usually heroic self-immolation. It is the history of de Brébeuf and his associates.

A year after Champlain had built his huts at Quebec, namely in 1609, a tribe from what was then the far Northwest, came down the river with their peltries. They were Wendots or Wyandots, but the French called them Hurons, because of the irregular tufts of hair which the savages cultivated on their half-shaven heads. To the imaginative Frenchman the decoration seemed like *la hure* or bristles on the back of an angry boar. *"Quelle hure!"* they exclaimed; "What a shock of bristles!" From that the name Huron was evolved. The derivation seems fanciful, but is commonly admitted to be correct. The Dutch historian, Vandendonck, however, classified these new arrivals as The French Savages or Rondaxes; but Rondaxes is merely a corruption of Adirondacks; the only Indians ever called the French Savages. Colden, for no reason that he assigns, designates them as Quantoghies; while Lahontan, who is famous for his misstatements, describes them as Nadoueks, which is the Algonquin name for Iroquois.

These Wyandots or Hurons were, like the other savage nations. divided into various clans or families, such as The Bears, The Rocks, The Cords, etc. They were the parent stock of the five Iroquois Nations, and were relatives of the

Petuns and Neutrals, who were their immediate neighbors near Lake Huron. They were also connected by blood with the Andastes or Susquehannas of Pennsylvania. Their country was 800 or 900 miles away from Quebec, near the great lake which now bears their name, but which they called Attigouantan. Roughly speaking, it was the territory at the head of Georgian Bay, with Lake Simcoe on the east, the Severn River and Matchedash Bay on the north, Nottawasaga Bay on the west, and was separated from the Neutrals on the south by what would be a line drawn from the present town of Collingwood over to Hawkstone on Lake Simcoe. The train from Toronto north to Midland and Penetanguishene runs through the old habitat of the Hurons.

The most reliable information we have about these Indians is to be found in the " Relations " of the missionaries, notably those of de Brébeuf, Jerome Lalemant and Bressani. The Recollects who first visited them remained only a short time, and it is difficult to accept Friar Sagard's account without reserve, as he could not possibly have known their language. Champlain passed a winter among them after his defeat in Western New York, and has left us a record of what he saw. They were selected as the most likely to be influenced by the teaching of the Gospel, because of their remoteness from the whites, and because also like their kinsmen, the Iroquois, though continually at war, they were settled in well protected villages.

Champlain first asked the Jesuits to undertake the work of their conversion, but as the troubles in Acadia were about at their height, it was deemed unwise to enter upon an additional struggle with the Calvinist merchants who then controlled Quebec. In consequence of this refusal, the Recollects were invited, and in 1615, Father Le Caron was at Carhouaga, near Thunder Bay, but in 1616 he returned to France and did not resume his work among the Hurons until 1623, when he again took up his abode there with

Father Viel and the lay-brother Sagard. In the following year, he and Sagard withdrew, and Viel was left alone.

Despairing of success with either red or white men, on account of the opposition of the French traders, the Recollects entreated the Jesuits to come to their aid. This time the invitation was accepted, and Fathers de Brébeuf and de Noüe immediately left France with the Recollect d'Aillon, and after much difficulty reached the Huron country in 1625; but d'Aillon and de Noüe soon withdrew, leaving de Brébeuf alone. The Recollect Viel had before that, attempted to go down to Quebec but lost his life on the Rivière des Prairies, at a place known as Sault au Recollet. Finally, in 1629, de Brébeuf was compelled to give up the work, as the English were then in possession of Quebec.

Canada again became French territory in 1632; and in 1634, de Brébeuf, Davost and Daniel forced themselves on the unwilling savages who had again come down to Quebec to trade, and after much suffering reached the Huron country. They were joined by Le Mercier and Pierre Pijart in 1635, and in the following year, by Jogues, Garnier and Chastellain. Paul Ragueneau arrived in 1637; and Le Moyne and du Perron in 1638. Jerome Lalemant, Chaumonot, Poncet and Claude Pijart were on the list in 1639; and Ménard in 1640. We find Garreau, Chabanel and Bressani there in 1641, and in 1648, Gabriel Lalemant, Bonin and Daran arrived just in time for the closing scenes of the tragedy in which Lalemant was a conspicuous victim.

They were all wonderful men and necessarily so; for they had to convert an entire people who were at that very moment being rapidly exterminated by an implacable foe. The time allotted by Divine Providence for this work was exceedingly brief, for counting out the few years which de Brébeuf spent in Huronia prior to the fall of Quebec in 1629, it began only in 1634, but it was not until 1639 that the savages would even tolerate an allusion to Christianity,

and before the end of 1650 the Hurons had vanished from the earth as a distinct people. Nevertheless, in those ten years, results were achieved which have scarcely a parallel in missionary annals. Thousands of these Hurons became excellent Christians, and not a few were distinguished by lives of exalted virtue. It is true that it was at the cost of awful sufferings and the sacrifice of the lives of many of the missionaries, but de Brébeuf and his companions brought a holy and pertinacious fierceness into the fight and made light of death if they won even a few souls. After the destruction of the Hurons some of the missionaries went down among the Iroquois. Chaumonot, Le Moyne, Ragueneau, Poncet and Bressani labored both in Canada and in New York; and Jogues himself first began with the Hurons. Their stories have been told in the first volume.

We have prefixed to the present work an account of the early Acadian mission; for the reason that it was the first effort made in the evangelization of New France, and also because Father Massé, who had been in Acadia, kept alive the enthusiasm for the Canadian missions when he returned to France, and was the first to volunteer when the Recollects appealed for help. He was for a time superior of the only missionary who was left among the Hurons, and he hastened back to America when the French resumed control of the country. Biard, his companion in Acadia, would doubtless have gone with him had he not been summoned to his reward four years before the Jesuits undertook the work.

It may not be out of place to say that daily access to the valuable archives of St. Mary's College, Montreal, and the counsel of the Rev. Arthur E. Jones, who is among the foremost authorities in all matters relating to Huronia, have made the preparation of this volume a comparatively easy task.

PETER BIARD

ACADIA. (Old Map.)

CHAPTER I.

Establishment of Acadia.

THE "Jesuit Relations," as we now have them, are merely the summaries or digests of the various letters sent by the missionaries to their superior at Quebec, who forwarded them to Paris where they were published annually in forty consecutive volumes from 1632 to 1672. As they appear in their modern re-prints they are usually preceded by two other documents, one a letter, dated 1626, from Charles Lalemant to his brother Jerome, and another a treatise or an elaborate account of the work done in Acadia sixteen years before that time. The latter was written by Father Biard, and is an answer to an accusation which was then current in France that the Jesuits were traitors to their country and religion, and in collusion with the English pirates who destroyed the colonies of Port Royal and St. Sauveur. This charge was formulated in a book known as the "Facts of the Case between M. J. de Biencourt and Fathers Massé and Biard," and was supposed to have been written by Lescarbot, who was the devoted friend of the Biencourts and had lived a short time in Acadia.

One of the good results of the accusation was that its refutation has supplied us with very valuable ethnological and historical data about Acadia, which otherwise might not have been forthcoming; and has given us a story of wanderings by sea and land that reads like an Odyssey.

Biard begins by telling us why the name of New France was given to the recently acquired territory. The first reason is because there was no land between it and the old country; a view, more patriotic than convincing. The second is hardly more satisfactory, namely that the Bretons and Normans had been in the habit of visiting those parts a

hundred years or more for fishing purposes, and used to bring back an occasional Indian to exhibit him in St. Malo and elsewhere. The third is the only valid one, viz: that Verazzano, in the employ of Francis I, gave the name to the entire territory north of 40° latitude. What was known as Canada "was only part of the acquisition, and was restricted to that portion of it which lay along the St. Lawrence. Acadia, or the land of the Souriquois, adjoined it on the south; while further south still, beyond the Baie Française or Bay of Fundy was Norumbega."

After the expeditions of Roberval and the Marquis de la Roche had failed, Pierre du Gast, the Sieur de Monts, having acquired an ample fortune, associated with himself some merchants of Rouen, St. Malo and Rochelle, and received from "the incomparable Henry IV," as Biard styles him, a grant of land from the 40° to 46° north latitude, besides trading privileges as far as the 54°. Its eastern boundary was the Atlantic, and its western the China Sea or Pacific. De Monts left France in 1604, coasted along the shore of Norumbega, settled for a while on Ste. Croix Island, and finally chose for the central seat of the colony the Harbor of Port Royal, or what is now Annapolis, in Nova Scotia.

Champlain, who was with the expedition, was strongly opposed to the entire scheme; first, because the place was too near the English settlements and consequently in constant danger of attack; and secondly, because the settlers were half Calvinist and half Catholic. He foresaw the strife that would ensue, and he sadly notes in his "Voyages" that the parson and the priest on board of his vessel not only spent their time in religious controversy, but came to blows on the deck to the great amusement of the crew. Both of these tempestuous evangelists died shortly after landing, and the sailors buried them side by side, hoping that there at least they might be at peace. The chaplain on Pontgravé's ship was a priest from Paris named Aubrey, who succeeded in losing himself for three weeks in the

woods, where he nearly perished. Nothing else is recorded of him. Two years of misery followed, and the associated merchants, finding that they were getting nothing for their money but maps of rivers and bays, refused any further advances. Du Gast therefore, abandoned the enterprise, without however, relinquishing his charter. He made over the Seigneurie of Port Royal to Jean de Biencourt, commonly known as Potrincourt or Poutrincourt, and retained the rest as his own.

After this brief historical review, Biard then addresses himself to what he calls the *horoscope et geniture de ces terres,* namely the astronomical location, the temperature, the seasons, and the characteristics of the people. It will not be necessary to follow him in all these details which are very discursive and often speculative, but it will suffice for our present purpose to select a few of the traits which differentiate the Micmac or Souriquois Indians from the other red men of the country.

"In spite of the scurvy and bitter cold," he says, "the place is healthy, if one does not coop himself up in his cabin, but keeps his blood in circulation by hunting and fishing. There is nothing to be feared from the Indians, for the only unfriendly ones are those north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence." He called them *Excommuniquois,* which is about the nearest he could come to their name, and which he, no doubt, thought properly described them, though he blames the immorality of the Basque sailors in those parts for having made them bad. The Montagnais, the Souriquois, and the Etchemins were all friendly. The Acadians or Souriquois he found to be a light-hearted, intelligent race, with a good memory for things that they could see and touch, but absolutely helpless when there was question of keeping any formula of words in their head. They regarded the French as very ugly, chiefly because of the hair around the lips, but little by little they got used to that ornament. They were all decently clad in winter, though

in summer the men's wardrobe was reduced to a breech-clout.

They were smaller than the French, well built, "pretty much," says Biard, "as we should have been, had we all remained twenty-five years old." There are no fat men among them, no hunchbacks; no cripples or deformed creatures; none with gout, or stone or the like; no lunatics; none with a single eye or a squint, and they are much amused at any of the French who are unfortunate in these respects. On the whole they have a very poor idea of the Europeans, and consider themselves a superior race." Thus, for instance, one of these distinguished sons of the forest, hearing that the King of France was looking for a wife, offered his daughter, but on condition that His Majesty should give in return for the maiden several barrels of bread and beans, a supply of hats, harpoons and the like.

They were nomads and hunters, and divided their year of thirteen moons into the periods which determined their pursuit of the different kinds of game. They ate what they caught and then starved until something else came their way. When the ice broke up they were most of the time in their light canoes, which we are assured would make thirty or forty leagues a day. Rarely living together in any great number, there was no system of laws to regulate their conduct. Their chiefs were called Sagamos, and were mostly heads of families, who guided the activities of their various descendants. Like all Indians they were fond of visiting each other, chiefly because of the feasts, which were customary on such occasions. They were always at war, or at least deliberating about it. But Charlevoix says that before deciding they used to fight with their wives. If the squaws got the best of the battle, it was a good omen; if the men prevailed, it was the reverse. The logic of such reasoning is not apparent, but that was unimportant. Their tactics were the usual trickery and stealthiness of the savage, viz: lying in ambush or creeping up on their foes. In Biard's

opinion they were miserable cowards in a regular battle, while in their personal quarrels two men would fight all day without much damage to either except in breath and perspiration, "pulling each other's hair," he says, "like women in France."

Their marriages were generally by purchase, and the squaw then began her drudgery. Polygamy prevailed and with it gross immorality, but there was a certain amount of external decorum. Indeed they were better behaved in that respect than the French. Adultery was punishable by death, but loss of virtue in a maid did not affect her matrimonial availability, though it was a blot on her record. The children were few, the suffering and misery of the squaws affording a sufficient explanation of that condition of things. According to the writer the Souriquois did not exceed 3,500, the Eteminquois, who were in the Penobscot region, were no more than 2,500; another 3,000 might be found from there to the Kennebec and Chouacouet, while there were only about 1,000 Montagnais in all. In brief only about 10,000 aborigines were to be found in those parts.

They had no handicraft whatever, and were intellectually dense. Their pharmacopoeia was reduced to sweat baths, and unctions of fish oil; but the latter we are told was a specific against mosquitoes, and also helped the savage to bear the extremes of heat and cold. Besides it made their hair slip easily through the tangled brushwood, and triumphantly shed the rain. They used tobacco against hunger, and to get it would sell their shirts. All their entertainments and business meetings were helped out by protracted use of the pipe.

Their medical practice was mostly jugglery. When an Indian was very far gone, he stretched out at full length near the fire, and then, by common consent, he was sick. They offered him everything they were eating, whether roast or boiled, and usually dragged it through the ashes to present it to him. If he refused it, they called in the sorcerer.

That functionary examined the patient and then began to blow on him. If, after some days, this pneumatic treatment was ineffective, he was pronounced to have the devil inside of him, and the spirit had to be driven out and killed. Then all prepared to slay Beelzebub, but were warned to be on their guard lest he might jump into and strangle them. A three hours' comedy then began in which each one had his part to play.

The juggler established himself in a deep hole, at the bottom of which he tied a rope around a peg. Singing, screaming and dancing they crowded around the patient who was placed close to the hole, the physician meantime waving a naked sword till he was all in a sweat and foaming at the mouth like a hard driven horse, and howling meantime like a demon to warn the people to look out for the evil spirit. He sees him in the pit writhing in anger and ready to spring out and eat them. Every one is pale with fear, until at least the braves take hold of the cord to drag Satan out. They pull and pull, but the sorcerer had taken good care to make it fast. While they are tugging he is vociferating over the hole and pretending to make lunges against the evil spirit. Finally he descends into the pit, and lo! the rope yields, and out it comes with bits of bones and shreds of fish attached to it. "Victory! the devil is dead. You will cure the sick man."

Then the sufferer is examined to see if the demon has hurt him in the exit. To find that out the physician must sleep and dream, which gives the patient a good chance to get worse. After that he pronounces the verdict. Possibly he will say: "You will die in three days." Whereupon the sick man proceeds to help out his medical adviser by refusing all food. If at the end of three days, life still persists in the victim, the devil is accused of interfering, and consequently pots of cold water are poured on the patient's stomach till he expires. If you expostulate they will tell you that such is their national method of medical treatment. Even after

all this, the French have sometimes succeeded in rescuing the victims and restoring them to health, though the pious Biard says it was by the grace of God. Among those who were rescued were the two Sagamos, Membertou and his son, a result which redounded very much to the discredit of the native doctors, who, however, whether they succeeded or not, always had the privilege of receiving numerous presents and were exempted from giving anything in return. They were thus a favored class and grew unavoidably rich.

Resuming his narrative, Biard tells us that when the doom of the sick man was pronounced, all his friends and relations gathered around and he made his own funeral oration. He related his exploits; extolled his family; gave his instructions and bade everyone farewell. He made no gifts but called for a general smoke. The pipe was lighted and all gave presents to their departing friend; arrows, skins, dogs, etc. They killed the dogs, however, and made a funeral banquet of them. When the feast was over the mourners began their harangues: They were sorry to lose him, but he was leaving good sons behind who would grow up fine hunters, and he was bidding good bye to admiring friends who would avenge the wrongs done to him. Finally, when the poor wretch breathed his last, they set up a howl, and if he was a man of importance they continued at it night and day for a week, provided they had enough to eat. If the food gave out, they buried the body straightway and adjourned the banquet to another occasion.

For the funeral, the afflicted relatives painted their faces black, but occasionally enlivened the gloom of their aspect by a dash of color. They wrapped the corpse in skins, and tied up the knees against the stomach. The grave was shallow, with the dead man's head almost on a level with the ground, but a mound was made above it by means of sticks. If the defunct was a chief they built a pyramid over him. Bows, arrows and shields marked the resting place

of the men; spoons or some feminine adornments indicated that a weary squaw had ceased from her labors. In the grave, skins, hatchets and sometimes the uneaten dogs were thrown. Finally, when the obsequies were over, all shunned the place, and banished every remembrance of the departed from their minds. If they had to speak of him, they called him by another name.

"Their religion is nothing but sorcery," continues Biard. "They offer sacrifices to the devil for good luck in fighting or hunting, and are firm believers in dreams. The magicians are said to evoke ghosts, but we never saw any. Diabolical possession was alleged to have been common before we came, and old Membertou averred that his Satanic Majesty often appeared to him, but, as something wicked was always enjoined in such interviews, the chief grew suspicious and stopped conjuring. They believed in God, but the divinity as far as could be made out was the Sun. They had also a confused idea of the immortality of the soul, and of the recompense and punishment of the good and wicked. But they were not much worried about the next world. Only material affairs interested them. Unlike many North American tribes they did not eat human flesh."

It will be remembered that when Du Gast abandoned Acadia, he made over the Seigneurie of Port Royal to his friend Potrincourt who, to ensure the validity of the transfer, applied in person to the King for the royal sanction. The easy-going monarch saw no reason to refuse the request, but intimated his desire to have the evangelization of the natives confided to Jesuit missionaries. As the grantee, however, though a Catholic, had imbibed many Calvinist prejudices from his business friends, he regarded Jesuits as ogres, and the royal suggestion made him uncomfortable. But instead of bluntly telling the king his difficulties in the matter, he determined to evade the command as best he could. He began by dilatory tactics, and long after he was thought to have set out for America he again appeared in

Court. The king in anger ordered him to depart immediately, but in spite of that the whole winter was consumed in preparations for the voyage. Evidently Henry IV was not a despot.

A year before that, Fathers Biard and Massé had been ordered to repair to Bordeaux, so as to be ready to set sail for America, but no one there knew of any vessel about to leave; and although it was then near the close of 1608, there had been no intelligence of the failure of de Monts in Acadia. There were no newspapers in those days. Another year slipped by, and not till winter had set in did Potrincourt receive his second order from the king. On that occasion Father Coton, who was the royal confessor, heard the command, and made haste to ask about the missionaries, but Potrincourt put him off with the assurance that it would be wise to wait another year, and, when at the end of February, 1610, he set sail, there were no Jesuits on board. In their stead, was a priest with the extraordinary name of Joshua Flessché or Flesse, whose theological knowledge was rather of the Old than of the New Testament. Three weeks after his arrival he baptized a score of Indians whom Potrincourt's son, evidently at his father's suggestion, had instructed. The poor savages, however, knew nothing about what they were doing, were even unable even to make the sign of the cross, and were left undisturbed in their former habits of life. Thus one of those distinguished neophytes pointed with pride to the eight wives whom his curious Christian belief did not prevent him from retaining. Indeed, the prevalent impression among them was that baptism was merely an initiation ceremony which made them Normans. They called the Reverend Joshua "Patriarch," and adopted the name for themselves; but when the news of the clergyman's singular performance reached France, his title did not prevent him from being roundly scored by the Sorbonne and he was recalled.

Notwithstanding the supplies brought by Potrincourt, the colony soon lapsed into its condition of semi-starvation, and it was thought advisable for young Biencourt to cross the water. He left Port Royal at the end of July, 1610, and an accident occurred at his departure which, because it affected Potrincourt, nearly brought irreparable disaster on the unfortunate settlers. It is not referred to in Biard's narrative, but we find an account of it in a private letter written to the Provincial in France.

When Biencourt hoisted sail for Europe, his father and the old Sagamo Membertou, accompanied him for some distance, each in a separate shallop or schooner-rigged long boat. They kept up with him as far as La Heve, and then turned back. After rounding Cape Sable, Potrincourt gave the helm to one of his men and went to sleep, leaving orders to keep in along the shore. When he awoke he was far out at sea, and alone; for the wise old Indian in the other boat, not knowing why his companion had changed his course, followed his own counsels and reached home in safety. For six weeks the shallop went up and down helplessly in all directions, for the poor craft was damaged on one side and could not be kept close to the wind. Soon the provisions gave out. Fortunately, however, the men had shot some cormorants, but being in an open vessel it was impossible to cook the game, and the prospects were that they should have to eat it raw. However, by means of a loose plank, they succeeded in lighting a fire, which helped them to roast the birds, at least to some extent. They worried along until they reached the Penobscot. They felt safe then, for from there to Port Royal was an easy sail. Unfortunately, however, they came near Port Royal during the night and the men disagreed with the captain as to their whereabouts. He yielded to them, and was soon far out in the ocean again at the mercy of wind and waves. Meantime the colonists gave them up for lost, especially as old Membertou assured them he had seen the missing boat put out to sea. A

council was held, and the general verdict was that all ought to return to France, as it was deemed impossible on account of the prevailing winds for the boat ever to reach the shore. While they were discussing the matter, Potrincourt, to their great amazement and relief came into port.

The distress was great when Biencourt, who was expected to arrive from France in November, failed to appear. Christmas came and there was no sign of a ship. They dragged wearily through the winter, as best they could. Every one was on short allowance, though Potrincourt, not to alienate the savages, kept lavishing his gifts on them. Of course they enjoyed his generosity, but when asked why they did not give something in return, as was the custom, answered maliciously, "Potrincourt is too good to want our peltries." However, they sent some fish and moose, from time to time, and that helped a little. On top of all this the millstream froze, and there was no means of making flour, and for seven weeks peas and beans had to be substituted. They succeeded in getting a fair supply of fish, but the absence of bread so worried them that it was determined, in case the vessel did not arrive in May, to scour the coast in order to find a vessel to take them, as Biard says, "to the land of the wheat and the grape." Potrincourt, however, succeeded in inducing them to wait till June. May came, and the time had nearly expired. Still they waited, but it was not until the 22d of May that Biencourt entered Port Royal. He had a momentous tale to unfold.

Shortly before he arrived in France, Henry IV was assassinated. In consequence, all interest in the distant colony had declined, and Biencourt could find no one to assist him but two Calvinist merchants who agreed to supply him with a cargo. Hearing of his arrival, the Queen Mother, Marie de Medicis, sent orders to him to take back with him to America the Jesuit missionaries who for more than two years had been waiting to cross the ocean. That angered the Calvinist merchants, who immediately cancelled

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their agreement. "Any other priests, yes; but Jesuits, no." For such representatives of the cloth they had what Biard describes as *"une antipathie insociable."*

Here enters the fairy god-mother in the person of the Marquise de Guercheville, a great dame of the Court. Indignant that the orders both of the dead king and of the queen regent should be flouted by two little shop-keepers, she went around among her rich friends and begged enough to buy out the entire cargo. She then made the two missionaries part owners, and ordered the vessel to hoist sail and be off; and at last, on the 21st of January, 1611, Biard was able to write to the Father General Aquaviva: "Midnight has just struck; to-morrow at the point of day we set sail." They did not sail however, until five days later. Appropriately the ship was called The Grace of God; which intimated what they were sorely in need of. The weather was dirty; the ship was small and the voyage endless.

Father Biard, who was the chief figure in this missionary expedition, was not an ordinary man. He had been a professor of scholastic and moral theology in various colleges of France, and was revered for his exalted virtue. He was born at Grenoble in 1567, and entered the Society in 1583. The exact dates, however, are not known; some authorities putting both seven years later. In either case he was somewhere among the forties when he started out for America. Giving the Jesuits a share of the vessel's cargo was, however, a great source of pharasaical scandal in France. Here were men with vows of poverty exercising the rights of proprietorship. The ecclesiastical and lay mind was very much stirred up by it; but under the circumstances, the average canonist will not accuse them of violating their vow, and Biard was a good enough theologian to know what he was doing.

Champlain, who took part in the controversy, averred that "the Jesuits always acted within the lines of the strictest equity." They themselves had no scruple about

their course, and their only regret was that they left Europe so soon only to arrive so late. It was mid-winter and the voyage lasted four months. Champlain, who had set sail after them on his way to Quebec, found them struggling in the icebergs in the Gulf. Cape Canso was the first land they reached, and from that they worked their way along the 120 leagues of intervening coast until they came to Port Royal, which, the "Relation" says, they entered "on June 22d, 1611, which happened to be Pentecost Sunday"—an evident mistake, for it is in contradiction with Biard's letter which gives May 22d; and besides, Pentecost of 1611 fell on May 22d. As a matter of fact the festival is never as late as June 22d.

Whatever proprietorship the Jesuits had in the cargo was not in evidence on the way over. They worked their passage; mended and washed their clothes and looked after their own wants like the humblest man on board. They even won the good will of Biencourt, though they were at first unwelcome passengers. They treated him as the absolute master of the ship, and continued the same line of conduct after landing. They ingratiated themselves with the crew, who were mostly Calvinists, got them to join in morning and night prayers, and to listen to the sermons on Sundays and festivals, as well as three discourses a week during Lent. There were religious discussions also, but without fisticuffs, and all finally agreed that the Jesuits were not the monsters they were generally thought to be. On the contrary, the verdict was that "they were honest and courteous gentlemen who had good manners and a straight conscience," which is a very valuable endorsement of the much misunderstood Society.

The arrival of the ship naturally threw the colony into great excitement. Two eager individuals hurried out in an Indian canoe to meet it, and succeeded in upsetting their boat, and the flurry of course increased. Every one on the beach shouted orders which could be heard by no one

else; while Potrincourt and Biard waved their hats to the distant ship, without attracting attention and then knelt down to say their prayers. Finally the luckless wights were fished out of the water, thus preventing a disaster which would have been a damper on the general happiness. It is worth noting how many of these early voyageurs knew nothing about the art of swimming, which for their manner of life would be the first thing to learn.

Potrincourt was naturally delighted to see his son, for to all appearances it was the end of the colony's trials, which were even worse than the "Relation" tells us of, for not only was every one down to starvation fare, but Biard's letter to the Provincial says that for three weeks a number of the colonists had been sent off to live among the Indians. Everything seemed bright now, but unfortunately all hopes of a betterment soon vanished; for the ship's supplies were altogether inadequate. "They were only a drop of water," says Biard, "to a thirsty man." The thirty-six new arrivals, added to the twenty-three colonists already there, made fifty-nine to feed, not to speak of the hungry Indian Chief, Membertou, his daughter and their troop. Besides, as the ship had been four months at sea its provisions were nearly exhausted, for it was only a small craft of fifty or sixty tons; more of a fishing smack than anything else. Hence, means had to be devised to disperse this large family, both to provide food and to get something for trading with the Indians; for money was needed to pay the men and to get means for the journey back to France.

For that purpose Potrincourt set out for a place twenty-two leagues west of Port Royal, where he hoped to meet some French traders. Biard, who was anxious to know the country and get acquainted with the natives went with him. On their way they came across four vessels. The captains were all summoned and compelled to acknowledge young Biencourt as vice-admiral. They all contributed their quota of provisions; but "may God forgive the crew from Rochelle

for cheating the revenue," writes Biard, "they gave us barrels of mouldy bread which they told us was good."

While all this was going on, Biard heard that young Du Pont, the son of the famous Pontgravé, Champlain's old associate, was living among the Indians, and, unfortunately, behaving like them. He had been arrested the year before by Potrincourt for something or other, but had escaped, and was in great misery, not even daring to board his own vessel for fear of being captured. Biard pleaded for him and was allowed to hunt him up. He found him and reconciled him to Potrincourt; the ship's cannon announcing the good news to the white and red men. The poor fellow went to confession on the beach, the Indians looking on at a distance and wondering what was being done during the long time they saw him kneeling at the feet of the priest. When that was over, Mass was said on the shore, and Pontgravé received Holy Communion. This interesting event occurred, according to the "Relation," at La Pierre Blanche, which was probably at the Grand Menan, for there is a point there called Whitehead—which is a near enough translation of La Pierre Blanche. When all was over the prodigal asked to have Biard dine with him on board his ship, which shows that the rulers in those days did not leave much liberty to their subjects. The petition was granted, but Potrincourt lost his temper again and seized the vessel. Biard, a second time came to the rescue and straightened out the difficulty, "for which," he writes, "I shall be forever obliged to the Sieur de Potrincourt."

In the month of June of the same year, 1611, Potrincourt started back to France with all the colonists except twenty-two. That had to be done, otherwise the whole party must have starved to death in the winter time. The missionaries then set to work to study the language. But it was a hopeless task. The Indians had no abstract ideas whatever, and when it came to explain the meaning of holiness, sacraments, faith, law, temptation and the like, complete failure

resulted. What added to the trouble was that the wily savages amused themselves by putting foul expressions in the mouths of their questioners, and, moreover, always insisted on being fed as a reward for their pedagogical labors. Biard then asked young Biencourt for leave to go and pass the winter with Du Pont, who was eighteen or twenty leagues from Port Royal, and who having lived among the savages knew their language. But the proposal put the youthful governor in a temper and for sake of peace the matter was dropped.

Shortly afterwards, on returning from a trip to Ste. Croix Island with Biencourt, Biard found that the old Sagamo, Membertou, had arrived very ill at the colony, and had been installed by Father Massé in Biard's bed. The good natured missionary, however, did not object to the invasion, but when the Indian's wife and daughter took up their abode in the cabin, making it almost impossible to turn around, for the place was extremely small, the very reasonable request was made in the interests of propriety and convenience, to have the sick man removed to another cabin. The surly Biencourt refused, and so an outside addition had to be built to the establishment, and there the old man was finally accommodated. He was near his end and was dying piously, when another difficulty arose; this time about his prospective interment.

Backed by Biencourt, he wanted to be buried in Indian fashion; a request which the priests refused to entertain. That called for more temper on the part of Biencourt, but finally the chief was persuaded to yield, and they gave him a Christian funeral. Biencourt, however, refused to bury his own resentment. The death of Membertou was a disaster for the missionaries, for he was a very intelligent savage and a good Christian according to his lights. He had great influence among his people, spoke a little French and did his best to instruct the priests in the native language. He had known Jacques Cartier, and was said to be over

one hundred years old, and, unlike his race, cultivated a beard. If that were so it is difficult to understand the surprise of the Indians at the hairy chins of the Frenchmen, but perhaps they thought that only Membertou had a right to the distinction.

An event occurred at this juncture which showed very clearly that the settlement of Acadia was impossible under the petulant and conceited Biencourt. Hunger was again beginning to worry the colonists, so the Governor determined to go out on a hunt for food among the Armouchiquois who lived near what would be now the borders of Maine and Massachusetts. He was very late in starting, and besides had determined to go by the roundabout way of St. John's River, where Captain Merveille and young Du Pont, with five or six others, all from St. Malo in France, had thrown up a little fort, about eighteen miles from the mouth of the river. Biencourt wanted to exact a fifth of their trading profits, for he claimed the monopoly of everything in those parts; which, of course, was going to be resented by those joyous freetraders.

He reached the place about night, when the sky suddenly reddened. The Indians startled by the phenomenon predicted war and bloodshed, and the white men also began to prognosticate, "to make their almanachs," says Biard. As the ship approached, one of its guns saluted the fort, and the little swivel on shore gave the answering welcome. Next morning prayers were said (for these old marauders were very devout), and a couple of Frenchmen appeared on the beach inviting the visitors to disembark, saying that their two commanders, Merveille and Du Pont, had been away for three days, and no one knew when they would return. Father Biard celebrated Mass on the shore, and all piously assisted; but immediately afterwards, Biencourt, to the amazement of everyone, posted sentries around the fort and declared the garrison his prisoners. It was a shabby return for their hospitality. Some gave themselves

up for lost, and others raged furiously and meditated all manner of vengeance.

That night Captain Merveille returned home, and was very much surprised when he neared the fort to hear a sentry challenge him with "Who goes there?" "Who goes there yourself?" he answered. Whereupon the man with the gun took aim and fired, and "it was a marvel," says Biard, "that Captain Marvel was not killed." He was at least very much astonished when several soldiers rushed out and took him prisoner. It was a curious condition of things for these starving exiles to be cutting such capers at midnight in the woods of the St. John's River. Merveille was gagged, bound and dragged inside; and his captors began to disport themselves about the room, leaping and shouting like so many young savages. The poor wretch, who was sick at the time and worn out by his long journey, threw himself on the ground near the fire and moaned piteously, while everyone else shouted and roared at their captive. Biard strove to restore order but without avail, and then in despair knelt down to pray. After a while Merveille perceived him, and leaping up with a bound flung himself at the side of the priest, crying: "Father, hear my confession; I am a dead man." This was too much for a scattered-brained soldier, who, picking up a musket from where Merveille had been lying, pulled the trigger, and aiming the weapon at the kneeling man cried out: "Traitor —you were going to kill us." As Merveille was handcuffed and such a feat impossible, the charge seemed only an excuse to kill, and so Biard flung himself in front of the gun. He finally succeeded in persuading the excited men to put the prisoner in the lock-up for the night, promising to stand guard at the door to prevent his escape. The victim was therefore thrust in, bound hand and foot, but suffered so much and groaned so piteously that the priest pleaded to have the chains eased a trifle. That was done; but the captors had a riotous time for the rest of the night,

while Biard kept at his prayers till morning. He then prepared Merveille and some of his more obstreperous companions for death. But the execution did not take place.

In the afternoon he asked leave to go out and hunt for Du Pont, first exacting a promise of good treatment from Biencourt. He had hardly left the fort when Du Pont himself walked in, and then everyone suddenly quieted down, and Biencourt even borrowed Merveille's boat to go off to visit the Armouchiquois as if nothing had happened. What did all these antics mean? Were they merely rough sport or an evidence of the frivolity and fickleness of these curious colonists?

Biencourt had two reasons to visit the Armouchiquois country; one was to see if the English had taken possession there, as Paltrier, who had been captured by them the year before assured him was the case; the other, a more urgent one, viz: to buy some corn against the possible starvation of the following winter. Biard went with him, and he has left us a very vivid description of what he saw in these parts. It is of special value, as it is the first picture we have of Maine as it was 300 years ago. It is not to be found in the "Relation," but in a letter to the Provincial in France. It is dated January 31, 1612, and was consequently written after Biard's return to Port Royal.

Before reaching the Armouchiquois country, "we entered the Kennebec," he says. "which is eighty leagues from Port Royal. It was the 28th of October, 1611. As soon as our people landed they hurried off to see the English fort; for they had heard there was no one in it"—which shows how brave these warriors were. "They soon found it; and as everything new is marvellous, the advantages of the site formed a subject of general admiration; but opinions changed, in a day or so, when it was seen that a second fort might be built near by which would cut off the first both from the sea and the river. Besides, there were other places not very far away, which were just as good, if not

better, for trading purposes. On the third day, as there was a breeze blowing up the river, and the tide was setting in, it was determined to take advantage of both conditions to explore a part of the country. We had gone about three leagues when the tide began to ebb so we dropped anchor in mid-stream. We had hardly done so when six canoes, containing twenty-eight warriors, were seen coming towards us. They went through a thousand evolutions as they approached, and they looked for all the world like a flock of birds hovering over a ploughed field, but afraid of the scarecrow. We were not displeased at their slowness, for it gave us time to arm and fling our flags to the wind. Finally they drew near and carefully studied our guns, our weapons, the number of the crew, etc.; but when night came on they set off for the other side of the river, not out of the reach of our cannons, but too far for a good aim.

"All night long we heard them singing and dancing and making speeches. As we presumed that their songs and dances were incantations, the crew, at my suggestion, began to chant the *Salve Regina, Ave Maris Stella,* &c. But as the sailors' repertory of church hymns was small, they followed with every song they knew, and when that stock gave out they began to imitate the songs and dances of the Indians; for your Frenchman is a born mimic. While one party sung, the other kept silence. It was impossible to refrain from laughing, for you would have thought they were two trained choirs. Indeed, it would have been hard to distinguish the genuine Indian song from the imitation.

"When morning came, we resumed our journey up the stream. They accompanied us in their canoes, and told us that by taking the right branch we should arrive at the village of the great Sagamo, Meteourmite, who had plenty of corn. They would go with us and show us the way. Although there was every indication that they were playing a trick on us we did as they said, part of them going ahead

of us, part following after. But we had not gone a half a league when we reached a widening of the river. Suddenly the man with the lead cried out: ' two fathoms; one fathom; one fathom everywhere. Haul in; haul in; drop anchor.' We looked around for the Indians. They had disappeared like magic. Oh, the traitors! 'About ship!' rang out from the captain.

" Meteourmite, however, who had been warned of our arrival, and saw us change our course, came in all haste to meet us. Fortunately Biencourt had better sense than his crew, who wanted to murder everybody. They were wild with rage and fear, but their rage made the most noise. In spite of that, the chief was received with respect, and he assured us there was a channel we could safely follow, and he offered some of his men as pilots. We believed him but repented of it, when we found ourselves amid such perilous rapids that we thought we should never escape. Many of the men were terror stricken, and cried out that we were surely lost. But they cried too soon.

" When we arrived, Biencourt put his men under arms, so as to march into Meteourmite's village in martial array. On entering the cabin we found his majesty alone, and seated; the wigwam from bottom to top was hung with mats, and outside stood forty stalwart warriors on guard, with bows and arrows on the ground in front of them. Those Indians are not fools by any means.

" I received more attention," continues Biard, " than all the rest. As I had no weapons, the most distinguished chiefs took no notice of the soldiers, but bestowed on me every mark of friendship. They conducted me to the largest wigwam, where about eighty people were assembled. When all had taken their places, I fell on my knees, and making the sign of the cross, recited the *Pater, Ave* and *Credo* and some other prayers, and the Indians after a pause cried out, as if they understood me, 'Ho! Ho!' I then distributed crosses and pictures among them and tried to make them

understand as well as I could. They kissed the pious objects, tried to make the sign of the cross, and held up their children to be blessed. The same thing was repeated in another cabin.

"Meteourmite told Biencourt that he had not much corn but had some pelts to sell; and next morning while the trade was going on I went on shore to say Mass, taking a boy as server. Our people on the ship, to avoid surprise, had armed themselves to the teeth, and built up barricades on the deck, leaving the centre free for the Indians who began to swarm over the ship. But their precautions were useless; the red men were everywhere, mixed up pell-mell with the crew. In vain the Frenchmen cried 'Back! Back!' the Indians shouted louder than they.

"There was nothing but tumult and confusion. Everyone was sure it was a trap. Indeed, Biencourt said afterwards that he was more than once on the point of crying 'Kill! Kill!' but the thought of me in the woods choked back the words. Had he given the order not only I, but every Frenchman would have been slaughtered, and the French name would have been forever execrated along the coast. Meteourmite and some of the other chiefs saw the danger and called off their people. In the evening a number of Indians were sent to make excuses for the trouble in the early part of the day, and to lay the blame on a party of Armouchiquois who had got in among them. They, themselves, respected the French, for they saw that they had treated the natives well, eating with them and giving them presents which had been brought from France. All this was announced to us in grand discourses; for those people are the greatest speech-makers on earth. They do nothing without a speech.

"It appears that all the trouble arose from what some Englishmen had done a few years before. In 1608 they had settled at one of the mouths of the Kennebec, and although the commander was an excellent man, and treated

the natives kindly, he was killed. In 1609 the next party of English assumed the offensive and dealt sternly with the Indians. In consequence, the Armouchiquois took their revenge on every pale face they could lay their hands on; and one day, watching the enemy, and seeing three shallops go off to fish, they followed cautiously, approaching with every sign of friendship, but at a given signal each red-skin plunged his knife into his victim's throat. Eleven Englishmen were murdered that day, and the rest of the party abandoned the Kennebec, only venturing occasionally on the Island of Emmentic which was eight leagues away from the fort.

"When Biencourt heard this story he went down to the Island and erected a cross there with the arms of France on it. He found some shallops on the shore and was urged to burn them, but as he was of a mild and humane disposition he refused, saying that they belonged to fishermen and not to soldiers. It was now the 6th of November and we started for Port Royal, intending to visit the Penobscot on our way, which we found to be a beautiful river, something like the Garonne in France. It empties into the Bay of Fundy. When you ascend the stream it seems like a great sound or inlet of the sea. Where you first meet the current the river is about three leagues in width, and you are then about 44½° north latitude. You cannot imagine what the Norumbega of the Ancients was if it was not this. We asked about that place but could get no information.

"We continued on about three leagues further, and came to another fine river called the Chiboctos, which flows from the northeast into the Penobscot. At the confluence we saw in front of us the finest assembly of Indians we had yet met with. There were eighty canoes and a shallop, and in their village we found eighteen cabins and about three hundred people. Their most conspicuous chief was called Betsabés, who was a very discreet and self-controlled individual. Indeed, one meets among these savages instances

of natural virtue and political skill that make one who is not lost to all sense of shame, blush for some of the French who come to these parts.

"When they recognized us there was great joy and all began to dance and sing. We had no fear of them, for we trusted the Etchemins and Souriquois as much as our own servants, and thank God! we were not often deceived. On the following day I visited the savages, and the same ceremonies were gone through with as on the Kennebec. I went around to see the sick, and read the gospel and recited prayers over them, giving each a cross to wear. I found one poor wretch who had been ill for four months and who was stretched out near the fire. The death sweat was already on his forehead. Two days afterwards I saw him in his canoe sound and hearty. He came out to the ship to thank me, and to show me the cross around his neck. I could only shake hands with him, for I was unable to speak his language, and even if I were, there was such a turmoil around us, for the trafficking was going on, that we could not have heard each other.

"Such was the result of our visit. We had not done much preaching of the Gospel but we were beginning to know and be known. The Indians were growing accustomed to religious things, and when we said Mass in the woods they would stand around in respectful silence. They were as pleased as the little boys at Port Royal whom we made carry the cross, or the torches, or the holy water, when we went in procession at the Indian interments."

ON THE SHORE OF MOUNT DESERT.

CHAPTER II.

Mount Desert.

After leaving the Penobscot, the travelers touched at Ste. Croix Island, where Captain Platrier had settled. From him Biencourt obtained a couple of barrels of peas. It was a welcome contribution, small as it was, and as every one was then in good humor, Biard asked permission to go to the settlement on the St. John's in order to study Indian with Du Pont, but Biencourt would consent only on condition that the priest would support the sailors of the ship until spring time. As such an agreement was out of the question they all returned to Port Royal. It was high time, for already winter was taking its grip on the harbor. Biard was worn out and ill, but soon managed to get on his feet again. Snow fell on the 26th of November, and provisions again ran so short that each one was down to a supply of ten ounces of bread, a half pound of pork, three spoonfuls of peas, and one of prunes which had to last for a week. Occasionally an Indian came in with some fish or game and a feast followed, but there were gloomy apprehensions for the long winter ahead. "On the third Sunday after Christmas," writes Biard, "I was preaching on the marriage feast of Cana, and after the service I quoted the text to Biencourt: '*Vinum non habent*: they have no wine,' and asked him to give what was left in the barrel to his people. It would cheer them up and perhaps help would soon arrive. We had a feast that day, and lo! one week afterwards a vessel arrived from France and we had plenty to eat for the rest of the winter."

This vessel was the practical outcome of the long negotiations of the elder Biencourt with the Marquise de Guercheville. Being at his wits' ends to find backers for his

ill-fated scheme, he bethought himself of the pious marquise. She again consented to furnish money, but this time very wisely insisted on having some of the profits; and she went so far as to propose to purchase for a thousand crowns the whole of the Acadian grant, except Port Royal. Potrincourt was incensed; whereupon she demanded his charter. To gain time, he said it was in America, whereupon she addressed herself to the original owner, Du Gast, who declared that his charter had never been cancelled, and he forthwith made over to her the whole of Acadia, by which she came into possession of all the country from Florida to Labrador, and going west as far as she could find land. She was thus on paper the greatest land-lady that America has ever known. Naturally the purchase did not help the temper of Potrincourt but he had to submit; so he appointed as his agent a certain Simon Imbert, a former tavern keeper of Paris, an arrangement that gave fresh cause for misunderstandings and troubles. When the vessel arrived at Port Royal January 23d, 1612, every one was happy except young Biencourt, for he soon heard of the negotiations in France. To make matters worse, a lay-brother, Gilbert du Thet, who came over as the agent of the marquise informed Biencourt of what everyone knew, that Imbert had kept no account of the cargo or the disbursements of the money given him; that he had sold some of the goods at Dieppe, had disposed of other supplies on the voyage, and had not given an exact list on his arrival. The imprudent Biencourt made all haste to communicate this to Imbert himself. That started a storm. There were recriminations on all sides, and Imbert persuaded Biencourt that it was a deep-laid Jesuit plot to dispossess him and his father from all their holdings in the colony. Indeed Lescarbot and Le Tac narrate that du Thet proceeded to excommunicate his opponents; but, as du Thet was a lay brother, such a proceeding was beyond his powers; nor did he or any one else ever think of such a performance. But it is a curious instance of the persistency of historical

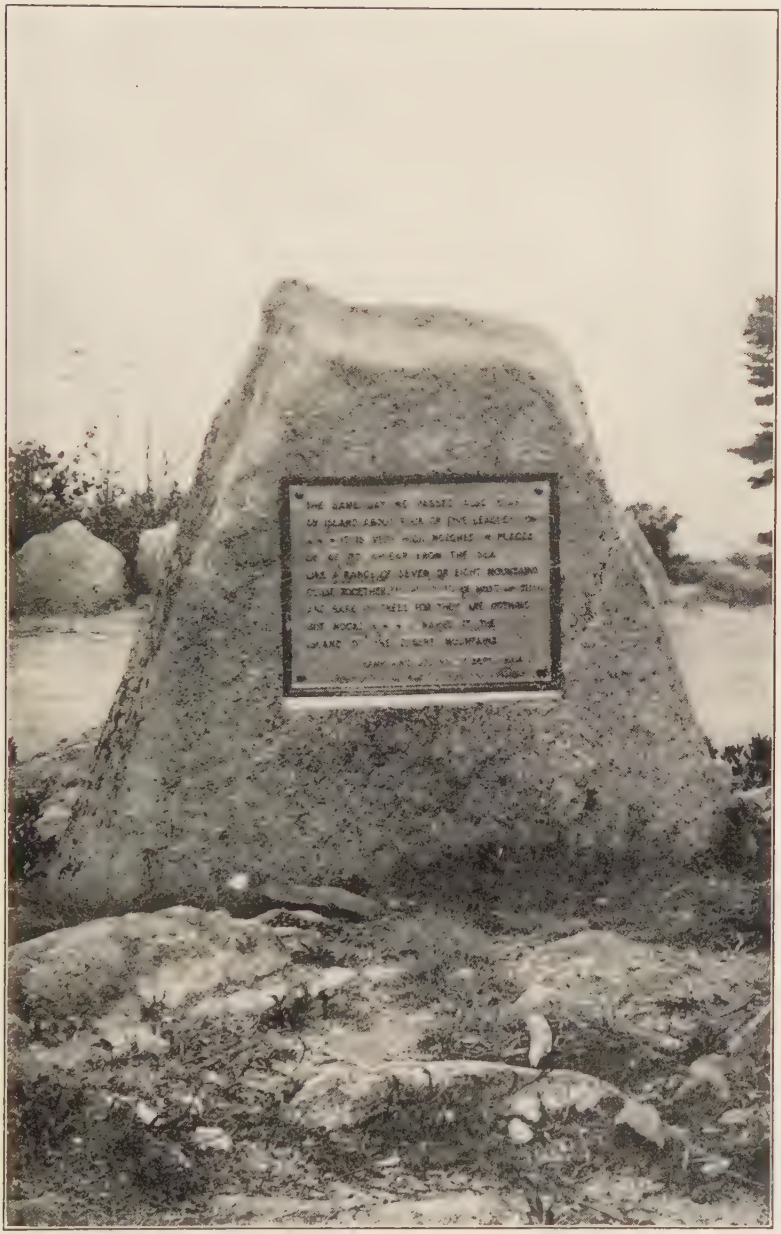
falsehood, that even many Catholic writers still speak of du Thet as a priest.

Finally peace was made, but prosperity did not accompany it. For some reason or other Biencourt had got it into his head that a whole fleet was to come out to supply him with provisions, and hence he rapidly bartered off all he had for peltries, with the result that the unfortunate colony was again struggling with starvation. Du Thet had meantime returned to France and poor old Potrincourt was once more importuning the marquise for help. But the good dame's patience was exhausted. The missionaries had informed her that it was impossible to do anything with the Indians under Biencourt, and very little with the French, on account of the Calvinist leaven in the colony. Martin says that they sent her a map and urged a distinctively Catholic settlement on "the continent." The word "continent" is somewhat peculiar, especially when employed by Martin, for it would imply that Nova Scotia was an island which of course it is not. On the other hand Hannay, in his "History of Acadia," tells us that the missionaries had procured a chart of the country, and that when their plans had been discovered by Biencourt, he entered into a towering rage and declared he would put them under arrest if they attempted to leave the colony, as they had been sent there by royal order. He also adds that Biencourt suspended all religious services for three months. Biard says nothing of this; and as for finding the chart, he must have known the coast of Maine nearly as well as Biencourt. At all events the marquise fitted out a ship, but unfortunately handed it over to another blunderer, La Saussaye, bidding him to call at Port Royal to take the Jesuits there with him and to look for some other place to found a colony.

There were forty people in La Saussaye's expedition, including Brother du Thet and Father Quentin. They had horses, and goats, and tents, and plenty of provisions on board, so that the prospects were bright when the vessel

left Honfleur on the 12th of March, 1613. They reached Cape de la Heve on the 16th of May and went ashore where Mass was celebrated, and a cross erected with the Guercheville escutcheon upon it. From thence they made their way to Port Royal, where, to their amazement, they found only five persons; the two priests, Biard and Massé; their servant; the apothecary Hébert, who afterwards became so conspicuous in Quebec; and another person whose name or occupation is not given. The rest were away in the woods. La Saussaye waited at Port Royal for five days, but as no one else appeared he took the two priests on board and sailed away over the Bay of Fundy, the intention being to settle at the mouth of the Penobscot, at a place called Kadesquit. "But God," says the pious chronicler, "disposed otherwise, for while we were off the Island of Menan, a heavy fog came down upon us, turning the day into night, and there we remained for forty-eight hours veering now to the left and now to the right as God inspired us." At last the stars appeared, and on the third day the fog lifted and the travellers found themselves opposite Mount Desert, which the Indians called Pemetig. The pilot worked around to the east of the Island and entered a spacious port. Going ashore, they erected a cross, sung a hymn of thanksgiving and after Mass was celebrated held a consultation and decided to name the place St. Sauveur.

Champlain had been there in 1605, and had called the island L'Isle aux Monts Deserts, because of the five-notched hill, whose "shrubless brow," as Whittier with his muddled metaphor describes it, seemed to Champlain when he was out in the open to be a barren heap of stone. A monument recently erected on the shore commemorates Champlain's visit. Four years after Champlain's arrival a less peaceful explorer dropped anchor there. It was Henry Hudson, on on his way to the river which bears his name, though it had been called after St. Anthony long before the Half Moon had crossed the Atlantic. There is no monument to



CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT, MOUNT DESERT.

Hudson at Bar Harbor, nor should there be, for he records in his "Journal" that "in the morning we manned our scute with four muskets and six men and took one of the Indian shallops and brought it aboard. Then we manned our boat and scute with twelve men and muskets and two stone pieces or murderers, and drove the savages from their houses, and took the spoil of them." How many savages were slain by the "murderers" when Hudson "took the spoil" of the Indians we are not told, but it is noteworthy that although this interesting event happened only four years before the arrival of La Saussaye, the Frenchmen were received very cordially, which would go to show that the Indians even then were observers of racial differences.

Another interesting fact about Bar Harbor is that eighty years afterwards, namely in 1688, the famous French Baron de Castine, who had married an Indian squaw, lived there, but he was driven out by Governor Andros who pillaged the settlement and conscientiously destroyed the altar. Another notable individual is also identified with Mt. Desert, namely de la Mothe Cadillac, the founder of Detroit, who was styled the Seigneur of Bonaquat and Mt. Desert. Whether he was ever there in person is not certain, but in virtue of the grant made to him in 1688, his descendants, the Gregoires, had their claim of possession allowed by the Court of Massachusetts after the Revolutionary war. It is curious to find Cadillac, who was the great enemy of the missionaries at Mackinac in 1700, in control of the place whence the predecessors of those same missionaries were driven in 1613. To-day, as every one knows, Bar Harbor is the refuge of opulence from the summer heats, but there is a Catholic church there with the title of St. Sauveur, or Holy Redeemer. A Protestant chapel has assumed the name also, and even the streets and caravanseries perpetuate it.

When La Saussaye landed at Mt. Desert in 1613, the inevitable quarreling immediately began; some were for

remaining where they were, others for going off to look for Kadesquit. But the Indians persuaded the travellers that the place they were in was the best to be found, and so it was finally decided to make the settlement permanent. "Rude entrenchments," says Bancroft, "were raised by La Saussaye on the eastern shore of Mt. Desert Isle. The conversion of the heathen was the motive to the settlement; the natives venerated Biard as a messenger from heaven, and under the summer sky, round a cross in the centre of the hamlet, matins and vespers were regularly chanted. France and the Roman religion had appropriated the soil of Maine."

Apart from the fact that there was no "chanting of matins and vespers," for these missionaries were not monks, the distinguished historian misses the important point in the establishment of this unfortunate colony. La Saussaye, or de la Saussaye, as Charlevoix calls him, did not raise any "rude entrenchments," at least immediately. His failure to do so was the head and front of his offending. He was bent on laying out farms, and although entreated by every one to do something in the way of defense against possible attack he refused, though he seems to have attempted something later. Charlevoix credits him with a fort which suffered a cannonade, though it had no gun to reply, but the distinguished Jesuit's account of the taking of St. Sauveur is one mass of errors. It is hard to explain his mistakes, as he must have read the account of Biard, who was an eye witness; but possibly he wrote from memory after perusing the document. "Every one was in bad temper," says Biard, "but the English soon made us agree."

All that summer a vessel from Virginia had been prowling around the coast, ostensibly in quest of fish, but as it had fourteen cannon and sixty musketeers, its occupation could not have been such a peaceful one. Charlevoix says it was convoying a fleet of fishing smacks, but none of these vessels

CHURCH OF THE HOLY REDEEMER, BAR HARBOR.

appeared on the scene. Samuel Argall, its captain, Biard found very courteous in his ways, but from what the Protestant writers tell us of him, he had many an evil deed to account for. Among other things he is credited with having carried off the famous Indian princess, Pocahontas, from a chief to whom Powhatan had confided her. Argall bribed the custodian with a brass kettle and then led the maiden off to Jamestown. The outrage very nearly provoked a general massacre of the colonists. It was particularly odious because it occurred after Pocahontas had saved Captain John Smith from death. In spite of this, Argall became Deputy Governor of Virginia in 1617, but was so tyrannical that he was recalled to England in 1619. He had, however, taken care to amass a fortune meantime. It is asserted that while returning from the expedition in which we now see him, he stopped at Manhattan and demanded its surrender from the Dutch on the ground that it was discovered by an Englishman. But Brodhead, in his "History of New York," denounces this as "fabulous." After Delaware's death, Argall took charge of the estate. Letters of Lady Delaware, yet in existence, accuse him of flagrant peculation.

Such was the buccaneer who was sailing along the coast of Maine in the summer of 1613. He had been lost in the fog, but when the sky cleared he picked up an Indian who told him of the French settlement near by. It was great news for his ragged and ravenous crew, and under the guidance of the red man, who fancied he was bringing friends together but who was afterwards nearly killed by his fellow savages for his error, Argall set every sail for Mt. Desert. "He came into the harbor like an arrow," says Biard; "the wind was aft, the blood red banner of England floated at the peak, and three trumpeters and two drummers kept up a tremendous noise. La Saussaye remained on shore and kept the greatest number of his men around him, while La Motte, the lieutenant, Ronferé, the ensign, and Joubert,

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the sergeant, hurried to join Captain Flory on the ship. But alas! she was at anchor and could not budge; there were only ten sailors on board, none of whom ever expected a sea fight; and worst of all the sails were down, and stretched like a tent on the deck from stem to stern. "It was fortunate," says Biard, somewhat cynically, or paternally, "for it protected the men, and none of them could be picked off by the English musketeers when they came to close quarters. 'Who are you?' shouted the English as they approached. The French replied in the sailor fashion of those days: 'O! O!' But the only acknowledgement from the other side was a discharge of cannon and musketry. The shots fell all at once on the sides, and bow, and poop. To Biard's eyes the enemy's ship seemed all aflame. "Fire," cried Captain Flory, but the cannoneer was conveniently ashore; whereupon the lay-brother, du Thet, who was no coward, though Father Charlevoix says his courage was "*vrai ou prétendu,*" seized the match and blazed away. Unfortunately he did not take aim. "Had he done so," says the chronicle, "there would have been something more than noise."

The enemy then came alongside and the grappling irons were flung out to seize the prey: but Captain Flory let go the cable and saved himself for a moment. The vessel could only go a certain length at best, and the English opened fire with their muskets. It was in that discharge that du Thet fell mortally wounded. The Captain received a ball in the foot, and three of the men were more or less seriously wounded. Some one shouted "we surrender," others sprang overboard and swam for shore, but two of them were either drowned or shot before they reached the land. The battle was over. The English boarded and took the ship.

The victors then went ashore and demanded by what right the French were on their territory. They sought for La Saussaye, but that worthy had disappeared. Whereupon Argall began to rifle the trunks, and to his great delight

BAR HARBOR.

found La Saussaye's commission. That valuable document he pocketed forthwith, and putting everything else back again very neatly, "*gentiment*," says Biard, waited for the gallant commander's return. When he made his appearance he was received very politely and with many professions of regard, and after a while was requested to show his papers. He went to his trunk, found everything in good order but, of course, there was no commission. The farce went on. "What!" thundered Argall, "you pretend to have a royal commission, and you have no papers to prove it. Avaunt! pirates, and free booters; you deserve to be hanged. Go, men, and seize your booty," and off they posted to the ship, while the Frenchmen sat on the shore and looked on at the plundering. Next day the loot began on land. There was some rough scuffling for a time, and a number of the settlers fled to the woods, starving and half naked though they were, rather than take their chances with the English.

On board of Argall's ship was a Catholic surgeon. It is to be regretted that we do not know his name, for he had the wounded taken on shore, and tenderly cared for. Du Thet died twenty-four hours afterwards, and was buried at the foot of the cross which had been erected in the centre of the settlement. Where the exact spot is has not been ascertained. Biard and Massé meanwhile had gone on the ship to implore the Captain to be merciful with the settlers. They succeeded, and when he discovered that they were Jesuit missionaries, he expressed his surprise to find them in the company of such scoundrels; a somewhat sardonic remark from an Englishman in Reformation times. They of course, defended their associates, and he was finally convinced that his captives were not pirates, for he added: "It is a pity you have lost your papers. I shall see about your return to France." After that he insisted that the two priests should take their meals at his table, and he continued from that out to treat them with the greatest respect. He had his game to play, for he wanted to lay hands on the

French pilot and some of the crew who had escaped and were hiding in the woods. It was an uncomfortable position for the English, as they could not leave any witnesses of their exploit behind them. Perhaps had they succeeded in capturing the fugitives, the whole party would have been taken care of so as to tell no tales. "But on the whole," says Biard, "Argall acted like a gentleman, and his people were not inhuman or cruel to any of their captives."

What was to be done with the Frenchmen? Biard tells us that the Indians volunteered to provide for them on shore. But as wintering among the savages was as yet an impossible feat for the average white man, and as the natives themselves had scarcely anything to eat, it was considered unwise to accept the offer. Nevertheless, one naturally asks why did not the missionaries at least, who had come over to evangelize the Indians, take this opportunity of living among them, learning their language and beginning the work of conversion? As for learning the language directly from the natives, that had been found impossible, and so Biard asked to be landed on the Island of Pencoit where there were some English fishermen whom Argall was to request to look after the priests and have them conveyed some way or other to France. Did the missionaries lose courage or did they conclude that it would be a useless sacrifice of life, to repeat what had nearly put an end to Massé a few months before in Acadia? The most plausible solution is that they were afraid of Biencourt, whom they had left in Acadia.

Argall, however, concluded to put the thirty Frenchmen in a shallop and let them shift for themselves, and La Saussaye assented to that arrangement. But a protest was made by the two priests, as it really meant nothing but death to the whole party. The little craft with such a load would certainly founder somewhere in the 150 leagues it would have to travel before meeting a French ship. It must not have helped La Saussaye's popularity with the French-

men when it was told that he had accepted the proposal. Had they all gone down in the sea, of course, it would have been so much less trouble for Argall, but he did not insist and then offered to transport all the artizans to Virginia, promising at the same time to send them back to France after one year.

Some of the men accepted the offer and even de la Motte, to whom Argall had taken a fancy on account of his gallant conduct in the fight consented to go also and was joined later by Captain Flory.

Thus fourteen were left for the shallop, and Massé, at their request, joined them. Biard and Quentin sailed away with Argall expecting to be landed on the Island of Pencoit as had been promised; but to their consternation they were carried down to Virginia. They were assured, however, that there was no danger to be apprehended, that Dale, the Governor, was very fond of the French, having served in the armies of Henry IV and was actually in the enjoyment of a pension from the French Government.

It is hard to reconcile this shameless falsehood with Biard's continued characterization of Argall as a gentleman. Still a man may be a polite liar. Dale indeed had been a soldier under Henry IV, but he was a Calvinist and entertained an intense hatred of everything Catholic; so much so that when the captives arrived he determined to hang every one of them: "We all expected," says Biard, "to mount ignominiously by a ladder and to descend very wretchedly by a rope." But Argall stood by them. Dale, however, persisted, until at last the theft of the papers had to be admitted. The prisoners were evidently French subjects, and there could be no question of putting them to death. A few days afterwards the assurance was given that the gallows would not be called into requisition.

A council was called and it was decided to send Argall back to Acadia, with orders to destroy every French settlement on the coast; to seize whatever vessel he might find,

and to hang La Saussaye and any of his men if they had persisted in remaining in those parts. They clearly overrated the bravery of La Saussaye. That hero never returned to America. Moreover, all the prisoners were to reembark with Argall and to be landed at any place he chose. He therefore set out with three vessels. But not all of the Frenchmen went with him. Probably most of them had enough of the sea. On Argall's ship was Captain Flory with four men, while the two Jesuits were assigned to Argall's lieutenant, Turnel.

They directed their course towards St. Sauveur where they expected to find La Saussaye, but he was already safe in France. They burned all the defences and houses, and threw down the cross, but erected another one in its stead with the escutcheon of the King of England on it to declare that he was henceforth and had always been the true master of the territory. To vary the programme they hanged one of their own men for mutiny, choosing for the execution the spot where they had thrown down the cross.

From St. Sauveur they made for the Island of Ste. Croix, and there Biard fell into disfavor with Argall. He refused to act as pilot. The captain was furious, and the priest came near sharing the fate of the mutinous sailor. But by help of the charts which had been found at St. Sauveur, Ste. Croix was discovered. The houses were burned; and every mark of French ownership of the island was obliterated.

The next objective point was Port Royal. After his experience with Biard, Argall concluded not to ask any Frenchman to guide him into that dangerous harbor; so he scoured the country till he found a Sagamo who knew the rocks and shoals. They entered in full moonlight, and if the French even then had been on the lookout they could have defended themselves or at least decamped with their belongings, especially as for ten or eleven hours the tide prevented a landing. But when the English finally did go ashore, they found no one in the fort. The invaders were

surprised at the negligence manifested, and also at the amount of booty which a short search revealed.

The capture of the colony nearly cost Father Biard his life. Having lost so much time in finding the place and in hunting for a pilot, Turnel wanted to return to Virginia, alleging the dangers of the place and the advancement of the season, for it was then near the end of October. Besides he had heard from Biard that he could get nothing there except hatred, for the colony was in a miserable condition. But when Argall, the chief of the expedition discovered the place without difficulty, and moreover captured considerable booty in provisions, clothes, tools, etc., he not only reproached Turnel with putting trust in the Jesuit, but allowed him a very small part of the plunder. The lieutenant was furious, for he always had the reputation of being clever, and he now found himself in disgrace. To help his ill feeling the sailing-master of Argall's ship, who was an English Puritan, and a deadly enemy of the Jesuits, though outwardly very suave and discreet, advised Turnel to put Biard ashore, on the plea that it was not proper that he should be supported on the provisions which he had endeavored to prevent the English from obtaining.

The usual Jesuitical virtue of sincerity saved Biard from this fate. Twice he threw himself on his knees before Argall to intercede for the colonists. The captain believed that he meant what he said, though at the very moment a Frenchman who had just arrived from the woods was howling curses against the priest and demanding his death. As Argall had not consented to the proposal of the Puritan, neither did he hang the Jesuit to oblige the Catholic, nor did he change his attitude when something worse occured. Just as the ships were ready to depart and were waiting for the tide, one of the colonists came out with a document signed by five or six of his compatriots in which Biard was accused of being a traitor, a Spaniard, a fugitive from justice for crimes committed in Europe, as having

led a scandalous life in Port Royal, etc., etc., but Argall dismissed the Frenchman with a smile. In any case, he had given his word to bring Biard back to Virginia, where, he said to himself, he was sure to be hanged as soon as the Governor heard of the refusal to guide the ships to the different settlements. So having secured everything he could lay hands on, even to nails and locks, he sailed away when the wind was favorable after having set fire to the settlement. "Would to God," writes Biard, "that the fire could have destroyed all the sin that had been committed in that place."

It was on the 19th of November, 1613, when the three ships turned their prows towards Virginia. The two priests were on Turnel's ship, and that elegant pirate, who could speak four or five languages, Latin among others, was now thoroughly convinced that Biard was a thorough going scoundrel, only fit to be strung up at the yard arm. He was particularly incensed because he had formerly admired and liked him; but the damning testimony of the paper presented by the colonists was before his eyes, and he felt like a man whose confidence had been abused. He was angry also at finding out that his prisoner was a Spaniard, masquerading as a Frenchman. Hatred of Spain was an article of the Englishman's creed, for the invincible Armada was still remembered, but as a matter of fact Biard not only had not a drop of Spanish blood in his veins, but had never even set foot in Spain. On the second day out, a storm separated the three vessels. The barque was wrecked, and the six Englishmen in it perished, whereas Argall reached Virginia inside of a month. Dale received him with pleasure, and joyously awaited the arrival of Biard, to whom he proposed "to show the end of the world from the middle of a ladder," but Almighty God willed otherwise.

Turnel's ship was driven before the gale for sixteen consecutive days, and all hope of reaching Virginia was

abandoned. Meantime the provisions were giving out, and the horses on board were using up and fouling all the water; every sail was tattered and torn; the rigging was in shreds. But suddenly fine weather came and the reckoning showed they were scarcely twenty-five leagues from port, which was the last thing the prisoners wanted. So they redoubled their prayers and apparently God heard them, for a furious southeaster arose right ahead of them. The ship was put about; every sail was reefed, and Biard tells us "the men then thought only of their consciences." There was no help for it. The gale was too furious to do anything but go before it, and the Captain made up his mind the best he could do was to reach the Azores seven hundred leagues away. He slaughtered the horses to get something to eat, and also to save the small amount of water they had left. Captors and captives both enjoyed the horse flesh.

As the sailors all grew prayerful during this hurricane, Turnel called Father Biard to his cabin and said: "I see that God is angry with us, but not on your account. We went to war without making any previous declaration, which, of course, was not right. But it was against my advice and my liking. I had to obey. I repeat, God is angry against us but not against you, although you are the occasion of it." "However," he resumed, "it is very strange that your countrymen should have spoken as they did about you." "Did you ever hear me speak ill of them?" asked Biard. "Never; on the contrary, at the very time they were reviling you, I noticed that you always defended them. I am willing to testify to that." "Who, then, Captain, is likely to tell the truth on his side; the charitable man or the calumniator?" "The charitable man, no doubt," said Turnel, "but candidly, did not your charity prompt you to lie to me, when you said we should find nothing but misery at Port Royal?" "Pardon me," replied Biard, "you will remember that I did not express

myself in those words, but said that when I was there I found nothing but misery in the place." "True; you did," admitted the other, "and everything would be clear except for the fact that you are a Spaniard, and you are not so much trying to benefit the French as to do harm to the English." Biard endeavored to remove the impression, but in vain; for Turnel could not understand how five or or six Frenchmen who were facing death could have consented to sign a false accusation against one of their own countrymen and a priest, with no other purpose than to have him hanged to satisfy their hatred.

After a while they came in sight of the Azores, but it did not add to the happiness of Turnel or the crew. It was Portuguese territory, and the presence of two captive priests in an English vessel would mean the gallows or the galleys for all concerned. An easy solution of the difficulty would have been to drop the troublesome Jesuits overboard, but the grace of God was working in the heart of Turnel, and if the suggestion ever presented itself it was rejected. The two prisoners agreed to keep out of sight, if the vessel was searched.

It was decided to remain outside of the harbor and to send in a boat for supplies, in order to obviate any very exhaustive investigation by the Port Warden, but luck was against them, and they were compelled to enter the port. In doing so they unfortunately fouled a Spanish ship and tore off its bowsprit. The haughty Don in command regarded the accident as intentional, and only a disguised attempt at robbery; having had the same mischance with a French vessel in the same port five weeks before. His men sprang to arms and there was imminent danger of a fight. The city was in consternation as were the sailors in the port, but the trouble ended by Turnel going ashore, and remaining there in custody of the authorities, who now regarded him as a pirate. Meantime, the vessel was searched again and again, and the Jesuits had to play hide

and seek in every hole and corner, from the cock-pit to the hold, in constant terror of being discovered. The Spaniards came aboard in their turn, and again the game of concealment had to be repeated. It was hard work and at one time they found themselves behind a boat, holding their breath and not daring to move hand or foot till the visitors withdrew. The crew was pale with fear, but the priests wanted to convince them that the prevalent idea about Catholics not being obliged to keep faith with heretics was a calumny, and they succeeded. Had an accident, however, occurred, and had they been discovered, of course it would have been regarded as intentional. But nothing happened, and when at last after three weeks detention the vessel drew out of the port, the grateful Englishmen hugged and kissed these two woe-begone Jesuits with enthusiasm. At this distance of time it is difficult to understand why such a difficult process had to be resorted to in order to conceal their identity. It would have been a simple matter to have taken off their cassocks and to pass as part of the crew. But there was a sort of superstition prevalent just then of never going without the habit. Later on we shall see Lalemant standing in his cassock on the deck of a vessel that was being battered against the rocks, and then complaining that his feet got entangled in it when he was in the water. Biard boasted that he wore his soutane during the nine months of his captivity.

Turnel's troubles were not yet over. It was impossible to get back to Virginia, both because he had no provisions, and because it was already the year 1614, when the sailors' term of service was drawing to a close; so he headed for England. He tried to get into the English Channel but was driven first into Milford Haven, which Biard spells "Milfer," and then into the port of Pembroke in Wales. There the unexpected happened. His ship was French, for it was Mme. de Guercheville's, and he had no papers. Argall had them in Virginia. The consequence was that

he and his men were regarded as pirates, and were going to be hanged. There was only one way to save themselves. They brought the two Jesuits ashore to tell the sceptical judges the whole story of their American adventures. That saved the day, and from pirates they became patriots, while the Jesuits were regarded as public benefactors.

The summons to go ashore was very fortunate, for Biard and his companion would have died of cold and starvation if they had been compellel to pass the four weeks they spent at Pembroke in the hold of the vessel. It was Turnel's intention to leave them there, for a priest's life was not worth much in England at that time; but as their testimony had saved so many honest Britons from the gallows, the Judge, who was a *fort honneste et grave personnage* inquired how they were lodged in the ship. When their condition was explained, he made arrangements to install them in the house of the Mayor, saying that it would be a shame not to treat such distinguished and learned men with courtesy. Biard takes care to hand down to posterity the name of this observant old gentleman. It was Nicholas Adams.

Ministers, lawyers, gentlemen, and others, called on them and a noble Lord of the Council arranged for a controversy with four eminent ministers. "I call them ministers," says Biard, "but in England they are called 'priests.'" "Our chief antagonist was an archdeacon, for the English retain much of the old ecclesiastical nomenclature. They have their archbishops, bishops, priests, curates, canons, etc. They insist on the imposition of hands for the priesthood; have minor orders, confirmation, the chrism and all the ceremonies, the sign of the cross, holy images, festivals of saints, lent, abstinence on Fridays and Saturdays, priestly vestments, sacred vessels, etc. The Scotch and French Calvinists who condemn all these practices as damnable superstitions and inventions of the devil are called Puritans

by the English and are heartily detested." Finally a decision arrived from London. It was favorable, and the captives found out that it was a piece of good fortune to have been driven into a Welsh port, for had they landed in another part of Great Britain, the Virginia Company would, if possible, have prevented them from getting back to their native country, as was attempted to be done in the case of Captain de la Motte a short time after.

The two Jesuits finally left England. By royal command they were brought in a roundabout way to Sandwich, or *Sanduicts,* as Biard writes it, from there to Dover and from Dover to Calais. They had been nine months in the hands of the English. The Governor of Calais, the Sieur d'Arquien, and M. La Baulaye, the dean, received them kindly and gave them money enough to reach Amiens.

In France they found themselves the center of another storm. They were accused of having been the authors of all the misfortunes that had befallen Acadia; they had led the English thither; fomented dissensions among the French; induced Mme. du Guercheville to abandon Port Royal, and establish St. Sauveur; and out of personal spite had compromised the interests of both religion and the crown. Potrincourt lodged a formal complaint to that effect with the Government, and his friend Lescarbot was particularly active in influencing the public mind by his "Dernière Rélation de l'Histoire de la Nouvelle France."

To exculpate himself from the charges of Lescarbot, who was regarded then as a very judicious historian, and supplied with exact information, but who is discredited by modern writers, Biard wrote his statement of the case. Champlain, though angry not only with Mme. de Guercheville for directing her benefactions to Mt. Desert instead of Quebec, but also with Father Coton for advising her, came to Biard's assistance and declared that the Jesuits always acted according to the strictest equity; were actuated by the loftiest spiritual motives and guided by common

sense. In fact, the first chapter of his Third Book is a resumé of Biard's "Relation." His estimate of the Jesuits at Port Royal and St. Sauveur is more than complimentary.

Thus the first attempt at evangelizing Acadia ended in disastrous failure. The political fortunes of the colony were worse. For although young Biencourt built up Port Royal after Argall's departure, it was only to give a field for the long fratricidal struggle between de la Tour, Aulnay and others who fought for mastery in the unhappy country although they were at the very same time harassed by repeated incursions of the English from Massachusetts. At one time two Franciscan friars were said to have been on a vessel which came over to sustain the cause of de la Tour, but what they did after reaching Port Royal we have no means of knowing. That was in the year 1642, nearly forty years after the original settlement. When the English came into possession of the country, both missionary work and political rivalry had come to an end.

What became of Biard? When he returned to France he again taught theology; then we find him famous as a missionary and finally as a military chaplain. In 1625, his old companion, Massé, started with de Brébeuf for work among the Canadian Indians. Biard would naturally have joined them, but he had died at Avignon, three years before, shattered and broken by his long life of apostolic labor.

ENEMOND MASSE

ENEMOND MASSE.

As you journey up the St. Lawrence from Quebec, the first object that attracts your attention after you have satisfied yourself with looking back at the medieval city on the Rock, is a bold headland on which a graceful church stands far out on the brow of the hill and high above the river. Higher still but much farther back in the land is a splendid conventual establishment half hidden in the surrounding woods; while on either side, cluster the white and well kept houses of the "habitants." It is Sillery, and, singularly enough, the church is dedicated to St. Columba, which would naturally suggest that there are affectionate memories of Green Erin lingering in the neighborhood. Indeed, if you strayed into the church on a Sunday or holiday, you might hear a sermon in either French or English, for the children of the Celt and the Gaul both kneel around that altar on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

If you climb the cliff above the point where the little steamer lands, and stand where the solitary cannon looks peacefully over the waters, you have a scene before you that is not only a delight to the eye, but a comfort to the heart for the multitude of romantic and religious memories that crowd upon you. Opposite you on the other side of the river is the Côte de Lauson, the one-time domain of the old seigneur whose name occurs repeatedly in Canadian history. Near by, the boiling Chaudière tumbles into the St. Lawrence; and lofty Pointe Levis presents itself with its crown of convents and colleges and churches. Cape Tourmente is a dozen leagues away to the east, and quite close to you is Cape Diamond, with a forest of masts at its feet, and on its summit the citadel and the historic Plains of Abraham. Between you and it is the fairy-like cove where Wolfe made the fatal ascent in 1759.

If you wander down the slope to the lowlands near the river, you will come after a little space to an ancient dwelling which has stood the storms of two hundred and seventy-two Canadian winters, but which shows no marks of age. Indeed, you would take it for a house of one of the well-to-do people of the neighborhood; yet it is perhaps the oldest structure in Canada for it was built in 1637. But it has more than antiquity to commend it. It is all that is left of the famous establishment founded by the Chevalier Noël Brulard de Sillery, a Knight of Malta, who after achieving fame in the world became a priest. He was a friend of St. Vincent de Paul, and spent a large fortune in good works, among which was this training school on the St. Lawrence where it was hoped that the savages might be taught agriculture and the mechanical arts, and be thus brought from the forest into the ways of civilization. In former times a church stood near it, but after many years it was demolished, and the oldest inhabitants will still tell you what a marvelous piece of masonry it was. There, too, the first Hôtel Dieu of Canada was built, but the nuns left it and fled in terror to Quebec, when one day an Indian runner came into the settlement carrying a letter written on a piece of birch bark. It was from Father Bressani who had fixed it to a tree as he was being carried into captivity by the Mohawks. It conveyed the startling intelligence that the savages were going to descend on the hospital and carry off the nuns. A sign at the roadside to-day shows where it once stood.

All these buildings except the residence were virtually abandoned after the English conquest, but though the structures are gone, the memories still remain of the saints who labored there. De Brébeuf had lived in that house after his wanderings among the Neutrals along Lake Erie. Ménard was the hospital chaplain; and indeed most of the great martyrs of the northwest had offered Mass in the chapel, or instructed the neophytes, or had

MASSE MONUMENT AT SILLERY.

come to bid good-bye to their friends before going forth to die. So that apart from the historical interest with which the locality is invested, Sillery may be regarded as one of the sacred places of Canada. All this would probably be unknown to the ordinary traveller, but were he to pass by the old residence he would see in front of it, though on the other side of the road, and nearer the river, a monument surmounted by a cross. On a marble slab set in its base, he would read an inscription in French, telling him that "the inhabitants of Sillery have erected this monument to the memory of Father Enémond Massé, S.J., the first missionary of Canada, who was buried in 1646 in the church of St. Michael, which was attached to Residence of St. Joseph of Sillery."

This monument was the result of the labors of two pious and painstaking historiographers, the Abbés Casgrain and Laverdière who, in 1869, caused excavations to be made in the ruins of the old church and succeeded in uncovering all the foundations. They found it to be a structure of 100 by 37 feet (French measure), and to have been built in the form of a cross, with a hexagonal apse. Its facade was towards the river; and in the lateral chapel on the gospel side, they came upon Father Massé's remains. There could be no possible doubt about their identity, for he was the only one that was ever buried there. The "Journal des Jésuites" informs us that the chapel was not yet complete when the interment took place.

The people of Sillery were naturally jubilant over this discovery, and in response to an appeal made haste to erect the shaft. The corner stone was laid with great ceremony in 1870, and it was noted that many, not of the faith, were reverential spectators. The inscription is significant, for it calls Massé "the first missionary of Canada," although two or three other priests had preceded him in Acadia and Canada. He was born in Lyons, in 1574 or 1575. There is some uncertainty, however, about the

date, just as there is about his name, which is sometimes written without the accent. Thus it appears in Biard's "Relation" and in Charlevoix's and Champlain's works; but as Creuxius in his "Historia Canadensis" calls him Massæus, as do the Catalogues of the Society, we are safe in writing it Massé and not Masse, though there is another difficulty in the fact that when he was Father Coton's associate at Court, he signed himself de Masso, and complicated the problem still more by prefixing to it Imbertus, which he discarded afterwards for Enemondus.

He entered the Society on August 25, 1595, when he was twenty years old. He is said to have been naturally of a somewhat turbulent disposition, but in the novitiate he succeeded so well in keeping himself under control that he passed for having no temper at all. At first there was some difficulty about admitting him, because of his weak eyes, but he swept away that obstacle by falling on his knees and praying so fervently that his sight became perfect immediately. Although he studied philosophy before becoming a Jesuit, he followed the abbreviated course of theology in the Society. He was ordained priest in 1603, and for the five following years filled the posts of minister and procurator in various houses. He was then sent as Socius to Father Coton, who was court preacher and confessor of Henry IV.

He must have been a man of good manners to have been assigned to such a place; but it was doubtless extremely distasteful to one who had been accustomed from youth to daily fasts, flagellations, and all sorts of penitential exercises. Even then he was like a Father of the Desert in austerity. Besides, he had always been almost inordinately fond of self abasement, and when a novice it is said of him that while making the usual novitiate pilgrimage, he was so grieved at being hospitably received by a good natured priest, that he began to pray for a change of disposition on the part of his host. The result was that he

and his companion were unceremoniously thrown out of doors. Whether the other novice was consulted before this prayer was offered we do not know; nor is it certain that the good curé was fairly treated.

While he was at court there was a call for missionaries in the new colony of Acadia. At his request he was appointed for the work. That was in 1608; but it was not until January 26, 1611, that he and Biard set sail on *The Grace of God* for America. The reasons of this long delay have been already given in the previous biography. The journey was perilous and hard, for "traveling in such a small boat and so badly equipped," wrote Biard, "is an accumulation of all the hardships and sufferings of life." Strong as he was, Father Massé never left his bed for forty days, but though deathly sick and eating almost nothing he was anxious to keep Lent, which could scarcely be allowed in such conditions. His request, however, reveals his spiritual temper. They arrived on the 22d of May, and three weeks afterwards they wrote to Father Aquaviva; Biard at length, Massé briefly as follows:—

"Very Rev. Father,

"Pax Christi.

"If your Paternity read with pleasure my letter of October 13th, I had still greater happiness in receiving yours of the 7th of December, the more so as I am the first one of the Society to receive a letter in Canada from your Paternity. I regard that as a happy augury, and as a heavenly incentive to run my course with fervor so as to merit and receive the reward of the celestial vocation, and to sacrifice myself more promptly and more completely for the salvation of this people. I avow to you that I have said frankly to God, Behold me! If Thou choosest what is weakest and most miserable in the world to overthrow and destroy what is strong, Thou shalt find all this in Enemond. Lo! here I am; send me and make my words and

my tongue speak so that I shall not be a barbarian for those who hear me.'

"Your prayers I am sure will avail for me in this as they did for our coming here on Pentecost Day. We are feeble in Jesus Christ, but we shall live, I hope, in him, in the strength of God.

I beg your Paternity to obtain by your prayers and holy sacrifices that the Lord may accomplish all this in us.

"Your unworthy son in Jesus Christ,

"Enémond Massé, S.J.

"Port Royal in New France,
"June 10, 1611."

Together the two missionaries passed the dreary and unfruitful years of their work in Acadia. Both underwent the same hardships, but a differentiating note between the two men reveals itself occasionally. Thus, to learn the language, Massé took the quickest though hardest method. He went off to the mouth of the St. John and lived with the Indians. But in doing so he misjudged his powers of endurance. Accustomed to hardships though he was, the life was too much for his strength. He fell sick, and became almost blind because of the anæmic state to which he was reduced. But his strength of will sustained him and perhaps, also, his good humor. For when apparently at the point of death, the Indian who had built him another cabin to die in, asked him to write a letter to the Commandant at Port Royal to explain the situation; otherwise the savages would be accused of murdering him, Massé refused. "If I do that," he said, "somebody might kill me and would then go off to Port Royal with my certificate of acquittal in his hands." "Well then," said the Indian, "pray to Jesus to cure you." "I am doing so," replied the priest, "and I am not going to die." In spite of the horrible privations to which he was subject he recovered, and after a while started for the colony. Just as Biard was

returning from an unsuccessful hunt along the coast in search of him, for he had not been heard of for four months, Massé arrived, happy to have suffered a good deal and to have at least helped some dying people and babies to go to heaven.

Winter came and with it starvation. The colonists lost what little energy they possessed, possibly because they were unfitted for the work, or possibly because their physical strength was gone, though they were a shiftless lot at best, and contented themselves with passing their time mostly in their huts, lounging about the fire. To Massé this sloth was intolerable, and he determined to build a boat and go out and hunt for food. He knew nothing at all of the trade of ship-building, but he was a handy man with tools, and he set to work. He could induce only one man to help him. The rest looked on and laughed at his clumsy efforts; but little by little the craft took shape, and was sufficiently calked with shreds of cordage, soaked with the gum which he scraped from the trees, and was finally launched and succeeded in keeping afloat. Biard, of course, toiled with him, though he good humoredly wrote: "I could only give the boat my benediction." Such was only one of the many instances of the lack of energy and initiative that characterized those Acadian colonists who had come out to found an empire. They were sitting idly on the sea shore without a boat in which to go out on the water except perhaps some wretched canoe which they had bought from the Indians. They were starving, though there was plenty of game in the woods if they would only hunt for it.

The two missionaries embarked in their miserable craft and went up and down the shore in search of food. They soon returned not only with a plentiful supply of roots and acorns, but with an abundance of fish which there was no difficulty in catching. Their boat-load was welcome, for there was not a morsel of food left in the colony's storehouse. Finally La Saussaye arrived with orders for the

priests to leave, so bidding farewell to Port Royal they sailed across the bay to Mt. Desert. The issue of that ill-fated expedition we know. Both Massé and Biard did their best to restrain the English marauders in the havoc that they were making of the colony, and with some measure of success. They were courteously treated by Argall, and it was their protest, as we have seen, that prevented him from putting all the Frenchmen in an open boat and turning them adrift on the high seas, to go to what was certain death. Instead of thirty, fourteen Frenchmen were stowed away in a miserable old shallop, and the rest were carried off to Virginia.

Before starting out the crew asked for one of the priests to go with them, and when Argall inquired which one they wanted they all clamored for Massé; an evident sign of his popularity as against that of his companion. On that day he and Biard bade good-bye to each other, not knowing if they should ever meet again. The shallop sailed away, with the commander, La Saussaye, as one of the company. Unfortunately there were only two or three sailors in the boat, and they knew nothing of the coast and had neither chart nor compass. But a kind Providence was watching over them. Just before Argall had reached St. Sauveur, La Saussaye's pilot had started out to discover the character of the ship that was making for the harbor. By the time he had made out the English flag on the peak it was too late to return, so he and his men steered their boat to the shore, and kept in concealment until the fight was over. Argall was aware of their absence and lingered a long time after the capture of the colony to lay hands on them, but without avail, though from time to time the pilot himself appeared among his friends disguised as an Indian. Just as the shallop was leaving the harbor, an Indian was seen signalling to them. It was the pilot and they received him on board with delight.

They steered in a northerly direction, and first reached

the Grand Menan. They had intended to start thence for Long Island, over what was a perilous stretch of ten leagues of open sea, just where the tide of the Bay of Fundy rushes furiously in to the land. But the weather was too bad to attempt it for nine successive days, and they spent that time praying fervently for a clear sky. It came at last and they made Long Island in safety, where they erected a cross in thanksgiving, celebrated Mass, and went in procession along the shore. That stopping place was at the end of St. Mary's Bay, below the present Digby. They found there a supply of salt, and to add to their good luck they succeeded in making a fine haul of fish for which the salt came in very handy. It is distressing to find that after their arrival in France, Potrincourt appealed to the courts against the Jesuits who robbed him of the salt which he had left on that desolate island. Thus with plenty of fish in their locker they continued on their way, and landed at Cape Forchu. They had already travelled well down the coast of Nova Scotia, and had reached the place where now stands the present town of Yarmouth. They had avoided going into Port Royal, for very likely they would have been seized and imprisoned by Biencourt.

At Cape Forchu they met Louis Membertou, the Indian, in whose wigwam Massé had spent four hard months endeavoring to learn the native language. The welcome was very cordial and the priest was invited to leave his white friends and go off with the red men. There were many reasons why the offer could not be accepted, one of which was that Biencourt was too close at hand; another, which was more than sufficient, viz: the Frenchmen might be wrecked before they found a ship and would sorely need a priest. In spite of the refusal, however, Membertou gave them a feast and furnished them also with a plentiful supply of moose which kept them alive till they doubled Cape Sable. Keeping along the coast they arrived at Port Mouton, where some more Indians came out to meet them.

They had just been trading with the whites and had a supply of bread which they shared with the wanderers. With wonderful liberality they gave a loaf to the priest, says the "Relation," and half a one to each of the others. "It was the world upside down. Indians giving bread to the French and getting nothing in return. The bread was like manna for us, because three weeks had elapsed since we had tasted a crumb. To add to our joy they told us that there were two French vessels not far away, one at Sezamore and the other at Passapec. We bade our Indian friends good-bye and hurried as fast as we could so as not to miss the ships." The distance nevertheless was considerable, for though Sezamore and Passepec are no longer on the maps, we find on Charlevoix's chart two places called Sincembre and Prospec, which doubtless are the same as the present Sambro and Prospect not far from the present Halifax.

The wanderers found the ships; one of them only fifty tons burden; but the other twice as large. It was called *The Savior.* The smaller one was in command of Du Pont the young Frenchman who a few years before had taken to the wild life of the woods to escape the vengeance of Potrincourt, and had been finally reconciled to the Governor of the colony by the entreaties of Biard and Massé. Du Pont's vessel started out first and had a rough passage of it all the way over. *The Savior* did not leave America until twelve days later, but though it encountered heavy seas, it overtook its companion and they both entered the harbor of St. Malo together. Good weather had come to them when twin St. Elmo fires appeared in the rigging. For the sailors it was the harbinger of a calm. A quarter of an hour passed and the sky was clear.

The failure in Acadia was of course a disaster, but in one respect it may be regarded as providential, inasmuch as it drove Massé back to France, and made him virtually the creator of a greater enterprise: the Missions of Canada.

The year after his arrival he was appointed Vice Rector of the Royal College of La Flèche, and thus was thrown into intimate association with a number of men whose names as we read them on the college register seem like a muster roll of Canada's most illustrious heroes. Paul Le Jeune was there and Bartholomew Vimont, and Anne de Nouë, and Charles Lalemant, and Francis Ragueneau, and Isaac Jogues, and René Ménard with others whose names we omit. When these future apostles gathered around Massé, and listened to his stories of the western world their imaginations took fire, and they were all eager to emulate his example. He, of course, fanned the flame, and possibly he did so even when he did not speak, for splendid though his position was at La Flèche and implying in its incumbent unusual qualities of mind and heart, he was pining away for his savages, and there was no happier man in the world than he when the word came that he was to resume his interrupted work.

How that result was brought about is revealed by a document found among his posthumous papers. It is given in the "Relation" of 1646. It begins with a rhapsody about "*mon cher Canada* which is so lovable and adorable in its crosses and whose conversion can only be undertaken by those who have on them the stigmata of the cross. To obtain the needed qualification it will be helpful for me," he writes, "to keep the following resolutions:

1st. Never to sleep except on bare ground, without sheets or mattress, which, however, must be kept in the room so that no one may know what is being done.

2d. Not to wear linen except around the neck.

3d. Never to say Mass without a hair-shirt, in order to make me think of the sufferings of my Master of which the Holy Sacrifice is the great memorial.

4th. To take the discipline daily.

5th. Never to take dinner unless I have first made my examen, and if prevented to eat only a dessert.

6th. Never to gratify my taste.

7th. To fast three times a week, but so that no one will know it."

The eighth is to punish any uncharitable word that might escape his lips. Those lips were made to pay a penalty which we prefer to omit.

As some of the members of the La Flèche community were at the end of the year transferred to Clermont in Paris, they interested in the Canadian Missions the famous Bretesche, who was the Spiritual Father of the house. He happened to be at that time the confessor of the Duke de Ventadour, and it was he who urged that dignitary to have himself appointed Viceroy of New France so as to check the Calvinist traders of Quebec, who were opposed to the conversion of the Indians. While negotiations were pending, Bretesche died, and Father Noyrot became the nobleman's counsellor. Just when Ventadour was named, the Recollects asked the Jesuits for help. The response was immediate, and on June 19th, 1625, Massé, de Brébeuf, de Nouë and Charles Lalemant set out for Canada.

It was Massé who built the first Jesuit residence in Canada: Notre Dame des Angès, and when Lalemant had to return to France he was left in charge of the mission; an office intended only to last for two or three months, but which lengthened out into two or three years. During that time disasters began to multiply. Kirke had sailed up the St. Lawrence to demand the surrender of the city. De Brébeuf was recalled from the mission among the Hurons, and in 1629 the French flag was hauled down from the citadel, and Recollects, Jesuits, and nearly all the colonists went back to France. It was Massé's second failure.

He was sent to La Flèche where he had been five years before. Although it seemed hoping for the impossible, he again resumed his appeals for the American missions. As before, he enkindled an enthusiasm in all the Jesuit houses, and spread it outside to such an extent that religious com-

munities offered their good works and watched all night praying before the Blessed Sacrament that the work of evangelizing the Indians might in some way or other begin again. At last, after many a diplomatic delay Canada was given back to France, and in 1633 Massé again stood on the vessel at the side of de Brébeuf, and on the 8th of June, after a tempestuous passage, landed with Champlain at Quebec.

He was then nearly sixty years of age. As he was, moreover, exhausted by his life of penance and hardship he could not be sent to the Hurons, but the Montagnais along the river were the objects of his solicitude; and also on account of his skill in mechanical works the construction of various buildings was entrusted to him. He repaired Notre Dame des Anges, which the English had almost wrecked; he supervised the erection of the college at Quebec, and also the hospital, residence, and church at Sillery.

These material occupations, however, did not interfere with his being the favorite confessor of the colonists up to the last year of his life. It was then that he was inscribed in the catalogue as *senex,* an old man who had ceased from his labors. That was in 1645, and he had reached the age of seventy-one. The end had come and he went over to Sillery where on May 12, 1646, he breathed his last. "He was a man of many trades," says Ragueneau, "but in none so skilful as in that of saving souls."

JOHN DE BREBEUF

Jesuit Missions
IN
HURONIA
REFERENCE
Indian Villages, in Italics, shown thus: • Tontakea
Modern Villages, in Gothic, shown thus: ▪▪WAVERLEY
Township Lines: – – – – –
County Lines: — • — • —
Mission Stations are underscored thus: St. Ignace II
Giants Tomb Island
Beausoliel Island
Christian Island
St. Joseph
Ste. Marie II
Ahouendoe or Gahendoe
Tondakea
Khinonsaevant
Pt. Cockburn
LAKE ATTIGOUANTAN
Carhagouha
Ouentisati
Arenta
St. Magdeleine
Tiaiaiagon
Anonatea
Ouenro
Thuaguainchain
Carmuron
Thoniniria
Teandeouata
Tsaentsa I
Ossossané
Pt. Varwood
Duffs Bay
NOTTAWASAGA BAY
Pt. Sprutt
COLLINGWOOD
NOTTAWASAGA
STAYNER
Ekarenniondi
or Standing Rock
SINGHAMPTON
SUNNIDALE
Nine Mile R.
Wye R.
Sturgeon R.
Severn R.
Matchedash Bay
Victoria Harbour
Penetang
Shene
Midland or Worcester Bay
MIDLAND
Ste. Marie I
L. Sample
L. Isaac Jogues
St. Charles
St. Louis
St. Xavier
WYE BRIDGE
ST. FONTAINE
Andiatae
Lacus Andiatae
Cranberry L.
ELMVALE
ALLENWOOD
WAVERLEY
St. Michel
Orrs Lake
HILLSDALE
Ekhiondatsaan
CROSSLAND
CREEKLON
VAN VLACK
FERGUSONVILLE
CRAIGHURST
APTO
PERSTON
Nottawasaga R.
Matchedash
Gloucester Pool
Severn River
PORT SEVERN
SHEGUIANDAH
FESSERTON
ST. LIGUORI
ELLIOTTS CORNERS
Ste. Anne
St. Ignace II
St. Louis
St. Ignace I
VASEY
MOONSTONE
EADY
COLDWATER
MARCHMOUNT
TOWNSHIP HALL
HOCART
JARRATT'S CORNERS
MT. ST. LOUIS
St. Joseph II
COULSON
Contarea
RUGGY
ORILLIA
Lake Couchiching
Sparrow Lake
SEVERN LODGE
WASHAGO
Bass Lake
N. ORILLIA
Shingle Bay
Long Pt.
L. OUENTARON
EDGAR
TOWNSHIP HALL
St. Jean Baptiste
DALSTON
HAWKSTONE
ORO STA.
CROWNHILL
Little L.
BARRIE
KEMPENFELDT BAY
LAKE SIMCOE
ESPANOLA
SCALE OF MILES
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
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HURONIA.

CHAPTER I

Early Life.

John de Brébeuf has not been canonized by the Church, but he is enshrined in the hearts of all those who know his tragic story. For them he is a hero, a saint and a martyr. In Canada especially, the cult is positive and pronounced. There is a niche awaiting his statue in the splendid façade of the Government buildings at Quebec, and his name surrounded with the laurels of victory is inscribed in letters of gold on the grand staircase leading to the Legislative Chambers. At the Hôtel Dieu, the nuns are busy, at certain seasons, showing tourists the precious reliquary in which they guard the remains of the great missionary, and they will tell you, if you ask them, that the 16th of March, the anniversary of his death, has, ever since 1650, been a Communion day in the convent.

A street is named after him in Montreal, and a splendid painting on the walls of the cathedral depicts his martyrdom. But perhaps the most notable tribute is recorded by the author of the "History of the Early Missions of Canada," who tells us that he saw in the Ritualist Church of St. Martin's, Brighton, England, "a figured window to the memory of Father de Brébeuf," in which he appears in his priestly robes with an aureola upon his head. At his feet is a miniature map of Huronia. Such a representation, of course, would not be permitted in a Catholic Church prior to an official pronouncement of the Sovereign Pontiff on the heroicity of his life and the reason of his death; but the error goes to show the extent of the veneration paid him. There is a sort of a compromise picture in the splendid church of Our Lady, in Guelph, Ontario, where a great illuminated window in the transept represents the

saints of the Society of Jesus. In the foreground stand de Brébeuf, Lalemant, and Jogues. All the others have illuminated halos; whereas there is only a black circle over the heads of the American heroes. They are waiting for their glorification.

One is not surprised to hear that there were crusaders among de Brébeuf's forbears. Indeed, it would not be hard to conceive the hero himself in complete armor scaling the walls of Damietta where his ancestors distinguished themselves under the banner of St. Louis. That would have been a trifle for such as he. It is also claimed that some of his kin went over to England with William the Conqueror and not only fought in the battle of Hastings, but were allied to the Howards and Arundels, whose names are identified with English Catholicity. Guillaume du Hamel, *Aumonier et Conseiller du Roi* who wrote a dissertation on *La Pharsale,* a poem by a grandnephew of the martyr, is the authority for the assertion. Both Boileau and Voltaire condemned the poem as being of slight literary value, but left unchallenged the claim of the author's illustrious descent.

Naturally one would desire to admit the kinship, but it requires a great deal of good will to trace a family connection between de Brébeuf and the Howards and Arundels of to-day. It is true that in the Battle Abbey List of the Norman Knights who came over with William the Conqueror, which is given by Augustin Thierry in his "Conquête de l'Angleterre," in the "Pièces Justificatives" at the end of Volume I-II, the name of Braybuf occurs. There are also an Œil de Boeuf, and a Front de Boeuf,—the latter being probably Walter Scott's unpleasant hero—and a host of others with names so whimsical that even the French chroniclers of those days had great sport with them. In the same catalogue there is found the name of Arundel, and in one by Leland, taken from the "Collectanea de rebus britannicis," (ed. Hearne Vol. I, p. 206), is that of How-

arde, which may perhaps suggest a doubt about the Saxon origin of that family, but how the de Brébeufs were united with the Arundels, and yet had their name so completely eliminated in succeeding generations we must leave to genealogical experts to determine.

As for the Howard element in the puzzle we are dispensed from following it, until nearly four hundred years after the conquest. From Thierry and Lingard and other authorities it appears that the first holder of the title of Norfolk was Raulf de Gael, a Breton, who, though the chief instigator of the invasion, quarrelled with William and was relieved of his honors which then passed over to Bigot. Under Edward I, the title reverted to the Crown, and was conferred on the king's son, Thomas Plantagenet de Brotherton. Finally in default of heirs, John Howard, who was descended from de Brotherton by the mother's side, was made Duke of Norfolk by Richard III, whose cause he espoused, and with whom he subsequently fell on Bosworth field.

Hence the blood of de Brébeuf must be extremely attenuated, if there is any at all in the Howard family. But he did not need the connection to add to his glory. Indeed, while he was working for the Church in America, the descendants of his Norman ancestors were doing their best to extirpate the Faith in England. The Jesuit Garnet had just been dragged to the gallows as the result of the Gun-Powder Plot; Buckingham had rallied the Puritans of England to the rescue of the Protestant Normans of France; Archbishop Laud had formulated laws "against all priests and harborers of priests, as well as against all persons who had papistical books or were suspected of having them present at Mass;" and four years after de Brébeuf was slain in Huronia, Oliver Cromwell, as Lingard tells us, "was eager to gain the goodwill of the godly by shedding the blood of the priests." Thus had history turned a somersault, and de Brébeuf might have gained martyrdom by

simply crossing the Channel instead of the Ocean; but America needed a saint.

About his early life very little is known. Even the place of his birth was for a long time a subject of dispute. Feller, Pluquet, and the "Missions Catholiques" of 1877, basing their conclusions on the "Relation" of 1649, pronounced for Bayeux, while Father Martin and some others ventured to surmise that it was Condé-sur-Vire. A baptismal record would have settled the question, but a laborious search in the archives of the Department, resulted in showing that the registers did not go farther back than the last years of the sixteenth century. The quest was about to be abandoned when the "Primus Catalogus Provinciæ Franciæ," 1618-19 was discovered which established the claim of Condé-sur-Vire. As this "Catalogus Primus" is the list which the individual members of the Society fill out every three years for transmission to Rome, its authority is beyond question. In it we find, in de Brébeuf's own handwriting: "Pater Joannes de Brébeuf, natus Condæi, 25 Mars 1593, in dioéc. Baioc." The abbreviation "dioéc. Baioc," means the diocese of Bayeux, and the only Condé in that district is Condé-sur-Vire. It is a difficult place to find on the map, for it is only a village or commune of about 3,000 souls, but it is situated in the Department of La Manche, about five miles from St. Lô. De Brébeuf as far as we know gave it the only distinction it ever enjoyed, but that is sufficient to glorify a much larger place.

What he did, or where he was, prior to his becoming a Jesuit is yet to be discovered. We know that he had already made a two years course of literature, and had studied philosophy for the same period, but whether or not it was a preparation for the priesthood must be left to conjecture. At all events he bade good-bye to the world and presented himself at the Novitiate of Rouen, November 8, 1617. He was then twenty-four years of age. This Novitiate was the second which the Society had established

in France, and it nearly missed going there, which would have been regrettable, for Rouen gave many a glorious man to the Order. Besides, as it was a stronghold of Calvinism, it needed all the orthodoxy it could get to strengthen its faith.

The story of its foundation is that one day Henry IV conversing with Father Coton, grew enthusiastic about the great number of Jesuit Colleges he was going to establish all over France. Coton, however, cooled his ardor by representing to him that it was impossible to obtain professors to supply them all. "What can we do to get them?" said the King. "Found Novitiates," was the reply. "So far, we have only one in France and that is in Aquitaine, which is very remote from the centre of the kingdom." "Why can we not have one at La Flèche?" inquired the monarch, "in connection with the college we are building there?" The proposition was acceded to, but as the funds were already giving out even for the college at La Flèche, it looked as if the scheme for a Novitiate would be delayed indefinitely. Meantime, without being aware of what was in prospect, the Countess d'Aubigny and several of her friends proposed to the king to establish a house at Rouen; the foundress giving 10,000 livres for the purchase of the house and 600 for an annual revenue; the others contributing according to their resources. The proposition was gladly accepted, and in 1604 the Novitiate of Rouen was founded. It was only thirteen years in existence when de Brébeuf arrived at its gates.

One naturally inquires if he met there any of the men who became afterwards conspicuous in the work of the American missions. A search through the old catalogues shows us that he was too late and too early to have that happiness. Vimont, his future superior at Quebec, had been there four years before, and Buteux, the martyr of the St. Maurice, came the year after de Brébeuf had been assigned to college work. Raymbault, the first Jesuit to die

in Canada, also arrived later, as did Daniel, who was to be a martyr a year before de Brébeuf. Jogues did not enter till seven years later. In the noviceship, de Brébeuf, of course, stood for the rigor of the law in its application to himself. "I will be ground to powder," he used to say, "rather than break a rule." His self-effacement, which was also one of his characteristics till the end, likewise declared itself in the Novitiate. He not only sought the most humiliating tasks, but entreated his superiors to let him become a lay-brother. He urged the request again when about to pronounce his vows, and the proposition was duly considered, but a negative answer was given. This wise decision was a blessing for the Church, and ensured a great future.

At the end of his noviceship he had reached the age of twenty-six, and was consequently too old for the review of the classics, and he was therefore sent to the college in the same city, and given a class of lower grammar. But the difficult student youth proved too much for him. He collapsed completely after two years, and in the catalogue of 1622 we find this ominous entry: "*F. de Brébeuf ob infirmam valetudinem non occupatus;*" nothing to do on account of ill health. He was then twenty-eight years of age, and it looked as if he had been right in his aspirations to be a lay brother. But he did not lose heart. He reviewed his moral theology privately, passed his examinations and was ordained a priest. Of dogmatic theology this great apostle does not seem to have studied a single chapter, at least in the Society. Still he knew enough to solve the difficulties of the sorcerers and the sachems who sat around him at the council fires near Lake Huron.

He was ordained sub-deacon at Lisieux in the month of September, 1621, deacon in the same year at Bayeux, and priest the year following at Pontoise or Pontisarœ, as the Latin has it. The date of his priesthood however is disputed. Father Martin said he was ordained on the anni-

versary of his birth, March 25, 1623. But there are two great difficulties about accepting that date; first—we have in de Brébeuf's own handwriting "*die Virginis Annuntiatæ primum sacrum Deo obtuli,*" that is, he said his first Mass on the day of the Annunciation, which of course is not the same as ordination. Second—Unless the calendars are all astray, March 25, 1623 was Good Friday, which would make both his ordination and first Mass impossible. The mistake was apparently caused by taking the date of his ordination from the catalogue of 1623, and not adverting to what Father Martin knew as well as any one else, that it recorded the arrangements of the previous year. Now in the catalogue of 1623, de Brébeuf is inscribed as a priest, and therefore must have been ordained in 1622. All this may look like too minute an inquiry into details, but dates are precious things in history, and ordination to the priesthood was of course the most important event in the life of an apostle.

As for the places identified with him, Condé-sur-Vire is, as we have said, only a village, and all we can know is that he was most likely baptized in the parish church. There could have been only one there, but whether or not it still exists we are unable to say. It is also difficult to obtain much information about the novitiate and College of Rouen, for after the suppression of the Society the novitiate became a *Bureau de Mendicité,* an alms house office, and subsequently a prison and a barracks. New streets have been cut through the grounds so that identification would be well nigh impossible. As for the college, it was appropriated by the Government and is now a Lycée with 1000 students. Lisieux, where he was ordained subdeacon, is in the valley of the Orbec and Touques. In de Brébeuf's time it was an episcopal town, and there was annexed to the cathedral a Lady Chapel, built as an expiatory offering by a former bishop, who is known to history as Pierre Cauchon, one of the Judges who condemned Joan of Arc. Perhaps de

Brébeuf was ordained there and had a premonition of his own death at the stake. But of course that is only fancy. The Bayeux cathedral where he probably received deaconship is, of course, known to the tourist, but Pontoise, where he was ordained a priest is a puzzle. It had no cathedral, for Pontoise was in the Diocese of Bayeux, and we ask in vain did the great event take place in the beautiful St. Maclou, or the collegiate church, or possibly in some little out of the way chapel in one of the steep and narrow streets of the town? In any case one would like to know what brought him down there for ordination? We have no information on that point, and must satisfy ourselves by blaming the carelessness of the chronicler. However, no one could have foretold that the levite kneeling in his white robes at the altar in obscure Pontoise would later on wear the red robes of a martyr. His elevation to the priesthood coincided with, if it did not bring about his complete restoration to health. He was not asked to go back to the class room, but was made procurator or bursar of the college; an occupation which threw him officially into the midst of the first of the storms that swept over his life.

An unworthy priest of a little place near Dieppe, who had been condemned to be broken on the wheel for his crimes, devised a plan while in prison to distract the attention of the public and to save himself from death. He accused the Jesuits of plotting the assassination of King Louis XIII. As Henry IV had been murdered a few years before, and as the Jesuits had been charged with the crime, in spite of the fact that Henry was their greatest benefactor, and that they had everything to lose by his death, the new accusation was seriously considered, and the country was thrown into a great state of excitement about it. The Huguenots took it up, and the sky looked very dark for the Society. The Parliament at Rouen whose enmity had never been concealed, officially entertained the charge, imprisoned Father Chappuis, the Superior of the Residence, as

well as Father Guyot and a lay-brother who were supposed to be the chief conspirators.

De Brébeuf was hurried off to Paris to advise the Provincial of the situation. As Father Coton had been the confessor of Henry IV, and still exercised great influence at the court, he betook himself immediately to the King and had the case transferred to the royal tribunal. The accusation was examined and dismissed; and the unfortunate priest confessed that he had trumped up the charge to save himself. This was de Brébeuf's first opportunity to observe at close range the difficulties he was to encounter at the other end of the world. The Huguenots who were trying their best to rule or ruin the mother country were doing the same in its American colony.

Champlain had founded Quebec in 1608, and from that time until Kirke drove him out, the Calvinist merchants who had absorbed the entire trade of the new possessions caused more trouble than all the savages from Gaspé to Lake Huron. The story is one of the commonplaces of history, for it is known how after the failure of the Acadian project, Champlain induced Prince Henri de Bourbon to finance the new enterprise on the St. Lawrence, and how a company was founded of which Champlain was to be in absolute control. But the Prince died before his plans were perfected, and the new organization fell into the hands of the famous Condé who reorganized it, but very unwisely withdrew from Champlain the controlling interest, making him only an ordinary member, and giving shares to any of the merchants of Rouen, Havre, St. Malo and La Rochelle who might desire to embark in the enterprise. It was stipulated that only the Catholic religion should be allowed in Canada, and that the missions to the natives should be subsidized by the traders. As most of them were Calvinists, the result might have been anticipated. It was either an amazing trust in human nature, or a cynical unconcern about the religious welfare of the aborigines.

Champlain informs us that in 1608, he asked the Jesuits to accept the task of evangelizing Canada, but that they refused. They did not care to deliver themselves up into the hands of their enemies, and besides they were already struggling with the problem of Acadia. In 1614 the offer was made to the Recollects, who eagerly accepted it; for was it not set down in the bond that six of their number were to be supported by the company; and had not the cardinals and the bishops of the States General handed them 1,500 livres for the purchase of portable chapels, vestments and the like? They left Honfleur, April 24, 1615, and on June 25, according to Ferland, "inaugurated the Catholic Faith in Canada, when in their poor little chapel the colonists assisted for the first time at the Holy Mass on the banks of the St. Lawrence." The description is picturesque, but incorrect; for it implies, of course, that the faith was not inaugurated in Canada, when Cartier's chaplain said Mass all through the winter of 1536, on the banks of the St. Charles, or when Massé and Biard built their altar at Port Royal and St. Sauveur.

But that is only a trifle; the missionaries immediately addressed themselves to the task of converting the Indians. D'Olbeau buried himself among the Montagnais, and Le Caron journeyed to Georgian Bay, and became the first apostle of the Hurons. But the friars soon discovered that they had been too guileless in trusting their alleged friends in Quebec, who as Champlain assures us had no desire of converting the natives at all. Indeed they were bitterly adverse to it, for it was a detriment to business, the result being that when an Indian ceased to be a hunter, he diminished by so much the company's revenues. The only purpose the traders had in view was to get peltries, and hence not only were the savages left in their heathenism, and all attempts to settle them in villages discouraged, but nothing was done even for the white settlers, or the defense of the colony. Quebec was to be a trading post and nothing else,

and hence the fields were unploughed and the fort was falling to pieces. Champlain stormed and entreated but without avail.

Over and over again the Recollects returned to France to protest against the existing conditions. Condé would not or could not apply a remedy. Indeed, he was a political prisoner part of the time. Finally he handed over his rights to the Duke de Montmorency, but the new incumbent regarded the appointment merely as a source of revenue with no consequent obligations. Nevertheless he made a feeble effort at reform and reorganized the company, but apparently influenced by the religious indifference of the time, he put at the head of it two Calvinists, Guillaume and Eméry de Caën, who of course merged the new concern with the old corporation, so that the last state was worse than the first. Not knowing where to turn, the Recollects bethought themselves of the Jesuits, who, according to the popular superstition, were supposed to be possessed of inexhaustible revenues, or were at least able to put their hands in the pockets of their friends. Sixteen years had passed, and nothing had been accomplished either for the colonists or the savages, and so the Recollects, Father Piat and Brother Sagard, begged the Jesuit Provincial Father Coton to undertake the work.

Ever since the destruction of St. Sauveur at Mount Desert, Fathers Biard and Massé had been keeping alive the enthusiasm of the French Jesuits for the Canadian missions, and so the appeal of the Recollects met a ready response. It was first determined, however, to get rid of the existing Director of the Trading Company, and for that purpose, de Lévis, the Duke de Ventadour, was induced to buy out de Montmorency's interest in the concern. The purchase was made, and as de Ventadour was not only a man of fervent piety but a sort of lay missionary, he did not wait for the associates to fulfil their obligations, but promised to support six of the missionaries.

Four Jesuits immediately set out. At the head of them was Lalemant, who was then Principal of Interns of the College of Clermont, and who, unlike his superiors, judged himself unfit for such civilized work. With him were Enémond Massé, who a few years before had been set adrift in an open boat on the wild Atlantic, when the English destroyed St. Sauveur; John de Brébeuf, who was to achieve greater things than all the others was also of the company, and a Jesuit lay-brother named Buret. The distinguished Recollect, of whom Champlain speaks with the greatest enthusiasm, Joseph de la Roche d'Aillon, also joined the party. They set sail on April 24, 1625, on the stout Protestant ship owned by Guillaume de Caen, and reached Quebec on June 19th of the same year.

CHAPTER II.

Up the Ottawa.

We have no details of how the ocean treated the missionaries on the way over. In the best of times, the passage was always accompanied with great suffering; but in this instance, if the travelers escaped the tempests of the deep, they encountered a wild political storm when they entered the St. Lawrence.

Before their coming, the acting Governor, Emery de Caen, had excited the colonists against the Jesuits by circulating the libellous pamphlet called "Anti-Coton," which had caused great commotion in the mother country, and could be trusted to do the same at Quebec. It succeeded to a certain extent, and when the ship dropped anchor before the city, de Brébeuf and his companions were forbidden to land. In view of what a journey over the ocean meant in those days, the order was one of the greatest inhumanity. But the faithful friars stood by their friends. They took the obnoxious missionaries off the vessel in defiance of the governor, and sheltered them in the Recollect convent on the St. Charles. That act of kindness has never been forgotten.

After a while de Caen grew ashamed of the part he had taken, and granted the outcasts a strip of territory on the banks of the Lairet, a little tributary of the St. Charles. The place was most acceptable, first because it was an official recognition of their presence, and secondly because Jacques-Cartier had wintered on that very spot, ninety years before, with his scurvy-stricken sailors, and had sanctified the whole neighborhood with prayers and pilgrimages while waiting to be freed from the grip of the ice.

It is to be regretted that even now this most interesting

and historical site is so difficult of access, for until recently, at least, the sordid surroundings were scarcely in keeping either with the beauty of the monument erected there, or with the heroism it commemorates.

The Jesuits dedicated their Residence to Notre Dame des-Anges, and the name now extends to that entire district of the suburbs of Quebec. The house itself was not much to boast of, though Champlain admired it. It was about forty feet long, and a little over thirty wide. It had four rooms; the first of which was of course the chapel; the second the refectory, which served at the same time for a sleeping room. There were two other apartments with two beds in each; while a sort of garret provided for an overflow. "Such," says Parkman, "was the cradle of the American Missions." Topographers in quest of relics may be interested to know that it stood about two hundred paces from the river.

The herculean strength of de Brébeuf would naturally have come into requisition for the erection of this shelter, but he was studying Huron night and day, and besides, something more immediately apostolic than felling timbers and driving stakes presented itself. A party of Hurons had arrived at a trading post on the St. Lawrence near the present Sorel. It was called Cape Victory, because of a successful battle which Champlain had fought there against the savages. It had also a more suggestive name: *Pointe au Massacre*. Many an Iroquois had been slaughtered there. Thither de Brébeuf and and d'Aillon betook themselves, expecting to meet the Recollect Father Viel with the Hurons, but he never came. He had been murdered and his body flung into the rapids of the Back River, north of the Island of Montreal. The place has ever since been known as Sault au Recollet.

On the borders of the stream to-day stands the beautiful convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and further down, but not on the river bank is the Jesuit Novitiate, the

spiritual birthplace of the Canadian as well as of the older generation of the New York Jesuits.

De Brébeuf and d'Aillon heard with feelings of regret, and perhaps with some little envy, of the fate of Viel. They would gladly have exchanged places with him. But at the same time they doubted if they were warranted, in the then excited state of the savage mind, to rush into the same danger. Great saints are not rash, and it was therefore deemed proper, after doing everything possible for the Indians at Cape Victory, to wait for better times; and so in sadness and sorrow they turned their bark canoe down the stream to Quebec.

Though bitterly disappointed, de Brébeuf determined to make up for this defeat. Winter was coming on, and the Algonquins were setting out on their annual hunting expedition, and so, on October 25, 1625, he disappeared with them in the woods, living in the filth and vermin of their tepees, travelling with them in quest of game over the ice and snow, sustaining himself on their disgusting fare, or starving with them when there was nothing to eat. For some time he was unable to utter an intelligible word in their language, and was mocked at and ridiculed for his blunders, or for the foul expressions they put in his mouth, but he kept at his self imposed task until the spring thaws drove the Indians back to the St. Lawrence. He had been five months away, and at the end of Holy Week, March 27, 1626, he dragged himself back weary and exhausted to Notre Dame des Anges. He had not converted any Indians but he had learned their language; not indeed Huron, which he was particularly anxious to master; but Algonquin. Nevertheless that would be of service in one way or another later on. In the midst of the terrible hardships of that winter he had even composed an Algonquin grammar and dictionary; and, what was still better, he had softened the hearts of the savages, who were beginning to understand his motives and to like and admire him.

That summer his beloved Hurons came again to Cape Victory, and he was busy among them imploring to be taken to their country. They alleged many reasons against it, among others the rather humorous one, that a man of his bulk would double up, or upset any canoe he might step into. If the objection was serious, we can estimate de Brébeuf's stature. He must have towered above any savage in the tribe. However, by lavishing presents on them he succeeded in gaining their consent, and at last to his great delight found himself paddling up the Ottawa. He saw for the first time the Rideau Falls, the cataract that in those days came down like a silver gauze from the rocks above, forming regular folds as it descended, and then breaking into a fringe of foam as it sunk into the torrent below. The fancy of the travellers likened it to a curtain, and hence the name which it still retains. It has now lost its former beauty. A few miles further up he heard the roar of the Chaudière, the torrent that tumbles from the rocks, sixty feet above, into the semicircular gulf which it has been digging for centuries in the basin at its feet, where as in a cauldron, the seething waters boil and foam in their furious struggle to leap into the river below.

Superstition has woven its web of weird fancies around the Chaudière. In the minds of the Indians a demon dwelt in its caves, and as many a canoe had been hurled over its edge the malignant spirit had to be propitiated. With feelings of pity and no doubt of proper curiosity, de Brébeuf watched his future neophytes performing the solemn ceremonies prescribed for such occasions. In the midst of a circle of braves stood the chief. In his outstretched hands he held a bark dish heaped high with tobacco, for the devil was sadly addicted to the weed; his humor depending on the supply, which reveals a trait of the human in the ghost. Finally, when all had contributed their quota, the dish was solemnly placed on the ground and then interminable speeches were made recounting the dangers of the Falls,

THE CHAUDIERE.

and rehearsing the names of those who owed their safety to the reverence accorded to this old tobacco fiend. Grotesque dances and gloomy incantations of course followed, and when the muscles and eloquence of the Indians gave out, the chief took up the dish and walking carefully to the edge of the precipice dropped the contents into the waters amid the shouts and yells of the satisfied Hurons. The journey was then resumed.

All this picturesqueness, of course, has long since departed with the advent of civilization. The sluices and slides and sheds of commerce now crown the Chaudière instead of its former fierce rocks and forbidding forests. It is the western boundary of the City of Ottawa. The climatic conditions, also, must have changed since olden times, for late in November 1908, there was not enough water tumbling over the Chaudière to turn the turbines of the factories. There were other rapids of course, not so terrible perhaps, as the Chaudière, but making up in number what they lacked in difficulty and danger. Notable among them was the Chute des Chats, called either because of the catamounts which swarmed in the neighborhood, or because of the cat-like look of the falls as it leaped down the hillside spitting in its anger. Further on was the Calumet, around which a legend grew up, after the times of de Brébeuf.

Cadieux, a clever Frenchman had settled there, and gathered around him a number of Indians whose admiration and affection he had won by his marvellous skill in many arts, which he made use of to better the condition of his savage friends. He had married a squaw, and made her a pious Catholic, but the Iroquois had discovered this Indian Arcadia, and were bent on destroying it. Cadieux was aware of it and one day when an attack was expected, he sent his wife down the rapids with some trusty friends to insure her safety. The story goes that the luminous figure of *la bonne Ste. Anne* went before her canoe, guiding it

safely through the wild rush of the water, and leading her finally to the homes of the French. Cadieux and a single warrior remained to defend their lodge. By shifting from tree to tree, and with every shot bringing down an enemy, they made the Iroquois believe that a great number of warriors were concealed there, until the assailants finally lost heart and fled. But Cadieux's man was slain and he himself was wounded, and soon sickened and died. His name, however, still lingers around the Calumet, and for many a year afterwards the trappers stopped there to pray, and cut a cross on the trees in memory of their visit, and perhaps to give a lasting value to their prayers. There is a marble monument now above the falls. On it is the inscription: "A la mémoire de Cadieux." There is no date, but it was erected in 1891.

There were thirty-five or forty such falls, around which long portages of the boats and baggage had to be made, the missionary bearing his burden like the rest. When not struggling over rocks or sinking in morasses, or dragging his canoe through the shallows, he was all day long plying his paddle against the headlong current of the river. Indeed, similar portages, though not accompanied with such hardship have to be made even in our own times, and in some parts of those regions the country is as wild as when the savage skulked in the surrounding forests. They finally reached the Isle des Allumettes, or Isle du Borgne, from the old one-eyed chief who held sway there. It was the stronghold of the Algonquins, and nature had fortified it by placing formidable rapids at both ends of the island. It commanded the river, and no one could pass up or down without permission of the chief. Long after de Brébeuf had seen old Le Borgne, Ragueneau tried to go down to Quebec with the remnants of the Hurons. He was in a hurry, no doubt, and omitted to pay his respects to the authorities, says Tailhan, but he had to atone for his temerity by being hanged to a tree by the armpits till he agreed

to the terms of the chief. No doubt Ragueneau, when he was there, saw the great cross of white cedar which Champlain had erected on the island with the arms of the King of France cut upon it, but that devout explorer had planted many another along the banks of the great river. To-day on the other side of the Ottawa stands the City of Pembroke, with its cathedral dedicated to St. Columba. On the north branch of the river is St. Patrick's. There is not a single Indian on the island at the present time.

Leaving the domain of the Borgne, the tired wayfarers still followed the Ottawa westward, which there takes the name of the Hollow River, for it is like the Saguenay in that part of its course, and flows in a deep gorge between grim and towering palisades of rock. They then embarked on the Mattawa, at the place where the Ottawa comes down from Lake Temiscaming, and a short portage after some miles led them on to the gloomy Lake Nippissing, shrouded in its dark pine forests where all day and all night the inhabitants gave themselves to the black arts of the sorcerer, though its evil reputation, it is said, was unmerited. To-day the miner has supplemented the sorcerer, and Nippising Cobalt stock is quoted in all the markets of the world.

From the Lake they launched out on the French River which is north of the famous Muskoka region, now the resort of summer pleasure seekers; and out of the French River which at its mouth is a net work of sharp rocks protruding above the water they sailed into the vast waters of Georgian Bay, which is the eastern arm of Lake Haregondi,—a name that philologists are at odds about. Champlain called it La Mer Douce, and subsequently it appeared on some maps as Lac d'Orleans, but its familiar name is Lake Huron; and properly so, for it was on its shores that the Huron Indians dwelt. De Brébeuf regarded it as the Promised Land, but, as with the Hebrews of old, it was not to be possessed without fighting. "The devils who had been

worshipped there for centuries," says Father Martin, " were preparing for a terrible war against the angels who came with the missionaries."

We find in the wonderful manuscript of Father Pothier a detailed itinerary of this journey up the Ottawa. It was drawn up for him by Joseph Derouen, and was written a hundred years after de Brébeuf's time, but of course the physical features of the region travelled over were unchanged. Apart from its being a very precious historical document it will help us to appreciate the gigantic labor involved in such an expedition. Pothier's handwriting is exquisitely clear, but the paper is brown with age and there are creases and even cuts of a knife in some of the pages which occasionally make the figures doubtful, though in the main they are decipherable. The itinerary, it is true, does not terminate in Georgian Bay where the missions formerly stood, but continues on till it reaches Michilimackina—as he spells it. However, as it goes as far as the mouth of French River, it will serve our purpose.

From Montreal to Michilimackina the distance was reckoned at 300 leagues, which is divided as follows: From Montreal to the end of the Island ten leagues; to the Lac des Deux Montagnes three; to the Chateau Blondeau or Carillon at the foot of the Sault six or three leagues (there is a correction here which blurs the figure); to the Long Sault three leagues. Now begin the portages. The first is at the foot of the Long Sault and is a league in length. Up to the Chaudières, which he puts in the plural, and which he says are three in all, the Chaudière proper, the middle one, and the Chênes, it is twenty leagues. The several portages there make a total of twenty-six arpents, which would be nearly the third of a league,—an arpent containing about 180 feet. Up to the Chats the distance is eleven leagues, and arriving there other portages of thirty-six arpents had to be made. To the channel of the Calumet it was a matter of ten leagues, and besides smaller

THE RIDEAU

portages there was one of two leagues and a half, over steep and dangerous rocks. At Achigan another laborious portage of six leagues had to be faced. After leaving the rocky Allumettes which was eleven leagues from Achigan, the travellers reached Hollow or Creux River, which was eight leagues away, and following its course for twenty leagues they reached the Joachims—now pronounced something like Shoishons. They then got to Roche Capitaine, which was ten leagues away, and after eight leagues reached the fork of the Matawa. Here the names became poetic or peculiar. One is Plain Chant, another is Music; a third The Roses. The name of the Intendant Talon is commemorated at a place where there is ice all the year. Whether or not it referred to one of the great man's peculiarities is not said. After that comes the Lazy Man and the Tortoise; the distances from each place and the ever-recurring portages are all carefully noted. At last they enter Lake Nippisirien, and after passing another Chaudière, which is at the source of the Riviere des Français, they continue on for forty leagues in the course of which there are various rapids and turns of the stream until they finally reach Lake Huron.

When de Brébeuf arrived at that point he turned his canoe in a southerly direction. The Derouen itinerary on the contrary follows the north shore of Lake Huron, and keeps on past Manitoulin and finally ends at Michilimackina. Coming back to our missionaries who went down past what is now Beausoleil Island and landed on the shores of Penétanguishene we cannot but wonder at their temerity in attempting to conquer this remote and what was supposed to be a devil-infested region. But those three men were heroes: de Brébeuf, de Nouë, and the Recollect de la Roche d'Aillon. Martin tells us that d'Aillon established himself at Caragouha, on the west coast of the Huron peninsula, and that the two Jesuits pitched their tents at Ihonitiria. A note adds that Caragouha was replaced sub-

sequently by Ossossané, and that Champlain called Ihonitiria Otouacha, while others designated it as Toanchen or Toachim. It was at the west entrance of Penetangueshene Bay.

Other students of those sites, however, dispute the findings, and maintain that d'Aillon never went to Caragouha, and that it was never a distinct mission, but that he remained with the Jesuits until he left for his mission among the Neutrals, and finally that the party did not stop at Ihonitiria, but at Toanché. The name Ihonitiria was given to the village that replaced Toanché later on, and it was three quarters of a league further inland. It was also called Teandeonata, of which it was a part, and was a little further west. A detailed exposition of the question may be found in Father Jones' scholarly studies of the Huron sites published by the Ontario Government.

Unfortunately Father de Nouë could make no hand of the difficult Huron language, and was recalled to Quebec. But he atoned for his failure by triumphing later on. He was found on his knees in a wild snow storm, on the ice of the St. Lawrence, frozen to death. Father d'Aillon also, after living for a time among the Neutral Indians joined de Brébeuf and then withdrew to the colony, leaving the Jesuit all alone in the wilderness. Life under such circumstances was necessarily an uninterrupted series of suffering, discouragements, and dangers. He was able to baptize only a few dying babes, but "he would have gone to the end of the world," he used to say, "to accomplish that much."

Of his life in that solitude we have no details except that while he was there he succeeded in translating Ledesma's Catechism into Huron. Fortunately Champlain has preserved the work for posterity, by publishing it along with the story of his own travels, so that those who wish may, if they are brave enough, find out how in those days spiritual things were explained to the savages who lived around

Matchedash Bay. We know that he went over to evangelize the Petuns or Tobacco people, but how frequently we cannot say. When he returned to his work, after the restoration of Canada to the French, he again visited that tribe, and he records the delight he felt at finding in excellent health a little lad of five who, when a baby and at the point of death, had been baptized by him on the occasion of that first apostolic visit.

One more event of those days we make out from his subsequent writings. It occurred in 1628, the year of the terrible drought, when all Huronia was on fire. Month after month passed by and not a drop of rain fell. Everything was parched and as dry as tinder, so that the least spark would set fire to a cabin or a forest and start the whole country side in a blaze. Indians came from all directions and reported that fires were raging everywhere. The springs were dried up, rocks and bottoms were showing in the rivers, and all the crops were ruined. Day and night the thumping of the tortoise drum was heard as the sorcerers kept up their dances and incantations to bring down the rain, but though the thunder was heard in the distance it never rattled over Toanché. At last a council was held and it was decided that the cause of the curse was the red cross over the missionary's wigwam. A deputation was forthwith appointed to order him to take it down; just as de Brébeuf's fellow countrymen are doing in France today. "Nonsense," he answered, "You have had abundance of rain since it was placed there, and I will not take it down." "It is not so much the cross," they rejoined, "as the color; it is red."

As in Indian mythology thunder is a celestial turkey flapping its wings, the objection was considered valid, as no turkey takes kindly to red. To humor them he painted the cross white. But the skies were as obdurate as before. The heat was increasing and the Indians were in despair. Finally he summoned them around his cabin and explained

what the symbol meant. "Come here to-morrow," he said, "and let us honor the cross after the Christian fashion, and we shall see if we can get rain." They came and prayed so fervently that "they almost put me to shame," he wrote good humoredly. God heard the prayers of the poor wretches or rather of the saint who was trying to teach them sense. Rain poured down in torrents, and ever after that de Brébeuf was the Great Sorcerer. It was a title of distinction indeed, but was fraught with danger, for Indian ethics permitted anyone who felt so disposed to kill a sorcerer at sight, and be counted a public benefactor for doing so. The only thing that kept the tomahawk from the head of de Brébeuf was that he happened to be the friend of Champlain. To kill such a magician might involve the whole tribe in ruin, and hence while they dreaded him they did not dare to hurt him. But for the rest of his life he wore this uncomfortable halo on his head, and walked continually in the valley of the shadow of death.

While alone in those wilds he was unaware that events were taking place which were to close this first period of his missionary career. Father Massé, who had replaced Charles Lalemant as Superior, ordered him to report with all haste at Quebec. The Trading Company had become more intractable than ever. Complaints were continually being carried to the Home Government, until finally Richelieu determined to take the matter in hand himself. He organized the famous Company of the Cent Associés, which for some time after was to be prominent in the history of Canada. Unfortunately, however, this reorganization of the Company coincided with a declaration of war against the Huguenots of France; and though the great cardinal made short shrift of them when he took La Rochelle, he forgot their capabilities of mischief in the far off colonies. Only then the folly of putting all the business of Quebec in the hands of Huguenots revealed itself. The evil genius of that period was David Kerkt, or Kirke, or

Quer. People were free in their spelling in those days. He was a native of Dieppe, and, with his brothers Louis and Thomas, had gone over to the service of the King of England. David was given command of a fleet and commissioned to blockade the mouth of the St. Lawrence. He did more. On July 3, he appeared off Cape Tourmente, and sent a messenger to Champlain to demand his surrender. Though in the direst straits, with rations down to two ounces a day for each man, and with only fifty charges of powder for his few pieces of cannon, Champlain put on such a show of bravery that Kirke feared to make the attack. Meantime the first ships sent out by the new company fell into the hands of the enemy; then a fleet of five vessels, on which were several missionaries was caught by the blockaders, and only one made its way back to France to report the disaster.

On June 29, 1629, Father Noyrot organized another expedition which was wrecked off Cape Canso, and Noyrot and Brother Malot disappeared in the waves. Kirke then plucked up courage, and on the 19th of July appeared off Quebec. Champlain, however, had still one hope. De Brébeuf, who was on his way from the Huron country might have some provisions with him, but when he came the canoes were practically empty, and at last the starving garrison struck their colors and Louis Kirke entered the citadel.

"Louis," says Champlain, "was very courteous, for he always retained the natural amiability of the French, although he was the son of a Scotchman who had married at Dieppe," an observation which somewhat reflects on the Scotch. "He strove, as far as possible, to keep the French families at Quebec, for he preferred to deal with them rather than with the English, for whom he always had a decided repugnance." On account of this benignity of Kirke two or three families lingered on in the colony when Champlain and the priests departed for Tadoussac,

where David was awaiting them. On the way down, Louis Kirke captured a vessel commanded by de Caen, who had slipped past the blockaders, but who in any case would have arrived too late. His misfortune, however, freed him from the suspicion of working in complicity with the Kirkes.

David treated Champlain with great consideration. But it must have been a trying situation for the defeated general to find himself face to face with some of his own countrymen who had been false to their king and their Faith. Conspicuous among them was Etienne Brûlé, with whose corpse de Brébeuf had to concern himself later in the Northwest. In the group also was Nicholas Marsolet. He, however, became a Frenchman again, a good, though at one time a somewhat turbulent citizen of Quebec, and is now honored as the founder of a family at Three Rivers. There was another Frenchman named Pierre Raye, whom Charlevoix stigmatizes as the worst possible kind of scoundrel, and another named Le Bailiff, to whom Kirke handed the keys of the magazine after the surrender. Brûlé and Marsolet protested that they were prisoners of the English, and had been compelled to act as they did.

The one who attracted most attention there was Michel. He had piloted the ships to the St. Lawrence, and was everywhere parading his importance. He even treated the Kirkes with lofty contempt. "What were they but wine merchants?" he said "and yet they pretended to be sailors." De Brébeuf particularly excited Michel's wrath. The old sailor cursed and blasphemed so vigorously that Champlain exclaimed with what to non-Gallic ears seems something like a little profanity: "Good God! man, but you swear pretty well for a reformer!" Michel only grew more incensed, and declared he would have it out with the priest before night or be hanged for it. Night came, and poor Michel was a corpse. His choler and drink brought on an apoplectic fit which carried him off. On account of his dignity as Captain-in-chief, the sailors gave him a great

funeral, though they hated him. Official honors were his due, but Champlain records that he never saw such riot as after the obsequies. The mourners boarded Michel's ship and broached all his Malaga to drown their grief. Three years afterwards, Le Jeune wrote from Quebec that when the vessels had sailed away, the Indians dug up the corpse, treated it with the greatest indignity, and then gave it to the dogs. Kingsford who, of course, is pro-English, thinks that Champlain's account of the revels is not really his, but was written afterwards by some foreign hand.

While these Indian manifestations of dislike were being given utterance to at Tadoussac, Champlain and his friends were making for France. Late in October, 1629, they landed at Calais. All their great schemes had come to naught; and what was particularly galling, they found out, when they reached home, that Quebec has been seized three months after the treaty of peace had been signed. The Kirkes had thus been unconscious buccaneers, and the English were in possession of a territory they did not own. Nor was that all. Not only did it seem as if the knell of the missions had sounded forever, but that all the political aspirations of France in the New World were thenceforth to be abandoned. The great Richelieu was apparently as ready as Mme. de Pompadour at a later date, to give up "the few acres of snow," and had it not been for the persistent entreaties of Champlain, Canada would have certainly passed over at that time to English control. Finally, after the treaty of Saint Germain-en-Laye had dragged on for three years, an agreement was come to that in spite of Kirke's victory, Canada should be restored to France, and thus after being the Founder, Champlain now became the Saviour of New France. Without delay, Du Plessis Bouchard, Champlain's lieutenant, was despatched to take possession of Quebec, and on the vessel with him were Father Le Jeune, who was to be the Superior of the re-established missions, Father de Nouë, and Brother Buret.

Where was de Brébeuf? On his return from America he had been sent to Rouen, where he pronounced his final vows as a Jesuit, January 30, 1630. The date is worth recording, inasmuch as it reminds us that he passed through the terrible trials of the Indian apostolate before being irrevocably bound to the Order. His was the first instance, at least in the group we are now considering, of this extraordinary delay in granting the vows, and it implied a sublime confidence on the part of the superiors in the virtue of their subordinates. While in France he was appointed Procurator of the College. It was the second time he had held that office, whose requirements seem so incompatible with the habits of a man who had been living among savages, with nothing to spend, and nothing to eat, and almost nothing to wear. But this disregard of worldly methods is not infrequently displayed in religious communities. At least he had the pleasure of meeting there several of the great men who were already or were later to be identified with the history of the American missions. There was Charles Lalemant, who had returned to France before de Brébeuf, and was later on to be twice shipwrecked in his efforts to resume his work in the colony. He met Simon Le Moyne, who was to achieve celebrity both in Canada and New York; and greater than either of the latter he saw Isaac Jogues. It is to be regretted that we have no records of the conversations of these illustrious men, about the work in which they were all absorbed. It would be a study of the heroic.

CHAPTER III.

The Second Attempt.

Why was de Brébeuf not on the first ship that sailed to America? Perhaps he had not yet balanced his books. However, when Champlain, who was now accredited as "Captain of the King's Navy and Lieutenant of His Lordship the Cardinal, throughout the whole length of the St. Lawrence," sailed out of the harbor of Dieppe, March 23, 1633, de Brébeuf was at his side. The little fleet entered the river in the beginning of May, but on account of the floating ice it failed to reach Quebec until June 2d. The booming of the ship's cannon announced the arrival of the chief, and every gun on the rock roared back a welcome. With characteristic enthusiasm de Brébeuf knelt down and kissed the earth when he landed. His efforts to reach Huronia were at first as unavailing as they had been years before, for as a matter of fact the Hurons were from the beginning very antagonistic to Christianity, and although six hundred of them came down to greet Champlain, and though flattered and feasted and cajoled, Champlain making great promises, and de Brébeuf delivering great speeches, and bringing the red men over to Notre Dame des Anges to see the wonders of that establishment they remained unimpressed. After selling their pelts they flitted away like birds over the water on their journey home. Nevertheless, while waiting for the chance to go, de Brébeuf found plenty of work among the Algonquin savages around him, and one or two of his conversions may be recorded, chiefly on account of the marvellous happenings in connection with them. They are narrated in the "Relation" of 1634.

There was a certain young Indian named Samousat, about

twenty-five or thirty years of age, who one day heard the interpreter talking about the pains of hell and the joys of paradise. "If that be so," he exclaimed, "take me to France to be instructed. Otherwise you will have to answer for my soul!"—not that he was eager for foreign travel, but the temptations to evil were too frequent in his surroundings and he was frightened. But he fell seriously ill a few days afterwards, and when the priest found him he was already delirious. De Brébeuf and his friends were naturally very much worried on that account, and they began a novena of Masses for the Indian's recovery. The Mass of the first day was scarcely finished when the news came that Samousat had recovered consciousness, and was extremely anxious to be baptized. He was put off for a few days, but he was not satisfied with the decision, and told another Indian that during the night he had seen Father de Brébeuf enter his cabin to baptize him, and that as soon as the priest sat down at his side the sickness left him. The story was told to de Brébeuf who hurried to the dying man.

Just then the Indians were going to shift their quarters, and the invalid had to be cared for; so he was put on a toboggan, and to his great delight was lodged at Notre Dame des Anges. He thought he was in heaven. On the 26th of January he fell into a faint, and fearing he would die the priest baptized him. Coming to, he was overjoyed to hear what had happened, and for the two days that intervened before he expired he was constantly occupied in making acts of faith, hope, and charity, and confessing aloud the evil deeds he had committed. He was instructed in the nature of Extreme Unction, and when he was anointed he asked the Fathers to come and sing hymns at his bedside. While they were so engaged he died.

But that was not all. "A few hours after his death," wrote Le Jeune, "a great light appeared at the windows of our house, rising and falling three distinct times. The

Father and several of the workmen ran out thinking the house was on fire, but they saw nothing. His relatives, who were in the woods, also saw a similar phenomenon around their wigwam and were terrified, for they regarded it as a forerunner of death. "I was at that time," Le Jeune continues, "forty leagues from Quebec in the cabin of the dead man's brother. At the same hour, and on the same day, as I found afterwards by comparing notes with Father de Brébeuf, I saw the same strange light. All the Indians ran out of the wigwam with me. As they were extremely frightened, I told them it was only a flash of lightning, and that they should not be alarmed. But they replied that it was not merely a flash, as it had continued for some time before their eyes. 'Besides,' they said, 'who ever saw lightning in such bitter cold weather as this?' When I asked what they thought of it, they answered: 'It is death. The Manitou is feeding in those flames.'" Le Jeune, who records these phenomena, was not a man to give way to his imagination, nor does he draw any conclusion from it at all. He merely tells the story.

There was another Indian named Manitougatche, or La Nasse, as the French called him, who used to know the Fathers before the English took Quebec. He had been badly treated by the newcomers, and as soon as the priests returned he pitched his tepee near the house and said he wanted to be a Christian, protesting he would never leave the place, no matter what they did to him. Unfortunately he had a young relative who had been sent to France by the Recollects, and who after having been well educated there took up with the English, and from that degenerated into his former savagery and became a bitter enemy of the Faith. He filled poor old Manitougatche's mind with all sorts of prejudices, but did not succeed in alienating him from the missionaries. After a while Manitougatche fell sick, and he also was moved into the house. It took a long time to get him into proper dispositions, but at last

everything was straightened out and he was told he was to be baptized. Sick as he was, he crawled over to the chapel before the priest could come to him. He answered in excellent fashion all the questions about the Creed and the Commandments, and in the presence of his family was baptized. When the medicine men came in to carry him off so as to have a dance over him he drove them out of the cabin, though his wife and daughter entreated him to consent. "On Holy Saturday," says the "Relation," "Manitougatche went to spend Easter in heaven."

Such were some of the bright scenes in the Algonquin wigwams around Quebec which delighted de Brébeuf while he was waiting to get back to the land where he had left his heart.

The time at last came, for, like other mortals, the Hurons turned to God when they were in distress. In the year following their refusal to accept the missionaries, they were badly beaten by the Iroquois. Five hundred of them had come down the St. Lawrence, to sell their furs, but before they reached Quebec they fell into the hands of their enemies. They were caught in an ambush and in the fight that followed two hundred of their warriors were slain, and another hundred taken prisoners. The battered remnant hurried down the river to implore the protection of the French. They were now willing to accept missionaries. It was the old story of "when the devil was sick," for as a matter of fact they rejected Christianity until they saw themselves on the verge of destruction. Their acceptance of it was only a death-bed conversion. But death-beds are often God's harvest fields. It was so in this instance.

De Brébeuf, Daniel, Davost and a number of laymen who had offered themselves for service in the missions, along with four or five soldiers went back with the crestfallen Hurons. In the party, it may be noted, was the famous *voyageur* John Nicolet, of whom we shall hear more later on. On this trip, however, he was only going

as far as Isle des Allumettes. The Indians were depressed and they were also surly, so that the terrible hardships of the journey were made almost intolerable by their bad temper. Even the herculean strength of de Brébeuf nearly gave way under the strain. Davost, who was somewhat on in years, arrived at the mission post in such a state of exhaustion that it took him a long time to recover, and perhaps that may have been the beginning of the trouble which sent him back to France a few years after. He died on the way over and was buried at sea.

In the usual improvident fashion of the Hurons, the canoes separated on the journey up, in spite of the risk they ran of making themselves helpless in the face of an enemy who had just treated them so rudely. Of the white men de Brébeuf arrived first, after a whole month of intense suffering, and was unceremoniously landed on the north shore of Penetanguishene Bay, near where he had lived some years before. He knew where he was, of course. But there was no sign of any human habitation around him, and as the Indians began to throw his traps on the shore he asked them: "Are you going to leave me here? Will you not lead me to the nearest village? Will you not stay, at least, to watch these goods while I go hunt for some one?" They made no answer. "Do you forget all I did for you? how I nursed you, on the way up, when you were sick, and cared for you when you were injured? Will you not at least keep your promise?" They looked at him in sullen silence and paddled away, leaving him helpless in the wilderness. But it was not the first time he had seen such manifestations of brutality, and he excused them by saying "it was the result of sickness, which often changes the kindliest dispositions."

Another man would have given himself up to despair. For him it was only a *petit disgrace,* a slight misfortune, by which the Lord admonished him that the land was to be conquered by suffering, and he knelt down to thank

God, Our Lady, and St. Joseph, for the graces and favors he had received on the journey, and to implore the divine assistance in the work he was now beginning. He saluted the Guardian Angels of the country, and offered himself to God for the salvation of the poor Indians. He then felt confident that he would be rescued.

Knowing that he had to bestir himself he hid some of his bundles in the woods, keeping on his person what was most precious, and then started out to prospect. It was the 5th of August, 1635, and it was already late in the afternoon. He knew that Toanché, where he had labored six years before, ought to be three quarters of a league inland, and he directed his steps thither. But alas! there was no Toanché. He found only the ruins of one old cabin. All the rest was a heap of ashes. One thing, however, in the general desolation before him, filled him with delight. The place where his chapel had once stood, and where he had offered the Holy Sacrifice for three years, was not covered with wreckage as all the rest. It was a smooth and, in his eyes, a beautiful meadow. "I gazed at it," he said, "with tenderness, and a flood of recollections filled my heart." Although he does not say so, there is no doubt that he knelt down, and kissed the consecrated ground as he had done at Quebec when he saw himself once again in the land for which he was going to sacrifice his life.

Doubtless, also, he prayed at another place near by; at the grave of the *voyageur* Etienne Brûlé, whom he had seen a few years before among the enemies of his country, at the surrender of Quebec. "Here," he said, "poor Etienne was treacherously and barbarously murdered." Happy Etienne! to have had a saint praying above his unconsecrated grave in the wilderness. "It made me think," continues de Brébeuf, "of the fate that was in store for us, and to hope that at least it might be while we were seeking the glory of Our Lord." He did not imagine that a year afterwards he would be asked to dig up those mould-

ering remains and to inter them with honor at Ossossané.

Brûlé had had a very unsavory career. He had come out as a mere lad with Champlain, probably in 1608. He became an interpreter for the Hurons, and had spent eight years among the various tribes, but unhappily he became as bad as the savages. In 1615 he was sent among the Hurons, and was afterwards commissioned by Champlain to visit the Andastes on the Susquehanna in order to make a treaty with them against the Iroquois; but he came back to Quebec only three years later and excused himself by saying that he had been retained among the Andastes, but had explored the country southward to the sea, probably Chesapeake Bay, and that afterwards on his return he had been captured by the Iroquois and had finally made his way to the Hurons. After the capture of Quebec, in 1629, he went over to the English, but subsequently came back and sought his old haunts among the Hurons. Champlain informs us that he was licentious and depraved. Sagard says he was murdered for some evil deed, and that his flesh was eaten by the savages. No doubt some mark had been left to indicate the place of burial of the unfortunate man, as the Indians for a long time afterwards feared that the whites would avenge his death, and they were anxious to treat the remains with some honor to prove that they were guiltless of the murder.

De Brébeuf could not have lingered long there, for evening was coming on, and some shelter must be found. Whither he was to go he did not know, but at last he saw a village before him, and heard the cry: "Echon! Echon is come back to us. Our brother, our cousin, our nephew has returned." He was among his friends and they flocked around him, exclaiming: "We are happy now. Our corn will no longer wither. He will protect it." He was still the Great Sorcerer, who could "make the rain fall at will." He returned their greetings most cordially, and then chose as his dwelling the cabin that would be best able to support

him and his companions, who would arrive, he hoped, in a few days. He rested only long enough to relieve his hunger, for it was getting late, and his possessions were a long way off in the woods, and had to be secured. Some of the braves volunteered to go with him, and at one o'clock that night he returned to the village, and laid them down in the hospitable wigwam that had received him as a guest.

He was now at Teandeouihata, the place occupied by the people who had formerly been at Toanché. It was also called Ihonitiria, and its exact site has evoked considerable discussion. Parkman, in his text, says it was on Thunder Bay, but on his map we find it near Penetanguishene. By a careful study of the various journeys of Champlain and the Recollects, and by exact measurements of the distances they covered on their journeys, while at the same time keeping in view the direction in which they travelled, Father Jones has satisfactorily established the position of Ihonitiria as not being either Thunder or Penetanguishene Bay, but on the point of land which is now Point Todd, south of Grant's Tomb Island. It looks over to the famous Christian Island, the last refuge of the Hurons after the murder of de Brébeuf.

We cannot enter here into all the details of the minute and scientific investigation which led to this conclusion, but must refer the reader to Father Jones' learned work, published by the Ontario Government, entitled "Ouendaké Ehen, or Defunct Huronia." It consists of two parts. The first deals with the topography of the country in mission times, while the second is a record of the missionaries and of the missionary centres from 1615 to 1650. It is a most valuable contribution to the knowledge of the territory of the old Hurons, and is indispensable for those who desire to make their way through the tangled narrative of the "Relations," starting from Ihonitiria or "The Little Village of the Loaded Canoe." It was conveniently

perched on a bluff overlooking a little harbor which was well protected from wind and wave, so that the well-freighted canoes from Quebec might land their stores in safety at that place.

We have an almost Homeric description of it in a conversation which took place between de Brébeuf and the chief, later on, when there was question of changing the site of the village. The Indian speaks with all the dignity of one of Agamemnon's chieftains, as he remonstrates with de Brébeuf, who was opposed to the removal: "Echon," said Ænons, anticipating the objection, "I know well that you are going to say that you dread being further from the Lake; but I pledge my word that you will not be as far away as you imagine. And, even if you were, why worry about it? You are not going to fish. All the village will do that for you. Will you find it hard to unload your parcels from Quebec? Not at all. There will not be a soul in the village who will not be glad to serve you in that matter. It is true that you will not come to the shore of the Lake to receive what is sent to you; but what matter, for everything is brought to your door. In case you want to employ the people of Ossossané, if they care for you they will not put you to the trouble of going all the way to their village as they usually pass by the place where we propose to put our new dwellings." From these indications topographers are able to fix almost to a certainty the location of Ihonitiria.

CHAPTER IV.

Controlling the Indians.

De Brébeuf does not seem to have been deliberating whether he would live in the new or the old Ihonitiria. He was only asking himself whether it would not be advisable to transfer his headquarters to Ossossané, which was a larger place, and where he was asked for by the inhabitants. But on the other hand it would be unwise to send his companions, who as yet spoke the language very imperfectly, to a place where they might be jeered at; besides it would have been a very ungrateful act to abandon those who had first given them shelter, especially as according to Indian ethics the Ihonitirians would be still responsible for the safety of the missionaries. So he yielded to the solicitations of the chief; selected a site for the house, and every one began to build it with the greatest expedition. It was in conformity with their ideas of architecture, with the opening at the top as a vent for the smoke, but the interior subdivisions which the missionaries insisted on having, and especially the doors, which swung on hinges, filled them with amazement.

They swarmed into the house at all hours, and gazed around at its wonders. The clock quite stupefied them, especially as it rung when it was told, and stopped apparently for the same reason. "What does it say?" they asked. One of the workmen replied: "When it strikes twelve it says 'clear out, and also when it strikes four.'" They believed him, and always hurried away in hot haste, even though some had hoped to share the contents of the pot at midday. The Indian is always hungry, but the clock had to be obeyed. The microscope or magnifying glass was an object of alarm, especially when it made insects that

swarmed in the hair and clothing take the dimensions of lobsters. The mirror, also, with its many angles, frightened them by multiplying the number of their noses, eyes, ears, etc.; but the magnet they were sure had glue on it; and the art of reading script was startling. One of the priests would go outside, and then some would have a conversation with the other blackrobe in the wigwam. When the one who had withdrawn had returned, he would read from a piece of paper all that had been said. The wondering red man wanted to have the operation repeated from morning till night.

Everything went smoothly for a while. The chief would even go through the village and summon the people to hear the missionaries. Daniel taught the children to sing, and they were soon chanting the prayers in Huron, both in the lodges and in the village streets. The Fathers were picking up the language quickly, especially Le Mercier, who had just arrived. Daniel was already an adept. But a continual and overwhelming terror of the Iroquois occupied their minds, especially in the summer time when the braves were away. Indeed, at one time there was question of leaving the village and taking to the woods, even in the winter, although with the leaves off the trees, concealment would have been impossible and the exposure and hardship would have been fatal to many.

De Brébeuf determined to put an end to such a condition of things. He was not a man to trust merely to prayers, as a means of defense, and he therefore went from village to village and induced the Indians to repair their neglected palisades. He made them abandon their system of building their circular forts, and showed them the advantage of rectangular constructions with bastions at the corners. He supplied the braves with metal arrowheads to take the place of their flints; and promised to send the few soldiers he had to the first place that might be attacked, assuring them at the same time that he would never desert them no matter

what happened. In a short time all the villages were fairly protected, and the Hurons had lost their timidity and were almost eager for a fight. But the Iroquois did not come. It was not usual with them to go to war when their enemies were ready.

It was about 1635 when de Brébeuf sent down to Quebec a detailed statement of the requirements for apostolic work among the Hurons. It is too long to reproduce entirely, but a digest of it may serve as a pen picture of de Brébeuf himself and of his heroic associates.

"Never make an Indian wait for you," he says, "especially when there is a question of getting into a canoe. Be sure you have your burning glass with you to help him light his pipe, and also a flint to start the fire at night. Eat his sagamite, in spite of its coarseness and filth. It may turn your stomach, but try to look pleased while you are swallowing the food. Take every bit they offer you. Commonly it will be little enough. Eat in the morning, for ordinarily the Huron has only two meals a day. Go barefoot in the canoe so as to be lighter, and also to avoid carrying mud or sand into it. In the portages you can put on your shoes. Do not ask many questions. Be bright and cheerful, and do not notice the grossness of your companions.

"Accept the best place in the wigwam. The best they have is hard enough to put up with. Do not volunteer to help in any work unless you intend to continue to the end. Do not begin to paddle unless you have made up your mind to keep at it all day. Be quite sure that the savage will retain the first impression you make on him, and impart his feelings to his friends and acquaintances. You come from the classic land of politeness, but all the fine manners that would make you an acceptable member of society in France will be pearls before swine here, and will only have you laughed at. You have to be an Indian. Bend your shoulders to the same burdens they bear, and you will be

recognized as a great man; otherwise not. Remember that Jesus Christ is the true greatness of the missionary. Him alone and His cross are you to seek, in running after these people. With Him you will find roses on thorns, sweets in bitterness, everything in nothingness. I do not want to chill your enthusiasm, but remember, in getting up here from Quebec, you will have enough to appall the stoutest heart."

He then gives briefly a description of life in a canoe and in the forests. It is unnecessary to repeat it here, for we shall see it in the reality as we proceed in these sketches. "When you reach us," he continues, "we will receive you with open arms, in the vilest dwelling you have any conception of. You will sleep on a skin, and many a night you will never close an eye on account of the vermin that swarm over you. If you have been a great theologian in France, you will have to be a very humble scholar here, and be taught by an ignorant squaw, or by children, and you will furnish them no end of amusement. The Huron tongue will be your St. Thomas and Aristotle, and you will be happy, if after a great deal of hard study you are able to stammer out a few words.

"The winter is almost unendurable. As for your leisure time, the savages will give you no rest night or day, and will be particularly assiduous at meal times. If you have anything special to eat, they must have a share; otherwise your reputation is lost. You may expect to be killed at any moment, and your cabin, which is very inflammable, may often take fire either on account of the carelessness or malice of the savages. You are responsible for fair and foul weather, and if you do not bring rain when there is a drought you may be tomahawked for your ill-success. Then there are outside foes who have to be reckoned with. On the 13th of this month of June, a dozen Hurons were killed at Contarea, which is only a few days' journey from this place; and a short time before, a number of

Iroquois were discovered in ambush quite close to our village.

"In France you are surrounded by splendid examples of virtue. Here every one is astonished when you speak of God. Blasphemy and obscenity are commonly on their lips. You are often without Mass, and when you succeed in saying it, your cabin is full of smoke or snow. The Indians never leave you alone, and are continually yelling and shouting at the top of their voice. They do not know what a whisper is. Once when I was trying to get one of them to speak lower, a cock crew. 'Why don't you stop him?' said the Indian. 'He is talking louder than I am.' The food will be insipid but the gall and vinegar of our Blessed Saviour will make it like honey on your lips. Climbing rocks and skirting cataracts will be pleasant if you think of Calvary; and you will be happy if you have lost the trail, or are sick and dying with hunger in the woods. You have no head-ache nor stomach-ache, nor colds, nor catarrh. It is a mistake to protect yourself against the cold. It is an enemy you can make a friend of, if you open your arms wide to him. We have usually a store of provisions, chiefly corn and dried fish, and as we are on the shores of a great lake, we can get fresh fish in abundance when they are in season; there are berries and fruit also, and they are plentiful and fairly good. But Indian corn is sufficiently nourishing when you get used to it.

"There is no danger for your soul, if you bring into this Huron country the love and fear of God. In fact I find many helps to perfection. For in the first place, you have only the necessaries of life, and that makes it easy to be united with God. As regards your spiritual exercises, you can attend to them, for you have naught else to do but to study Huron and talk with the savages. Of course you have nothing in the way of externals to increase your devotion, but God makes up for it. Have we not the Blessed Sacrament in the house? Moreover, we are forced

to trust in God, for there is no other help available. Opportunities for exercising charity abound among the people who are so destitute as these Indians. You are obliged to pray, for you are facing death at every moment. Perhaps you fear for your own chastity in such surroundings. If you are on your guard, there is no danger. The brutality, ignorance, poverty and wretchedness of these people, whose life is more deplorable than death, compel you to see the effects of sin better than anything else could. Finally, if, after contemplating the sufferings that are prepared for you, you are ready to say: *'Amplius Domine,'* Still more O Lord, then be sure that you will be rewarded with consolations to such a degree that you will be compelled to say: Enough, O Lord, Enough!" In this description de Brébeuf reveals his own personality. It is that of a warrior panting with the joy of battle.

In 1636 certain personages cross the scene at Ihonitiria, who, perhaps, deserve a passing mention. One was the old Algonquin chief, Le Borgne de l'Isle, an appellation which in irreverent English would have to be translated "One Eye." The "Isle" attached to his name was the Island of Allumettes in the Ottawa, of which mention has already been made. Champlain knew the chief and styled him "the good old Indian," but his goodness was, of course, relative. He came to see de Brébeuf to persuade him to go down to live at Allumettes. "You can get rich there," he said. "You will be the principal interpreter and Grand Chief."

On being told that such motives had no weight with the missionaries, he resumed: "Do you know that you are in danger of being murdered here? It was the Hurons who killed Etienne Brûlé. They also killed Father Viel and his companion, and will do the same to you." But as de Brébeuf had good reason to suspect that One Eye himself was about the worst enemy the missionaries had, or at best that he had his one eye on business, and merely wanted to

transfer the French trade to the island by bringing the mission there, he put off the old plotter with soft words and fine presents. Le Borgne died shortly after, but Father Daniel had to wrestle with the old Indian's ghost when going down the river with the first Huron students who were brought to Quebec.

Another arrival at Ihonitiria shows how the Indians of North America have changed their habitats since those times. A number of Nez Percés waited on the great missionary. They are now far out in the Rocky Mountains, but were in 1635 only a few days' journey from Huronia. The purpose of their coming, however, was not devotional. It was to ask for some Frenchmen to help them against the Indians who lived near what is now Green Bay in Wisconsin. De Brébeuf would have gladly sent them priests instead of soldiers, but of course, there were none to be had.

One day he was almost startled by the arrival of young François Marguerie, who is one of the picturesque figures in Canadian history. He was then only a lad of nineteen, and was passing the winter with the Algonquins down at the Isle. The missionary marvelled at the hardihood of the boy who had adopted and apparently enjoyed the wild life of the savage, in spite of the brutality with which he was treated. "If that child can suffer so much for sport," said de Brébeuf, meditatively, "how much should I not do for God!"

No spinner of Indian romances could weave a stranger tale about the adventures of this daring lad than what we read in the veracious account of the "Relations" a few years later. In 1641 the Indians were prowling around Three Rivers, where he and his friend Thomas Godefroy went out to hunt. They had encamped for the night and lighted their fire, but the Iroquois had followed the tracks of their raquettes. They crept up stealthily upon the boys and then with wild yells, rushed upon them with uplifted tomahawks to slay them. One of the lads grasped his arquebuse

and aimed straight at the savage who was making for him; but the Iroquois seized the barrel. Fortunately the weapon missed fire. Had the Indian been killed, the boy and his companion would have been butchered on the spot. The other youngster had meantime sprung to his feet and drawn his sword, but an arrow whizzed under his uplifted arm without hitting him. The savage who was making for him stumbled in the snow, and in an instant he saw the flashing blade of his young antagonist at his thoat. The other Indians stood still. One step to rescue their comrade would have meant his death. "What shall I do?" said the boy to himself, as he stood above his prostrate foe. "If I kill him I shall be killed immediately. I was at confession Sunday, but if I am led into captivity and burned and eaten, I shall have more time to prepare for death." Better that kind of preparation than death just now, he thought, and he threw down his sword. The Indians were satisfied, and they led the two boys off into captivity.

The absence of Marguerie and his companion was soon noted at Three Rivers, and a number of men set out on the trail after the fleeing Iroquois. On a scrap of paper fixed to a stick in the ground the pursuers found a scrawl in charcoal, saying: "The Iroquois caught us in the woods. So far they have not harmed us." Further on there was some more writing on a tree which the captives had stripped of the bark. But that was all. The boys were carried down to the Mohawk. They were treated well and managed to communicate with the Dutch at Fort Orange by writing letters on strips of bark or skins, and in this way secured clothing and other things which they needed.

In the month of April five hundred Mohawks came to Three Rivers to make peace, and as the garrison was looking out anxiously at the flotilla in the river to discover the intentions of the savages, a lone Indian was seen coming in a canoe towards the shore. It was not an Indian, but Marguerie coming to plead for his captors. Peace was made and

the two boys were restored to their friends. But Marguerie continued his adventurous life, and in 1648, when he and his young friend, Amiot, were out in a canoe in the river, they were caught in a squall. Their frail bark was torn apart by the violence of the waves, and the two lads were drowned. "Both of them," says the "Relation," "were skilful and brave, and according to the judgment of every one lived a life of remarkable innocence." Of young Amiot we shall have something to say in the sketch of Father Jerome Lalemant.

CHAPTER V.

Storms.

In 1636 de Brébeuf had the happiness of baptizing the first Iroquois who ever became a Christian. He was a Seneca chief who had been captured in a fight, and who died at the stake. Le Mercier wrote a long account of it, and we have condensed it in the biography of Julien Garnier, who long afterwards became the apostle of the Senecas of New York. To repeat it here would be an unnecessary piling up of the hideous scenes of which we have a surfeit in the story of de Brébeuf.

This conversion of the Seneca took place on September 2, and one almost regrets that it was not a week or so later; for Isaac Jogues, whose blood was to be shed for the Iroquois, arrived in Huronia on September 11. Jogues was not present at that first baptism, but he made up for it by converting a dozen or more of those terrible savages in the bitterly anti-Christian Huron town of Tenaustaye, to which he was assigned shortly after his arrival. His coming to the mission was the beginning of trouble. He fell sick almost immediately of a contagious disease of some kind, and the lodge of the missionaries at Ihonitiria was soon a miniature hospital. All but one or two of the Fathers caught the sickness, and not only was no medicine to be had, but there was scarcely anything for the sick or well to eat. But after a while all recovered, only, however, to meet with trouble of another kind. The malady had invaded the Indian wigwams, and the wildest disorder broke out. Orgies and incantations followed each other, day and night, in order to conjure away the pestilence. The Fathers were incessant in their efforts to care for the sick, and though only convalescent themselves, they travelled from

village to village, from wigwam to wigwam, helping the sufferers in their bodily needs, and administering remedies which cured more by mental suggestion than by any inherent virtue of the drug. Whenever the chance offered, of course, they instructed and baptized the dying. Still the disease was not checked. On the contrary its ravages became more appalling. Month after month passed, only to increase the horrors around them. Hopes were entertained that the approaching winter might bring some relief, but winter lengthened out into spring and still the pestilence continued. The pest was blamed on the missionaries, and they were even accused of causing it for the purpose of destroying the tribe; the fact that none of them succumbed giving some semblance to the charge. Over and over again they were on the point of being massacred by the frantic people. They were hooted at and insulted; *okis* were suspended in front of every wigwam to prevent them from visiting the sick; threats were heard on all sides, and the scowls of the angry savages made it clear that some public action was imminent. Ihonitiria was fast becoming a charnel house, and Ossossané, which had been hitherto so friendly, was now bitter in its denunciations of the missionaries. But just as the prospects were gloomiest, a sudden change of feeling manifested itself. The Indians began to listen to the advice given to them about segregating the infected; they made use of the remedies given them, and, perhaps, moved by the devotion which they had witnessed during those terrible months, they began to be mollified and to show some curiosity about the Faith.

This fact is noteworthy because it was already the year 1637. As the missions were all destroyed in 1650, it will be seen that the entire period allotted by Divine Providence for the conversion of the Hurons covered a period of only a dozen years. The time was extraordinarily brief for such a gigantic work, but those wonderful men set themselves at their task with a determination that was almost fierce

in its intensity. They had resolved to batter down the fortress of the enemy at any cost. Some remarkable conversions at that time even made them look forward hopefully to a great spiritual triumph.

It was at this period that the first adult Huron in perfect health was baptized. He was a conspicuous chief, and it speaks well for his heroism and sincerity that he chose those dark days to declare his belief. He was very properly called Peter, for he was the rock on which the church of Huronia was to be built. A sketch of him will serve to show the capabilities of those poor savages for exalted virtue when under the influence of divine grace.

He had been under instructions for a long time, but though unusually intelligent and giving every assurance of perseverance, his baptism was deferred. The dreadful surroundings made the missionaries apprehensive of his perseverance. At last, yielding to his reiterated requests, consent was finally given. But as it was an event of great importance, it had to be invested with more than usual solemnity. Trinity Sunday was the day chosen for the ceremony. The little chapel glittered with lights; all the greenery and flowers of the forest were made use of for wreaths and festoons; and outside of the chapel, a graceful arbor was constructed to receive the neophyte. From the midst of the decorations pictures of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin looked out upon the Indians who asked if they were living beings. Then while the music of the children filled the air, de Brébeuf, in stole and surplice, advanced solemnly in the sanctuary, and after a fervent discourse on the nature of the ceremonies, he poured upon the bowed head of the chief the waters of regeneration. To the ardent Frenchmen it was the scene of St. Rémi and Clovis reenacted in the forests of the New World.

Fortunately, we are able to follow Peter for some time after his baptism. Father Pijart, who was going to the missions, met him at Three Rivers, and writes to Le Jeune:

"I beg of you (though I feel I do you wrong in suggesting what your heart would naturally prompt you to do) to receive our first Christian with great consideration. I confess to you that when I met him, even before he told me he had letters for me, I was quite struck by his sweetness and modesty. I could not help recalling what I used to read about the first Christians, or of what they tell us about the Japanese; namely, that baptism worthily received confers, besides the graces that necessarily go with it, an exterior sweetness in manner and speech, as well as gentleness of heart. I was so impressed when I saw him that I could have kissed his feet."

On that journey down to Three Rivers this new Christian took care of every one who fell sick, and instructed them for baptism. When his nephew caught the contagion a Frenchman said: "Peter, look after your relative." "I pray for him, night and day," was the answer. "Yes, but take care he does not die without instruction." "I have already instructed him, and he knows enough now to be a Christian. If he gets worse, I will call you to baptize him, or will do it myself if you tell me the words to say. If he recovers, I will bring him to the house of the Fathers." At Three Rivers Peter went around with Pijart from cabin to cabin, caring for the sick and instructing them for baptism, and was instrumental in saving many a soul.

As a council is always held at such gatherings of Indians, a request was made to see the governor, but he was at Quebec, so the Chevalier de l'Isle represented him and the convention began its sessions. When the chiefs had taken their usual places, the chevalier, after explaining the absence of the governor, called up Peter to sit beside him. The Indian was quite amazed at the distinction, but did as he was told. Presents were displayed, speeches were made, and then the chevalier reproached the Indians for not receiving the Truth which the missionaries had taught them.

"What do you think?" he asked, turning to Peter. Modestly and with great dignity the convert spoke to his tribe, approving of the censure uttered by the governor, and imploring his people to embrace Christianity.

There was another meeting and Peter again sat next to the chevalier. A great picture of Our Lord was handed to him, and he held it up before his people and made a discourse that caused the happy missionaries to leap for joy. "It was better," they said, "than even Nicolet could have done." "When we are in battle," he said, "this picture will be held up before us a standard. Can we doubt that we shall prevail over enemies?" His own people looked at him in amazement. They had never heard such words from the lips of a Huron; "and yet," says the "Relation," "this man, a short time before, had been eating human flesh."

Nor was he a mere maker of speeches. He was an absolutely earnest man. He assisted at all the religious services, and prayed long and fervently after they were over. Unlike the other Indians, who were always clamoring for food, Peter never asked for anything. He had often said to de Brébeuf up at the Lake: "I am becoming a Christian, not for my body but my soul." Before leaving his country he went to confession and communion, and "though I was astonished," says Pijart, "that he was allowed to approach the Holy Table so soon, my astonishment vanished when I came to know him. I never saw in any savage what I saw in him. I used to study the others to try if I could discover any traces of the dove-like simplicity which I observed in him, but without success. He had a certain exterior modesty that quite impressed you. Ten such Indians would convert the country."

It is to be regretted that we do not find Peter later on in the "Relations," but perhaps the poor fellow was soon stretched out dead on the war path, or was tortured in some distant Iroquois town; for these Christian Hurons were

splendid fighters. His conversion inspired the missionaries with the greatest hopes for the future. Their joy, however, was short lived. Another storm broke upon them with redoubled fury, and the cause of it goes to show how men resemble each other all the world over.

A report was circulated that the Fathers had a dead child in the house, whom they had captured in the woods and stabbed to death with bodkins. It recalls the old Roman distortion of the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist, and shows us that the tribes of the Tiber were gifted with no higher intelligence on this point than the tribes of Lake Huron. Others averred that there was a huge serpent in the priests' lodge, and that from out the barrel of gunpowder, where he lay coiled, he breathed pestilence on the people. A streamer on one of the branches of a tree, placed there to tell the way the wind blew, was also thought to have a sinister purpose. It told the pestilence where to go. It was Peter who repeated to the Fathers these stories which he had heard right and left among his people.

Something still more ridiculous added fuel to the flames. It is almost inconceivable, but it is vouched for as sober truth:—a scare about Jesuit machinations. One is used to such alarms among civilized people, but they are hardly conceivable among red Indians. It appears, however, that a band of Hurons had been down at the Atlantic seaboard and had heard at Fort Orange that the Jesuits had been expelled from every country of Europe; that they were a menace to all governments, etc. Excited by these reports the warriors hurried home and succeeded in creating a universal terror in the tribe. They were more afraid than when the pestilence was raging.

Although Martin says the calumny came from "*les puritains de Fort Orange,*" the assertion may be questioned. It is true, no doubt, that at a much later period, the Dutch at Fort Orange were accustomed to ridicule the Mohawks for wearing crosses and medals, but in the early days they

showed nothing but kindness to the missionaries. In fact, Jogues and Le Moyne, who were in Huronia when this charge was made, told later of the kindliness of the Dutch. Moreover, in the "Relations" of 1639, Le Jeune attributes the trouble to quite another source. He says: "It came from the savages who were in communication with certain Insular Europeans who are established on the coast towards the south, and who have always been equally bitter against the Church and the Society."

Whatever the origin, the excitement was sufficient to convince de Brébeuf that a general massacre was imminent. He therefore asked for a council. It was granted, and a great crowd packed the lodge at Agoutenec. He addressed the assembly with his usual eloquence and was apparently making a favorable impression, when some one in the audience stupidly or designedly invited the sachems and braves to a banquet. Such a proposition invariably overpowers an Indian, and the convention immediately broke up, leaving the priest in a ridiculous and discredited position. On the 4th of August another council was convoked, and then the purpose of the Indians revealed itself. De Brébeuf was invited to assist, but to throw him off his guard, nothing but the general policy of the tribe was discussed at the opening session; and towards the end some irrelevant questions were asked about the firmament, the movement of the sun and stars, all of which he explained as he had often done before.

The next meeting was held late at night. An old chief, who was nearly blind, presided. He opened the proceedings by reciting, in a lugubrious tone, all the woes of the tribe, and then invited the sachems to explain the cause. No one spoke. They sat in gloomy silence, broken only by long drawn sighs and groans. The groans, however, soon began to grow more frequent, and finally turned into wild cries and menaces of death, and then, when the feelings of the assembly were worked into a fury, the orators

began their harangues denouncing the Blackrobes and calling for their blood. In the midst of the tumult de Brébeuf arose, and his eloquence soon silenced the clamor. But after a while, they began to call for the mysterious spells which he was supposed to possess. "Give us those *okis*, and no harm will be done to you." "We have no such things," he replied, but he was answered with wild cries of "liar;" "kill him," etc. "If you do not believe me," he retorted, "take all our possessions and pitch them into the lake." "That is always the way with sorcerers," they shouted. "What else is destroying us?" "It is the ignorance and stupidity which you show in the way you treat your sick," he answered, and he explained to them the nature of contagious diseases, passing afterwards to the higher reasons of the wrath of the Almighty, who was afflicting them for their sins.

It was past midnight when the meeting broke up, and as he was returning in the darkness to his lodge, a savage walking near him fell dead at his feet. A tomahawk had crushed his skull. "Was that for me?" he coolly asked the murderer. "No; it was for that miserable sorcerer." As de Brébeuf was in the same category, he was uncertain whether the savage had mistaken his man, or merely wanted to furnish an object lesson for the "Great Sorcerer" himself. A few weeks followed full of terror, when another council was convened at Ossossané. De Brébeuf, who was at Ihonitiria, hurried over to the scene of danger, but as only a few chiefs had remained faithful to him, he was made aware that all hope was lost. The doom of the missionaries was sealed.

It was on this occasion that he wrote his famous letter to the Superior at Quebec. It was dated Ossossané, October 28, 1637, and says: "We are probably about to pour out our blood and to make the sacrifice of our lives. Apparently our good Master, Jesus Christ, has deigned to accept this sacrifice from me in expiation of my great and num-

berless sins, and as a reward for the great and loving work which our Fathers have done here."

He admits, however, that he was not quite convinced that such would be the issue, first because of his own unworthiness of the blessing of martyrdom, and secondly because of the need which at least some of the Hurons have of the services of the priests "Whatever the end may be," he continues, "our only worry is about the unhappy moral condition of the savages, whose wickedness thus closes on themselves the gates of salvation. However, we shall endeavor to bear it patiently, regarding it as a singular favor to us to be thus called to suffer something for the love of God. We are now beginning to appreciate the happiness of belonging to the Society; and we bless God for having chosen us among so many more worthy than ourselves, to help Him to carry his cross in this country. May His holy will be done in all things. If He wishes us to die, how happy we shall be! If He wishes to reserve us for other labors, may He likewise be blessed. But if you hear that He has crowned our little work in these parts, or, at least, our desires, thank Him. It is for Him that we wish to live and die. If any one survives, I have made arrangements about what is to be done. Those who are spared are to seek shelter among the most friendly Indians. Peter, our first Christian, will take care of the articles of the chapel, and will, no doubt, do what he can to save the Huron dictionary, and whatever we have written about the language. As for myself, if God gives me the grace to go to heaven, I will pray for my poor Indians, and will not forget your Reverence.

"In time and eternity we are your most humble and affectionate servants in Christ,

"Jean de Brébeuf,
"François Joseph Le Mercier,
"Pierre Chastelain,
"Charles Garnier,
"Paul Ragueneau."

There is a precious postcript to this epistle. It reads as follows: "I have left in the residence of St. Joseph, Fathers Pierre Pijart and Isaac Jogues, who are in the same disposition of mind as ourselves."

The letter is thoroughly characteristic of de Brébeuf. There is no undue exaltation in it about martyrdom. Indeed, he is so used to the fickleness of the Indian that he discounts the likelihood of their carrying out their purpose. He is not in the least alarmed at the approach of death, but deliberately makes preparations for the safety of the possible survivors; and he is almost amusingly solicitous about his dictionary and grammar. Evidently he considered death by torture only as a little incident in a missionary's career, and he set to work to make arrangements that when the next incumbents arrived they would have means of study at hand.

As it was admitted on all hands that death was certain, Indian etiquette called for a feast, and it was announced. As on all such occasions, the cabin was packed with hungry savages eager to see how the palefaces would conduct themselves in presence of death and torture, but perhaps they were more eager to satisfy their voracious appetites in disposing of the funeral baked meats which the victims had to supply. When the guests had gorged themselves to their heart's content, de Brébeuf arose. He did not extol his own prowess or recount his exploits, or defy their tortures in good Indian fashion, but he spoke to them of God, of the soul, of heaven and hell. His eloquence, however, fell upon deaf ears. They listened to him sullenly; no one gave the usual grunt of approval, and when he had finished they silently withdrew to their wigwams. Apparently the last act of the tragedy was soon to take place. But for some reason or other, perhaps because the old men had succeeded in convincing the hotheads that the murder of the missionaries would certainly be avenged by the French, the execution of the sentence was deferred. A temporary

lull succeeded, and though tomahawks were occasionally flourished over the heads of the priests, and sticks and stones emphasized the dislike which the savages entertained for Christianity, it was found possible to visit the cabins, and even to preach to some extent, without a constant dread of being killed. By the following year public opinion had so much changed in its tone, that the missionaries were able to effect a permanent establishment in the village of Tenaustayœ, that had been so far the most malignant in its enmity to the Faith. Their entrance into this place marks an important change in the geography of the mission sites.

The population of Ihonitiria had been so decimated by the pestilence that de Brébeuf determined to abandon the place altogether, and to form a residence elsewhere. The most populous town was Tenaustayœ, but it was the most unfriendly. Nevertheless he boldly went over and asked permission of the chiefs to build a house there. To the amazement of everyone not only a permission but a welcome was given, and so on June 25, 1638, he and his companions bade farewell to Ihonitiria which thenceforward disappears from history. The new post was called St. Joseph's II. Ihonitiria had been also dedicated to the holy Patriarch, and hence it is known in history as St. Joseph's I.

Tenaustayœ figures largely in the records of the missions, although almost exactly ten years afterwards it went up in fire over the bloody corpse of Anthony Daniel. Many events occurred, meantime, inside its palisade, which give interest to its history. Jogues and Pijart were in one of the wigwams when the Fathers were signing their letter of death in 1637, at Ossossané, and in its brief life in spite of its pagan population, it produced many splendid examples of heroic Christianity. Its first great convert, however, was not a native Indian, but an Iroquois who was, like the first Huron, given the name of Peter at his baptism. The manner of his death may be set forth here as illustrative of the character of the people who were being Christianized,

but the nervous reader would do well to pass to a few pages further on.

Peter was an Oneida, and had wandered up near Huronia with no warlike purpose, but merely for hunting and trade. Not meeting with success, he joined one of the Iroquois war parties that had come up subsequently. The meeting was accidental but the accident brought him to heaven. The invaders were caught by the Hurons, and the method of capture may serve as an example of the military tactics of the aborigines.

Some of the Huron scouts had fallen into the hands of the Iroquois, and one of them, with apparent inadvertence, let it be known that their people were few in numbers and could easily be overpowered. Forthwith the invaders threw up defences in the woods in order to have a regular battle, but next morning they found themselves surrounded by an army. Enraged at the trick that had been played upon them, they murdered the Huron deceiver and prepared for flight. "Not I," said Peter; "the clouds are not dark enough to hide the shame I would feel in avoiding the fight." Others took heart after this speech, but they were quickly overpowered and led off to Tenaustayœ. There Peter was instructed and baptized. But, of course, baptism did not interfere with the pleasure of his foes. He was to be tortured.

The morning of the execution arrived. Standing at Peter's side was another Iroquois, who had also been brought to the Faith. In the midst of his sufferings he seemed to be weakening under the agony, but Peter's words sustained him, when suddenly he died. Enraged at being thus defrauded of half their expected sport, the mob threw themselves with the fury of fiends on Peter, determining to make up for the loss by the pain they were to inflict on him. They began their work by tearing off his scalp. Rising to his feet after undergoing what would have left any other man helpless, he saw that he was alone on the

AN INDIAN CHIEF.
(From the Maisonneuve Monument.)

platform and he determined to fight. Better to die that way, he thought, than by progressive butchery. Though his hands were all bloody and mangled, he seized a blazing torch and stood for a moment defying the foe. Cries of rage rent the air at this act of unparalleled audacity. The Hurons rushed at him with fire brands and hissing red hot irons in their hands, but he beat them back with his terrible weapon and felled everyone who approached, dodging meantime the missiles that were flung at him from a distance by his infuriated foes. He tore away the ladder that led up to the platform, and hurled back the blazing wood upon his assailants. Showers of fire and ashes fell on him but he avoided them as best he could, springing aside meantime from the torches that were thrust through the fissures of the beams beneath his feet.

The battle went on with redoubled fury on both sides when a misstep flung him to the ground. They pounced upon him like tigers, and dragging him along the intervening space pitched him into the fire. But he rose in the midst of the flames, his body dripping with gore, which the ashes thickened on his wounds. Out of the burning mass he seized two faggots and with these weapons kept off the foe. As no one dared to come near him, he started on a run to set fire to the village, but before he reached it a block of wood felled him to the ground and his assailants were again on top of him, hacking off his hands and feet, piling blazing torches around him and rolling a burning log on him to keep him down. But with a superhuman effort he flung it off, and wriggling out of the fire started on his mangled stumps to attack his foes. They fled horror-stricken. Even they had never witnessed anything so ghastly. Finally a warrior crept up behind him, and cut off his head. Such were the primitive Hurons; they were more like demons than men.

In spite of all this fiendishness, however, many notable conversions were made. Most remarkable of all was that

of Joseph Chiwatenwa, of whom we shall speak elsewhere. Indeed, the general conditions had so improved that the priests could not only move around unmolested among the people, but were able to extend their field of labors to the neighboring tribes. Thus we find de Brébeuf and Jogues among the Petuns to the west, and though they were not able to effect much, they at least prepared the way for work in the future. An expedition was also planned for the Neutral country.

CHAPTER VI.

Huron Characteristics.

Before going among the Neutral savages de Brébeuf put down in writing a summary of his observations about the character and customs of the Huron Indians. While being an extremely valuable document from an ethnological point of view, it enables us to form some idea of the difficulties with which the missionaries had to contend in the work of converting this degraded people. It is found in the "Relation" of 1636. We give here only a few extracts.

It begins with a summary of the character of the language, but de Brébeuf reminds the Fathers to whom he is writing that it is only a foretaste of the grammar and dictionary which had been begun ten years before. We omit many of the scientific details, which are too technical for the general reader, though one or two of them may be of interest.

"In the first place the letters B. F. L. M. P. X. Z," he says, "are unknown to the Hurons, but they have one which we do not possess. It is somewhat like the Greek *Khi.* They have no labials, and consequently their mouths are always open, and it gives them a most unpleasant look when they are talking. You can scarcely hear them when they speak low. As they have neither religion, nor virtue, nor science, nor any idea of discipline, they have consequently no words to express such things, so that we are at our wits ends to get them to understand our explanations of Christianity. They are very fond of compound words, and that gives the key to their language. Their genders are like ours, but they resemble the Greeks in the use of numbers, They also employ a relative declension which always introduces the personal pronoun. All their words are con-

jugated; not only the verbs, but even the nouns and adjectives. A relative noun always exacts a possessive pronoun, so that it is impossible for us to get them to say 'In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.' We have to resort to this formula: 'In the name of Our Father, and His Son, and their Holy Ghost.'" He wants to know if that change is allowable.

"Another curious difficulty," he adds, "is that you cannot say—'Our Father who art in Heaven,' without insulting them. The savages are sentimental. To speak to any of them about a dead father or mother or husband would put them in a rage. Thus the expression 'Father who art in heaven' is an insinuation which they do not like. The same difficulty arises when you tell them to honor their father and mother if the old people are dead.

"They have verbs for animate and others for inanimate things; they vary the tenses as often as the Greeks do, and besides the singular, plural and dual numbers they have a double first person for the two latter. They have also in common with other American languages a double conjugation, one simple and absolute, the other reciprocal; that is, always terminating in some person or thing.

"What I rarely find," he says, "is a feminine conjugation, at least in the third person singular and plural." He adds somewhat wittily that "the principal distinction between the masculine and feminine conjugation is the absence of the letter H, in which the masculine abounds. It is, perhaps, to let the women understand that there is to be nothing harsh in their words or their manners, and that the law of mercy would show itself on their tongues in accordance with the saying of the Wise Man: '*Lex clementiae ejus.*' This is enough for the present unless one wants to know something of their style. They use comparisons, time-words, and proverbs very frequently. Thus, for example, when they see a fat man they say 'the star is falling,' because there is a belief among them that

once a star fell from heaven and was turned into a fat goose."

There is a great deal of scholarship implied in his account and he almost deserves literary canonization for having built up a grammar in a wigwam, or in the woods, from the language of a people who had no books or writings to help him.

" In religious matters," he tells us, " there is some appearance of their having once had an idea of the true God, but their vices and degradation have pretty well obscured it. They boast of their heavenly origin, and trace it back to a woman named Aataentsic. They will tell you that one day seeing her dog pursuing a bear she joined in the chase. The animals fell into a hole and she, following after, found herself in the sea, which dried up and became the earth. Another version has it that Aataentsic's husband was sick, and wanted some of the fruit that the denizens of heaven usually eat. She proceeded to gather it in Indian fashion by cutting down the tree, which, when it fell, tumbled down to earth and of course she went with it. A tortoise seeing her on the way held a council of the animal world as she was descending, and then scurried to the bottom of the ocean from which he brought up some mud on his back. On that Aataentsic alighted, and the patch of mud expanded into the present earth."

All this to us moderns sounds like a fancy of Uncle Remus, but the Huron rose no higher than that in his cosmogony. De Brébeuf suggests that the idea of the tree whose fruit the heavenly ones used to eat is a reminiscence of a primitive revelation. They seemed not to realize the absurdity of the story, and when asked who made Aataentsic, and the dog, and the bear, and the tree, and the hole, the Huron theologians gave it up. They had also a distorted version of the story of Cain and Abel, and singularly enough their Cain or Iousheka became the benefactor of the race by giving it beautiful rivers and lakes. He accomplished

that feat by piercing the armpit of a huge toad which held all the waters captive. He also brought fire on the earth, and let out all the animals from a vast cavern where they were kept. "Perhaps," says de Brébeuf, "there is a vestige in that of what we are told in Scripture, about the animals having been brought before Adam." As they escaped, Iousheka wounded each beast slightly, so that it might not run too fast, but he missed the fox. He seems also to have been a sort of Ceres who gave plenty to the fields. He is said to appear sometimes to men, but the missionary never could find any one who saw him.

To the soul they gave different names when they wanted to describe it as thinking, reasoning, deliberating, seeking an object, separated from the body, etc. It was material, divisible, clinging to the corpse after death, and had a head and members like the body. It preceded the body to the funeral, and lingered about the cemetery until the decennial feast of the dead; it walked the streets at night; entered the cabins and eat what was left in the pot. After the decennial feast they imagined the souls went west to the setting sun, except those of old men and babies, whose legs are not strong enough for the journey. Such spirits lingered around the village, and their voices were heard at times. In the far west it was supposed that there were villages of souls, each tribe having its own, but those who died in war had a place apart. The Hurons declared that those ghostly dwelling places were toward the Petun country, and to get to them they had to pass on a well-beaten trail, near a great rock which is known in the country as Ecaregoniondi. At the time de Brébeuf wrote, it was daubed all over with rude pictures. The souls in passing it met a mysterious being who pierced the skulls of the dead, took out the brain and kept it in a gourd. Around this superstition were woven all sorts of gruesome, but at times poetic stories, about people travelling to the setting sun in search of the souls they loved, not finding them, and the like.

They invoked the earth, and rivers and lakes, the dangerous rocks and particularly the sky, all of which according to them were instinct with life and were the abodes of some powerful beings. They not only prayed but offered sacrifices, mostly tobacco, both for impetration and propitiation. They fancied the sky was angry when any one was frozen to death or was drowned, and a sacrifice in such an event was obligatory. "But my God!" exclaims de Brébeuf, "what a sacrifice! or rather, what a butchery! We saw one of these ceremonies. When the corpse was found the whole country was interested in the festival that followed the discovery. They carried the body to the cemetery, and there a number of young braves chosen by the family stood near the dead man clutching their knives, and waiting for the signal. The guardian of the corpse then traced in charcoal on the body of the deceased the parts to be cut out. Whereupon the executioners flung themselves upon the carcass and slashed off the portions that were most decayed. That being done they eviscerated the corpse and threw the entrails with the other separated portions into the fire and afterwards placed the mangled remains in the grave. Meantime the squaws were running about encouraging the braves to do their work and putting grains of porcelain into the mouths of the butchers. Sometimes even the mother of the dead man was one of them. All bathed in tears and howling out her lamentations, she urged on these ghouls in their work. When all was over, the sky was supposed to be appeased, but if anything was omitted more trouble was expected."

He tells us that there were certain rocks of which they stood in awe, and that on the way to Quebec there were several which had their clefts stuffed with offerings of tobacco. Fish were supposed to have sense, and also deer and elk. Fishing nets were sacred, and when the dead are brought into a cabin the nets were removed.

The dream was their great superstition. Whatever it

enjoined must be executed at any cost, and instantaneously. Nothing in business, hunting, fishing, dancing, playing, gambling, war, travelling was done except in obedience to a dream, and everybody eagerly assisted the dreamer. Sometimes if he was very poor the requirements were disregarded, or if too difficult, commutation was resorted to. Sometimes it called for an *Ononhara* which means that a number of braves were to act like madmen, by entering cabins, destroying what they could lay hands on, carrying off hatchets, pots, shoes, clothing, etc., none of which was refused, the actors all the time howling like demons. This performance continued for days. Their festivals were innumerable, but de Brébeuf reduces them to four classes: festivals of farewells; of mutual enjoyment; of singing and eating; of healing the sick.

At the eating-festival you have to swallow all that is given to you, and if you do not succeed offhand, they put you aside in a corner until you do. No one can enter after a feast is begun. At song-festivals the sport may continue for twenty-four consecutive hours, and on one occasion he saw as many as twenty or thirty cauldrons boiling at one time, and no less than thirty deer devoured by the guests. Ordinarily they began their feasts by singing. Some of their dances represented the slaying of their enemies. At least a dozen of them were prescribed for the healing-feasts, but the dream must declare which particular one is to be employed. Again it may not be a dance that is to restore the sick Huron to health, but a game of lacrosse in which the whole village participates; or a gambling contest at which everyone who can crowd into the cabin, looks on at the game, which was, to a great extent, like throwing dice, each player howling like a demon, as he shakes six plum stones in a dish, and keeping at it till he loses everything he has, even to his clothes, and then walking off light heartedly to his lodge through the snow. Often there are indecencies which cannot be recorded.

HURONS OF LORETTE (1838).

He tells you that they were not so stupid as not to recognize something above the world of sense, but since their vices had made them lose the knowledge of God, they turned naturally to the devil. They resorted to charms for good luck, and were most subservient to the sorcerers who made a business of predicting events, healing the sick, finding lost objects and the like. These tricksters were always at the festivals, and drove a profitable trade. Some of their predictions turned out to be amazingly correct; whether accidentally or by diabolical agency de Brébeuf does not venture to decide. The remedies enjoined by the medicine-men were sometimes ridiculous, sometimes horribly cruel, and sometimes in appearance diabolical. When the priests pointed out to the patient the absurdity of what was being done, the answer would be "Why don't you cure us?" It would be a splendid opportunity, the Fathers thought, for a good medical practitioner who would devote himself to healing these unfortunate wretches. Teaching divine truth would then be extremely easy.

In spite of their degradation, they had nevertheless evolved a respectable scheme of political and civil life. They had regularly established villages, consisting at times of fifty or sixty lodges, which meant three or four hundred families; they cultivated their fields, and lived at peace with each other. The Nation of the Bears especially were remarkable for the almost inconceivable sweetness of their manners. It was very hard to offend them, and they always concealed their resentment. They were extremely kind and obliging, and were ever ready to help others in distress. They never married in their own kin, either direct or collateral, but sought alliances elsewhere. They talked well and reasoned correctly. They were honest, courteous and civil, and in their dances and festivals there was more decency and reserve than among the other Indians. They punished robbers, murderers and traitors, but, of course, it was in a way that was in keeping with their traditions;

not by putting them to death, but usually by giving presents to the aggrieved party. One horrible penalty, however, is recorded, of making a murderer sit under the corpse of his victim and receive the corruption and blood of the decaying flesh in the plate from which he was to eat.

They had also their system of treaties with outside tribes, and even stipulations were made by individual families, the children of the contracting parties being rigidly bound by the terms agreed upon. In war, though there was apparently great confusion, there was a certain order observed, especially when about entering into battle. As to their conduct in war, de Brébeuf very modestly refers to Champlain's writings for information.

They fortified their villages, and even maintained spies who lived among other nations. Hence, visitors from suspected tribes who entered a village were kept under strict surveillance. The tribe was generally under the authority of two chiefs; one for war, the other for civil matters. Under these chiefs were a great number of captains, each with special duties. These captains obtained their posts sometimes by election, sometimes by succession. But it was their nephews and grandchilren, not their own chilren, who were their heirs. However, the heirs had to possess the requisite qualities for the office, before it was confided to them, and had to be formally accepted by the nation. As such charges implied a great deal of hard work, and as there was no means of securing obedience except by persuasion, the honor was sometimes refused. De Brébeuf gives an instance of it in his own case, where a chief had to make speeches at him for six months before the missionaries would consent to move to another village. Councils had to be held about it and presents given, and finally to help on the resolution that was ultimately taken, all the Indians, young and old, built a new cabin to soothe him for yielding.

The General Assemblies, were, so to say, parliaments of the entire country. They were usually held in the village

of the principal chief and in his lodge, which was adorned for the occasion, and supplied with fires if the season called for it. At other times, however, the assembly took place in the middle of the village, or in the depths of the forest, especially if the business had to be secret, and then it was most commonly at night. The chief of the council presided. The decisions were arrived at by a plurality of votes. As human nature is always the same, it is not surprising to hear that the presiding officers and their officials were quite as open to bribery as in bodies of civilized legislators.

The first thing to be done before the convention was to send messengers around to the different villages, inviting, not ordering, attendance at the meeting. On their arrival the delegates took their places, each village or nation keeping in its own group. After a vote had been taken about the legality of the convocation, an orator was appointed to open the proceedings. It was not always the chief who was selected. Sometimes his gravity prompted him to remain silent. Any distinguished man could be named, and he, after thanks and congratulations, let loose the flood of oratory for the other orators.

"Their manner of speaking is like that of a preacher of the old school," says de Brébeuf, "with rising and falling inflection, but slowly, gravely, distinctly, and sometimes repeating the same reasons several times, as well as summing up the arguments of the other side. I have heard," he continues, "that their parliamentary style differs from their ordinary language, but such is not the case. They are merely more metaphorical, more exact and more elevated. Most of the speakers have clean cut minds and reason well. They do not stammer or hesitate, and have great sport with any one who does. Some of them are born orators, and when at the conclusion of a speech the grunt of approval has been given, the presiding officer or some one else sums up what the speaker has said; so that there is no danger of any false interpretation or impression. They are always

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very moderate and prudent in their utterances; and though they sometimes lose their tempers, they are astonishingly sweet and discreet.

"They display an extraordinary solicitude in their care of the dead. They will save for years and go naked and hungry, so that the interments of their departed ones may be attended with the proper solemnity and display. They are not afraid to speak of death to the sick, nor are the sick alarmed to hear of its approach. As soon as death takes place the corpse is not laid out, but is rather bundled up in a sort of a package, and until that is done no one weeps. Then they begin a regularly modulated lugubrious wail, until some one in authority orders them to cease.

"After that, the captain of the village goes around to the houses with the news, and the friends flock in and begin a series of discourses about the merits of the deceased. Messengers are sent to the outlying villages, and each family has its own undertaker who directs the proceedings. The burial usually takes place on the third day, and meantime each house hangs its pot over the fire and prepares for the funeral feast. Great numbers have to be provided for, and good feeling has to be in evidence, but it is chiefly to oblige the dead man's soul, which is supposed to take its part of the viands.

"When the captain announces the departure for the cemetery, every one assembles in the cabin, lamenting and weeping. The corpse is put on a stretcher and covered with a beaver robe and carried out. All follow in silence. A bark tomb has been already erected on four posts about eight or ten feet high. While the corpse is being prepared the captain announces the presents which have been made to the family to dry their tears. They are numerous and costly, but they are not placed in the tomb. The dead person is sometimes provided with a comb, a gourd full of oil, a porcelain collar, and two or three little loaves. Presents are also given to the funeral director. While the women are

at the feet of the corpse giving vent to their dismal lamentations, the captain generally throws a stick to the young men who struggle madly for its possession, sometimes for more than an hour"—a game which is strongly suggestive of our college cane-rushes. When that is over every one goes home.

"Little children are buried in the roads in the hope that they may be born again as some woman passes by. The mourning goes on for a year, though the deep mourning lasts only ten days, during which time the afflicted parties do not go near the fire even in winter; they eat everything cold and go out only at night. They shear off a part of their hair behind. They do not marry again inside the year. The general interment takes place only every tenth year, but in the interval funeral feasts are of frequent occurrence, in order to recall the memory of the dead. The solemn and general feast of the dead is a national event. Its chief characteristic is the universal feasting that takes place. Indeed, these entombments are called 'the festivals of the pot.' The pot is boiling in every cabin.

"Before it takes place a solemn council is convened to decide on the proper day. When the word is given each family goes after its dead, no matter where they may be. The disentombment is a scene of unspeakable horror. Corpses in every state of decomposition are laid out on the ground to be looked at. When the relatives have satisfied themselves with the dreadful spectacle, the flesh is removed from the bones. Those, however, who have recently died are left untouched. When this ghoul-like ceremony is over, the remains are carefully wrapped in precious robes, and carried on the backs of the mourners to the village, each cabin taking its own and performing its own ceremonies.

"The Hurons were convinced that a man had two souls, one which goes straight to the Village of Souls, or turns itself into a turtle dove; while the other clings to the corpse and is a sort of *forma cadaverica*. Hence their extreme

solicitude. A day or so after, speeches are made and presents interchanged, and then all the bodies are carried to a large cabin and suspended on poles. The village captain gives a great feast, but does it in the name of some dead chief whose name he bears."

On the occasion at which de Brébeuf was present eight days had already passed, and people were flocking in from all parts with their dead. The women meantime indulged in games of archery, and the braves in their cane-rushes, for both of which prizes were given. Finally the grand procession started for Ossossané, which was only twelve miles away, but it went by very slow stages. Every village they passed came out to meet them with presents. It was fully five days after when the burial services began. They first undid all the bundles, for a last look at the departed, and the indulgence of extravagant affection. "The place of assembly," he says, "was as large as the Place Royale in Paris." In the middle was a pit ten feet deep and about fifteen feet in diameter. All around it a platform had been erected above which were poles, placed lengthwise, with others across from which the packs of bones were to be hung. The bodies that were still entire were stretched on the platform with bark or mats beneath them.

The procession arrived at one in the afternoon, and divided up into separate groups of villages, families, etc. Then a signal was given, and a wild rush was made for the platform to hang up the dead, and to display the presents which on that occasion were 1200 in number. When that was done the ladders were withdrawn, and for two hours the two thousand people of the crowd contemplated the display, and from that till seven o'clock at night the orators discoursed on the virtues of the departed and the richness of the presents. About five or six o'clock, while the flood of oratory was being poured out, they began to prepare the pit to receive the bodies.

First someone threw in handfuls of sand to insure good

luck for the souls at gambling; then forty-eight precious robes were placed at the bottom of the grave. This was, of course, over and above the robes in which each corpse was enveloped. At seven o'clock they started to place the bodies in the grave. It was impossible for the priests to get near, and it seemed to them like a riot of the damned, as the savages struggled in from all sides with half rotten carcases, yelling and screaming to the ten or twelve men who were down in the pit. Finally in the centre they placed three old pots which were of no further use and a few porcelain collars, though of course there were many on the bodies themselves. They passed the whole night at the mouth of the pit gorging themselves at the fires, where they hung up their pots to cook their food.

In the morning they were to put in the loose bones. The missionaries, who had withdrawn to their own cabin for the night, had resolved to be on hand early in the morning. But they were not quick enough for what had happened. One of the bundles of bones had fallen from its pole, and the people were wild with excitement. When the missionaries arrived they saw what looked like a picture of hell. The whole place was lighted up with the glare of many fires, cries and shrieks filled the air, and the maddened people were flinging the bones into the pit, first tearing off the precious robes to carry them home. Then the multitude took up a lugubrious chant, which, rising and falling, seemed like the wail of lost souls.

Almost everything had been thrown in when the missionaries had arrived, and the bones had already filled the pit to the depth of two feet. Over them were folded the robes that had lined the sides of the excavation, and mats and bark were placed on top. Finally sand, blocks of wood, poles, anything in fact that came to hand was pitched in to fill up the excavation. De Brébeuf remarks that the important men, the *grossestêtes,* who presided at this ceremony made a good deal of profit out of it, in the precious

things they were able to carry off in the way of presents; but that the people were getting tired of the whole thing on account of the great expense it involved. However, he saw in the festival a glimmer of hope that he some day might speak to them of the pricelessness of the human soul, "of whose immortality they had at least some vague idea."

After the dead were interred there was a general distribution of the robes that had been exhibited. A very rich one was offered to de Brébeuf in return for the valuable collar he had presented at the council. But he refused the gift. "I gave you that collar," he said, "to draw you to the faith, and not to get anything in return. Do what you will with it." The chiefs of course were delighted. It was so much more profit for themselves. It was on this occasion that poor Brûlé's ghost arose.

At the preparatory council, de Brébeuf had been asked to transfer the bodies of the two Frenchmen who had been murdered and put them in the trench with the rest of the dead. They were Brûlé and Chaudron, two curious appellatives—"burned" and "pot." He refused, alleging that both of those unfortunates had been baptized, and he was unwilling to mingle their dust with the heathens. Doubtless he expressed it more gently. It was finally agreed that he should transport them to the burial spot, and put them in a grave apart with a great cross above them. But the savages of Ihonitiria began quarrelling with those of Ossossané about the body of Brûlé, somebody suggesting that the people who murdered him ought to keep him. So he was left in his grave in the woods. "One has to admire the secret judgments of God," soliloquizes the missionary, "for that infamous wretch did not merit such an honor. To be candid it would have been hard on us to make a special cemetery for him, and to transfer to consecrated ground the body of a man who had led such a scandalous life in this country, and had given the savages such a bad impression of the morality of the French."

NIAGARA RIVER.

(From Tuttle's "History of Canada.")

CHAPTER VII.

Among the Neutrals.

The country of the Neutrals had long been tempting the missionaries. It lay to the south, and according to the "Relations" was about 120 miles away; that is to say: "St. Mary's which had just been established, was in latitude 44°, 25′, and the Neutral boundary was 42½°," but, as if in anticipation of a challenge, the writer adds: "we cannot be more exact, for if the natives here go into convulsions when they see us using our writing materials, we do not know what would happen if they found us on the hills with a quadrant or an astrolabe." For that reason the unscientific reader will pardon them if they are out in their reckoning by 15′ 18″. Whatever the distance be geodetically, it meant four or five days' journey to reach the nearest Neutral town. There we are told "if the travellers continued south east for another five days they would, barring accident or delay, reach the mouth of the Niagara River, through which Lake Erie empties into Lake Ontario. On the west of that river and not on the east," we are warned, "are most of the Neutral villages. The few on the other side straggle off in the direction of the Eries or Cats." "Oh!" sighs the poor scribe who is writing all this, in his miserable wigwam up near Georgian Bay, "if we could only control the southern shore of Lake Ontario, how easy it would be to leave Quebec, paddle up the St. Lawrence, cross Lake Ontario, and then go to the regions beyond." But the Iroquois refused to be controlled, and four years after these words were written, they were torturing Jogues on the banks of the Mohawk.

The earlier explorers were under the impression that most of the tribes towards the west were Neutrals, but a more

exact knowledge of language and localities revealed the fact that they were not so numerous as was imagined. They were only about 12,000 all told, and were distributed in forty towns or villages. Their Indian name was Ottiwandaronk. They were called Neutrals merely because they refused to take sides in the Huron-Iroquois wars. They held the scales so evenly balanced between the two contestants, that the Huron and Iroquois braves might meet in an Ottiwandaronk wigwam without coming to blows, much less using their tomahawks. Later on, as often happens, the nation sympathized with the winners, but it turned out to be very bad policy, for after the Iroquois had demolished the Hurons, they made short work of the Attiwandaronks. It was a deplorable strife, for at bottom it was mainly a struggle to get the white man's trade.

The Hurons and Neutrals resembled each other in their manner and customs, and in what Lalemant calls "their domestic and political economy." They both dressed in the skins of wild beasts, but the Neutral apparel was less decent. Although the women were clothed from the waist, the men were shameless. "The warriors," we are informed, "were tattooed with as many traceries as could be found in the old gorgets and head pieces and cuirasses of a French soldier. The people cultivated maize, *faizoles,* pumpkin and squash. Fish abounded in the rivers and lakes, and there was plenty of game in the woods, such as deer, moose, wild cats and *bêtes noires.* There were other animals whose flesh and fur were considered especially valuable for trade," but what they were we are not informed. "Turkeys went in droves through the forests and fields, but in the matter of fruits, the Neutrals had to satisfy themselves with chestnuts and wild apples."

They were taller and shapelier than the Hurons, but more brutal. For instance a Huron would never think of torturing a woman at the stake, though, in his wrath, he might kill her. The Neutrals had no scruples on that score.

There was a notable difference, also, in the way they disposed of the dead. The Huron carried off the corpse immediately, whereas the Neutral let it rot in the wigwam, till even his strong nostrils could no longer stand the infliction. They then put it on a scaffold outside, till the flesh fell off, and finally set up the skeleton in the lodge so that the squaws might lament over it whenever they were so disposed.

Another uncomfortable feature of life among them was the great number of maniacs to be met with. Some were genuine madmen, but many were counterfeit, and assumed the frenzy, merely as a pretext for all sorts of license, robbery and murder. When they were carrying on their antics no one interfered with them. They were chartered libertines. Such were the people whom the missionaries proposed to convert. The task was unusually difficult, and for that reason de Brébeuf was assigned to it, though the "Relation" tells us that "the lot fell on him;" as if he were chosen as the Apostles chose Matthias. Chaumonot, who had just arrived, was given to him as a companion.

With two servants of the mission, who went ostensibly as traders, so as to facilitate the entrance of the missionaries into this doubtful country, they started out on November 2, 1640, and after five days' tramping through woods and swamps, reached Kandoucho, which they called All Saints. The time of the year suggested the name, and, indeed, the titles of many of those old missions almost serve as a church calendar.

Nothing noteworthy happened at that place, and in blissful ignorance of the fact that Huron runners had preceded them to predispose the Neutrals against their coming, they continued on their way in search of the principal chief. But the country was aroused. The cry was on every tongue: "Echon! Echon! The Great Sorcerer, the Chief of the Demons is coming." The women and children fled in terror, and the men kept aloof. A council was called to

determine what to do. The priests presented themselves at it, although uninvited, and offered a wampum belt of two thousand porcelain beads by way of friendship. It was refused, on the pretext that the chief was absent. The refusal was ominous.

Meantime the shrewd Indians had discovered that the two servants were not real traders, probably because they were so well behaved, and the missionaries had to conduct them back again to the Huron country. When that was done they returned a second time to the Neutrals, with no pretence of trade to obscure their purpose. The second appearance of the missionaries was the signal for an explosion. The chiefs told the people that "Echon had declared he would remain a certain time in the country and would cause the death of as many as he had determined to kill, and then would go to other places and do the same; not stopping till he had destroyed the whole earth." Others said that "after having brought ruin on the Hurons, he was now on his way to make a treaty with the Senecas, who were down near Niagara." Others, on the contrary, related that when Joseph Chiwatenwa was buried, Echon turned towards the Seneca country and exclaimed: "Seneca, it is all over with thee; thou art dead," and that striding solemnly in that direction, he caused a pestilence to break out in their villages. As just then there was sickness prevailing among the Senecas, it was easy to persuade the Indians that de Brébeuf had caused it. When the storm was at its worst the Hurons made their appearance again, and went around exciting the Neutrals to kill the priests. Indeed, rumors of their murder had already arrived at St. Mary's.

Undismayed by all this commotion the two heroic men kept on their way. But it was everywhere the same story. Arriving at a village they would hear the cry: "Bar your doors, Echon is coming," and not a lodge would admit them; or if they were given shelter, they were treated with the

greatest brutality, and made to do the work of slaves. They were abused, insulted, threatened. The professional maniacs would enter stark naked into their cabin, to shock or rob them. Whatever they touched was regarded as bewitched; the springs where they slaked their thirst were poisoned; the trails they travelled were infected; their crucifixes were *okis;* their prayers incantations. No one would sleep in a house they had entered; children vomited blood, and women became sterile. "Kill them;" "eat them," was heard on all sides. So great was the excitement that the people insisted on another council. Into it de Brébeuf with his usual audacity forced his way, only to be thrust out with threats and insults. The deliberations lasted till midnight. Three times the sentence of death was passed, but the influence of some of the chiefs who did not share the general panic deferred the execution. When the meeting broke up, the Indian who had given them shelter hurried to tell them what had happened. To his amazement he found them both asleep. Death had no terrors for them.

Onward they went from village to village, until they reached Onguiara, near the famous Falls, but they tell us nothing in their account of what must have greatly impressed them. Doubtless they were thinking more of the moral cataract that was overwhelming the unhappy people around them. We only know that they were badly treated there, and that they journeyed on to another village which came near being their grave, for every lodge was shut against them. The night was far advanced; the snow was deep, and the bitter cold was splitting the trees in the forest. There was danger of freezing to death, and hence they determined to force their way into a wigwam at the risk of being tomahawked for their temerity. It was only a choice of ways of leaving the world, and they chose the latter. So crouching at the door of a lodge they waited for some one to come out. After a while the deerskin was pushed aside, and an Indian appeared. Before he could

prevent them they rushed in, only to find the occupants aroused to a pitch of fury at this daring intrusion. Once inside, however, the laws of hospitality forbade their being harmed, but the young men could with difficulty be restrained from making light of the law, and murdering them where they stood. Shouts and yells resounded through the cabin, and the whole village rushed to the scene of the uproar. "Kill them;" "drink their blood," "we have had enough of dark flesh, let us eat the white," they cried. A warrior stood before them with his bow in his hand, his arrow drawn to the head. The old men entreated the priests to withdraw, but de Brébeuf calmly continued talking, till awed by his splendid courage the assembly grew calm, the tumult ceased, and all sat down to discuss the situation. They asked all sorts of questions, examined the articles the missionaries had with them, but immediately imposed silence if any attempt was made to introduce religious subjects.

It was during this apostolic journey that de Brébeuf had a vision of a demon who endeavored to strike him with a fiery dart, but who was always prevented by an invisible power. The savage with the arrow might well pass for the demon, but the missionary chose to see it verified in all the wonderful escapes from death which marked his journey in this new country. Though he had consecrated the land to the Holy Angels, the fallen ones would seem to have been in possession. Indeed, the mission had utterly failed, for during those four awful months nothing had been effected, and it was at last determined to return to St. Mary's But a fierce blizzard was raging, and they were compelled to pass another three weeks among these intractable savages. By this time they had arrived at a village called Teatonguiaton. They gave it the name of St. William, and it turned out to be one of the blessed spots of that painful pilgrimage.

In spite of the clamor of her neighbors, a squaw received them into her cabin. She was denounced by the tribe, warned of the danger of harboring them, threatened with

punishment if she persisted; but she made light of their wrath, and treated her guests with the greatest consideration, giving them the best portion of her food; even procuring fish for their Lenten fare, a solicitude from which in the circumstances, a modern missionary would have dispensed her; and instructing her children to put themselves at the service of the Fathers. Meantime her lodge was often invaded by furious savages who stormed around her visitors, beat them, spat upon them, tore off their garments and threatened them with death. But though the riot continued night and day for weeks, the brave woman never flinched in her defense of her guests. Even her boys had fights in the village streets on their account.

It used to be one of Cæsar's glories that he wrote his famous "Commentaries" in the very midst of war's alarms, but it is doubtful if he could have achieved what those two ragged and weary men accomplished in that miserable wigwam during the three weeks they sought its shelter from the blinding snowstorm outside, or strove to get a moment's peace from the maniacs who were continually raging within it. In the twenty-five days of their stay in that place, they wrote a book of comparative philology of the Huron and Neutral dialects which, according to Lalemant, was worth spending several years of exile to complete. The good squaw would leave all her work and patiently dictate and explain while they wrote.

They were most grateful, indeed, but her kindness was almost a source of sorrow to them, for although giving evidence of so much natural virtue, she failed to show the slightest inclination to accept the Faith. When her father arrived, he fully approved of all that she had done, but as he was something of a sorcerer, it was perhaps to get some hints about the black art from the missionaries. It was the case of Simon Magus and St. Peter. Meantime the Fathers in Huronia were very much alarmed about the wanderers. Disquieting reports had come in about their

fate, and finally an appeal was made to the Indians to send some one out in search of them. Two volunteered to go, one of them, the famous Teondechoren, of whom a word here is almost imperative.

Teondechoren was the brother of the pious Chiwatenwa. He had been a man of frightfully licentious life, and the admitted leader in the most diabolical incantations and dances of the tribe. Shortly after the death of his great brother, he presented himself at the lodge of the priests, and asked for baptism. The proposal made them shudder. But he persisted, and to their surprise they found that he was perfectly well instructed in the Faith. His knowledge had been almost forced on him by Chiwatenwa. Still there could be no question of trusting him, especially in his actual surroundings, but as he persisted they at last began to take him seriously. During the instructions they succeeded in making him talk about his power as a magician.

"When I was about twenty years of age," he said, "I took a fancy to be a sorcerer, but I found I could do very little of what I saw the others doing. When I tried to handle the fire I always burned myself, but I so juggled with it that people thought I was perfect in the art. Finally one night I had a dream, and I saw myself in a fire-dance, in which I could perform all the ceremonies without difficulty, and I heard a song which on awakening I found I could sing just as I had heard it in my dream. At the first public feast I sung it, and little by little I fell into a trance, and I discovered that I could carry fire in my hands and mouth, and plunge my naked arms into cauldrons of scalding water without feeling the slightest pain. In a word I was perfect in the art, and during the twenty years I practiced magic, I had sometimes three or four of those dances in a single day. Indeed, instead of burning myself, I felt cool and refreshed." He added that he could never succeed in his performances unless he had on his person the articles which he had seen in his dream. Hence he

always held a preparatory dance in which he called for what he needed.

He was at last baptized, though with much misgiving, but immediately he was a changed man. He led a pure life, and abandoned his work as a sorcerer. He was ready for any thing that would be helpful to the missionaries, and when the call was made for a search party to go down to the Neutral country he offered himself, although there was important public business demanding his attendance, absence from which would give rise to much discontent; but he did not care, and with another Huron and two servants of the mission he set out on his journey. He arrived at St. William's just as the blizzard was abating. The Fathers were more than happy to see him, and prepared to return home. The weather was intensely cold, but there was a crust on the snow that made travelling comparatively easy; and so, bidding farewell to their kind hostess they started out with their guides for St. Mary's. For two days their snow shoes were of use, but after that the trouble began. Chaumonot relates that they were able to drag their sleds over sixty miles of ice on the frozen water courses, but had to pay for it by many a fall of which, he said, "I bear the marks still on my knees." "The water course" he speaks of, was probably the river that leads up to Lake Simcoe. Strangely enough he says nothing whatever in his letter about what occurred as they came near the end of their journey.

De Brébeuf fell on the ice and for a time was unable to stir. When he revived, he discovered that his collar bone was broken, but he said nothing of it to the others. He was evidently in great pain, however, and was obliged to lean on his companions. He could not lift his feet from the ground and had to crawl up the ice-hills on his knees, and then slide down the opposite declivities to avoid another fall. They offered to make a sled to drag him for the remaining thirty-six miles of the journey, but he

refused, probably because he did not want to make pack-horses of his companions, or it may be because he was fulfilling a vow which he had made ten years before, to do every thing in the most perfect way under pain of sacrilege.

The journey lasted altogether four days. During the night, of course, they slept in the snow, for as Chaumonot says: "there were no other inns in those parts." Finally, on St. Joseph's day, they reached St. Mary's "in time to say Mass," the chronicler is careful to note, while he adds: "thus affording them a happiness which they had not enjoyed during their long absence;" a piece of information which is most valuable, for we are made aware that during those four months, the Holy Sacrifice was no where offered in the Neutral country. Of course everything was done for de Brébeuf in order to relieve the pain which he was continually suffering, but there was no surgical aid available in those rough surroundings, and it cost him eighteen months of uninterrupted agony. Meantime he refused all aid in his ministerial work. He was bent on getting more than his share of a promise made to him in a vision near Niagara, when he saw a cross which "covered the whole country and was large enough for everyone."

In those memorable five months the two missionaries had come in contact with about 3,000 Indians, and the rest of the people had at least heard about the purpose of their apostolic visit, so that the seed of the Gospel can be said to have been sown among the Neutrals at that time, even if most of it fell on rocks or was choked by weeds. However, the work was not altogether fruitless. They caught many a little babe just gasping its last, and "made it an angel;" and a number of old and sick and dying people seemed only to have been waiting for their coming.

Another event happened during that journey which gave de Brébeuf and his companions considerable comfort. A wandering tribe known as the Awenrehronnons had come from the other side of Lake Erie to seek refuge among

the Neutrals. These poor exiles gladly welcomed the missionaries, and listened to all that was said to them about the Faith. A few were baptized, but as it was impossible to stay with them any length of time, and as they were, unfortunately, a very degraded set, nothing could be done for them just then. Nevertheless they had caught something of the teachings of the Gospel and may have carried at least a few faint recollections of it elsewhere in their wanderings. "God, no doubt," said the missionaries, "would gather His harvest in some way or other later on." Thus even apart from the splendid heroism which it evoked—and that would be triumph enough—the work among the Neutrals was not altogether a failure.

It is to be regretted that we have not an exact itinerary of that great expedition. We know, indeed, where the first village of Kandoucho or All Saints was, for it is put down at one hundred and twenty miles directly south of St. Mary's on the Wye. About Niagara, of course, there is no doubt, but where were the other sixteen villages which they visited? The old map of Creuxius, which was published in 1660, but whose geography, as all agree, is that of 1647-48, furnishes, however, some precious information. On it we find that Khiotea or St. Michael's, the only place where any respect was paid to them, lies as far west as Lake St. Clair, and consequently beyond the present city of Detroit. Thus these two apostles must have travelled the whole length of Lake Erie. Two other sites are also indicated: St. Francis, which was situated where Lake Huron empties into Lake St. Clair; and St. Joseph's, which apparently occupies the actual site of Detroit. St. Alexis is down near Lake Erie, and north of it is Our Lady of Angels, a name given to the whole territory, but which may also have been bestowed on some particular place. Neither of these names, however, can be found in the "Relations." Unfortunately the one village which would give us most pleasure to find, Creuxius has omitted, namely Teatonguia-

ton or St. William's where the valiant squaw stood up so sturdily in their defense. It is thought to have been about the middle of the Neutral territory.

What became of their guide, the converted sorcerer Teondechoren? Not only did he remain a fervent Christian, but a great preacher of the Faith. When Jogues started down to Quebec with the dying Raymbault, Teondechoren accompanied him, and before going he addressed the braves in a discourse which reads like a splendid sermon. At its conclusion he made them all kneel down and consecrate themselves to God.

They reached Quebec, and Teondechoren embarked with Jogues for the return journey. They were captured by the Mohawks and led into the Iroquois country with the missionary, where Teondechoren spent an entire year, but was finally able to escape and make his way to Quebec. There he told the story of the disaster, and it is from him we have many of the details of that memorable event. At Quebec he consoled the nuns by giving them information about Therèse, the little Huron girl who had been educated at the convent, but who when returning to her country with Father Jogues, had fallen into the hands of the Mohawks; he told how she had remained good and pious in the midst of the corruption of the Indian town; how she used to say her beads on her fingers or on pebbles which she would place on the ground; how she used to go to confession to Father Jogues whenever he was brought into her neighborhood by her savage masters. He was heart-broken at not being able to take the child with him when he fled, for she was his niece, the daughter of the famous Chiwatenwa, and it was he who had sent her down to the convent at Quebec after the death of his brother. But it was impossible to save her.

Bidding good-bye to his white friends on the St. Lawrence, he started for home with a party of Hurons. They were caught, however, by the Iroquois, and lost twenty of

their men and a large part of their provisions. That was bad enough, but in addition they were completely routed farther up the river, probably at the Chaudière, and Teondechoren was left bleeding to death on the rocks from a bullet hole in his shoulder. Ordinarily he would have been abandoned, but his companions heard him praying so fervently to God to let him see the Fathers before he died, that they carried him back all the way to St. Mary's. His happiness brought about his speedy recovery.

He continued his pious manner of life, and after the destruction of the missions we find him at Isle d'Orleans with the remnants of his tribe. While there he gave an example of chastity which recalls the classic ones of Holy Scripture; but in spite of his irreproachable life, his wife was insanely jealous, and although the difficulty was patched up by the Fathers it was continually revived. Poor Teondechoren stood it for a year, when Heaven intervened. He and a party of Hurons had gone down to Tadoussac to sell their furs when a squall struck the canoe, and they all disappeared in the depths of the St. Lawrence. His wife's scoldings had come to an end.

CHAPTER VIII.

Down at Quebec.

When Father Vimont, the new Superior General, arrived in Canada, he was naturally desirous of knowing something about the condition of the Huron missions, and as the one best informed was de Brébeuf, he was sent down to report. Probably the desire to put him in the hands of whatever doctors Quebec might possess at the time had also something to do with the choice. Hence, at the end of the summer of 1641, he and Father du Peron, with four Frenchmen and six Indians started down the river and reached Quebec in safety. He had, however, a very narrow escape when approaching Three Rivers.

Five hundred Iroquois had come up from the Mohawk, but had sent a detachment ahead to intercept any Hurons who might be descending the St. Lawrence. They saw de Brébeuf's canoe, but it was too late to catch him, so they did not even reveal themselves. They pounced on another party that followed close behind, slaughtered some of the braves, and made many prisoners. Those who escaped brought the news of the disaster to Three Rivers. "The unhappy captives," writes Vimont, who is writing his first report of these happenings, "were carried off to be flung into the flames, and to be made the food of savage stomachs. Such are the obsequies, and such the grave, that we can expect, in case we fall into the claws of these tigers, or rather if we are delivered up to the fury of these demons."

This escape of de Brébeuf was the basis of a curious story which began to circulate among the Hurons. One of their warriors had succeeded in slipping away from the Iroquois, and reported that while he was in the enemy's country, an Iroquois came to him and said: "You ought to know that

there is a mutual understanding between Echon and the Iroquois to destroy the Hurons. That is the reason he went a short time ago among the Neutrals, who are so close to the Senecas. While he was there the Iroquois envoys visited him at night in his cabin, and exchanged presents with him. He told them: 'we blackrobes have killed a great many Hurons by our spells and incantations. You Iroquois must now finish the work with your tomahawks. When the Hurons are all destroyed, I and my companions will go and live with your tribes.' You saw how we let his canoe pass on the way down the St. Lawrence. It was he who gave us the information about the party that was following close behind him."

Echon was used to such accusations. He had heard them frequently in Huronia, so that this additional one did not disturb him, and he hurried down to Quebec to induce the Algonquins to accompany Ragueneau and Ménard up to the missions. They had attempted it but had failed. The Indians were too frightened to try it again. De Brébeuf, himself, would have gladly led the expedition, but he had other orders. He therefore presented himself to his superior, and as if he had never done anything else, he settled down at his desk in Quebec to keep books and busy himself with the temporal concerns of his brethren. He applied himself with as much zeal to that work as if he were hunting for wandering Indians in the forests near Lake Huron.

His three years absence is declared by Jerome Lalemant to have been a sore trial for those whom he left behind in Huronia. No one understood the savages as well as he. He had been the first in the field, and was familiar with all their moods and methods. His perfect grasp of their language, while making him most acceptable to them, was invaluable in preventing any error of judgment on the part of the missionaries about the purport of private or public acts or speeches. Ragueneau speaks in the highest terms of

the rare discernment and wisdom which characterized his advice about measures to be adopted, and the manner of carrying them out. He had an amazing influence with the Indians, for though they dreaded him as The Great Sorcerer, they paid him the tribute of admiration, and even in many instances displayed genuine affection for him. Although his life was in constant danger, it was not on account of any personal animosity on the part of the savages. It was merely a public opposition to his avowed purpose of doing away with their traditional policies and beliefs, which they were convinced he had the power to do, even to the extent of inflicting great national calamities on the tribe if they opposed him. As a matter of fact it was not the Hurons who finally killed him, but the Iroquois, who knew him only as a sorcerer, and they were convinced that he had laid waste one of their populous villages and would inflict greater damage if he were not done away with.

In a word, his absence from the missions meant a withdrawal of a great element of protection for his associates, as well as the privation of a sublime example of apostolic enthusiasm and zeal which buoyed up all those who came in contact with him. They were all remarkable men, but he was like a king among them. Supreme however, as he was, he always claimed the hardest and most repulsive works as his by right. The Indians called him Echon—"the man that drags the loads." "I am like an ox," he used to say, referring to his name of de Brébeuf, and he would stick to his paddle or continue at his toil of any kind from morning till night. He was the first to leap into the water to drag the canoe through the rapids, and was the last to leave it no matter how icy cold the torrent might be. It was he who prepared the morning meal, and when others were buried in sleep, he was still toiling; and all the while with such apparent ease that it seemed to cost him nothing; and what is more noteworthy, no matter how he was crushed with work or wearied with plodding over roads that

were full of terror for others, often compelling the bravest to give up in despair, he would keep at it day after day for a month at a stretch, without rest, without relaxation, sometimes without stopping to eat, except to snatch a bite when he could, and nevertheless finding time to perform all the religious duties the rule enjoined. He never omitted a single one of the ordinary devotions, beginning them early in the morning, before others were out of their blankets, and continuing them late into the night when everyone else was buried in sleep.

One almost shudders to hear that he was not satisfied with all these privations, hardships and sufferings, but that he scourged himself to blood with disciplines, sometimes twice a day, and that he continually wore on his body, haircloth and sharp pointed iron cinctures. And nevertheless, with all this, like St. Paul, he was in constant fear of losing his soul. There was found among his writings: "I fear I shall be among the reprobates unless God, who has treated me so gently, will give me an opportunity of suffering." He was working out his salvation in fear and trembling.

He was hungry for humiliation, for no matter how low he was placed, he thought he was much higher than he deserved. Sometimes to co-operate with what they saw was the working of grace, his superiors did not spare him even public humiliations, but they never succeeded in disturbing his tranquility of soul, or causing a shadow on his countenance, which was invariably sweet and benign.

Nor was it only in dealing with his fellow Jesuits that he was so gentle. They often used to look at him with amazement in the midst of a mob of shrieking Indians, who were denouncing him as a devil and clamoring for his blood; charging him with the calamities that had come upon them; striking him with their clubs and fists till he was livid with wounds; spitting upon him; tearing his garments to tatters, while through it all he remained smiling and serene, expostulating, explaining, and entreating, and

finally subduing them to silence, and even to avowed and astonished admiration.

Ragueneau, who knew him perfectly, says: "During the twelve years that we were together, whether he was superior, or on the same level with the rest of us, whether engaged in temporal or spiritual affairs, settling difficulties with the savages or the civilized Christians, whether dealing with friends or enemies, in the midst of sufferings, persecutions and calumnies, never did I see him angry or even showing the slightest sign of resentment. Often we would try to hurt him in matters where we supposed he might be somewhat sensitive, but his eye would look at you as kindly as if he were not at all concerned. His peace of soul was an extraordinary and special gift of God. He was moreover so poor in earthly possessions that he had not even a medal. His purity was so marvellous, that he did not appear to remark the reek of immorality around him. Indeed, he appeared to be a thousand miles away from it. With him the body was in absolute subjection to the soul."

He was eager to die. "O, my God," he wrote a short time before his death, "why art Thou not known? Why is this barbarous country not converted? Why is not sin abolished? Why art Thou not loved? O, my God! if all the cruel torments which the captives can endure in this country should fall on me, I accept them with my whole heart, I alone am willing to suffer all the pains that the martyrs have undergone."

Nine years before his death, he wrote this terrible vow:

"Jesus, my God and Savior, what can I give Thee in return for all Thou hast given to me? I will take from Thy hand the chalice of suffering, and will invoke Thy name. I therefore vow in presence of the Eternal Father and the Holy Ghost, and of Thy most holy Mother, and her chaste spouse, St. Joseph; before the Angels, Apostles and Martyrs, and my blessed Fathers Ignatius and Francis Xavier, never to miss the grace of martyrdom, if, out of

Thy mercy, Thou dost offer it some day to Thy unworthy servant. I bind myself in such fashion, that it will not be lawful for me, where I am free to avoid the occasion of dying and shedding my blood for Thee, except in so far as I judge that it is for Thy glory that I should do otherwise. And when I am about to receive the stroke of death, I bind myself to accept it from Thy hand with pleasure and joy of heart. And since Thou hast deigned to die for me, I, therefore, my beloved Jesus, offer Thee from this day forth in the sentiments of joy which I now feel, my body, my blood and my life, in order that I may die for Thee alone, if Thou grantest me that grace. Let me so live that Thou wilt grant me this favor of dying thus happily. Hence, my Saviour and my God, I take from Thy hand the chalice of Thy suffering and I will invoke Thy name, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus."

Is there anything like that in the lives of the saints, and is it any wonder that heavenly visions were vouchsafed to such a lover? We are not surprised that he saw Our Lord, and the Blessed Virgin, and troops of angels and saints, that he was assailed by devils, and that he overcame them. Indeed these apparitions are so frequent as to be almost bewildering, and we are prone to fancy that we are reading of an anchoret in the desert devoting his life to contemplation and penance, instead of a missionary toiling for years on the trail, in the forests and in the wigwams of the degraded savages. The mystery of it all is that such a man did not convert every one of those wretched beings for whom he spent his soul.

He remained three years at Quebec, or rather at Sillery; for except in winter he went up to the city only on Sundays and Feast days, to hear confessions and preach. So that, as there are a good five months of winter in Canada, Sillery saw most of him. There was an Indian colony there, and also the Hôtel Dieu, but that institution was removed not long after a visit he paid to it with another illustrious per-

sonage. As the chronicle of the hospital records that event with more than usual detail, it fortunately furnishes us with two very precious portraits.

"We were very much alarmed about our isolation at Sillery," writes the good nun who was the historian of the house, "when one morning, our new superior who had just been elected was called to the parlor by two Jesuit Fathers. One of them was somewhat small in stature and frail in his general appearance. His features were regular and delicate, his face oval, and his large and well developed forehead suggested a fine intellectuality, but on the whole his physiognomy denoted a character made rather to obey than to command. He wore a beard, as did most of the missionaries who were obliged to live in the woods with the savages. His soutane, which was very much worn and patched, bore the marks of many a hard journey in the forests. He kept his eyes cast down, the result of long habits of recollection, and he had the appearance of great reserve. In fact, he appeared timid and a little awkward, so much so that a man of the world might have smiled at him. No one but his superiors would suspect the indomitable energy of this humble priest when he was acting under obedience or from supernatural conviction.

"When Mother St. Ignace came to the grating she could not refrain from an exclamation of delight and surprise: 'What,' she cried, 'is it you, Father Jogues? How happy we were to hear of your arrival at Quebec, after all the dangers you encountered'!

"'It was indeed he,' continues the chronicle. 'He had returned from the Huron country on the 14th of July. With that sublime simplicity that characterized him in everything he did, he undertook the perilous journey at the first intimation of the superior's wish. He did not hesitate a moment to expose his life to all the risks of an expedition of over three hundred leagues, through a coun-

try swarming with Iroquois. He and his companions escaped only by a happy combination of circumstances, which they never could have hoped for. He was now going back again over the very same route, and he had come to bid good-bye to the community of Sillery. He was accompanied by another Jesuit who was equal to him in courage and merit, but who was endowed with a totally different character and temperament. Physically he was built like an athlete; spiritually he was still more remarkable. His strong features revealed his decision of mind and vigor of character. On fire like Father Jogues with apostolic zeal and the passion for suffering, he longed like him for the crown of martyrdom. He was destined to win it after Jogues, and on another field, in the midst of a gory tragedy which announced the doom of a nation. He was no other than Father de Brébeuf, the giant of the missions."

The frightened nuns anxiously inquired about the dangers which their isolated position exposed them to in the raids which were becoming frequent around Montreal and Three Rivers, which Jogues told them about.

"Do you think they will come as far as this," asked the Mother Superior. "Not just now," answered de Brébeuf, "but it is not impossible. Their boldness has increased since the Dutch have supplied them with fire arms." "What do you advise us to do?" he was asked. "You may have to leave Sillery," was the answer.

Jogues bade them farewell and started for Three Rivers, which he left on August 1. He never reached the Huron country. The next year de Brébeuf fitted out a flotilla for Bressani, but that hero shared the fate of Jogues. It was he who, as we have recorded elsewhere, overheard the Iroquois planning to swoop down on Sillery, and he wrote on a piece of bark which he fixed to a stake: "The Iroquois are on their way to Sillery; they want to carry off the White Virgins." A Huron found it, and hurried with it to Quebec. The people read it with blanched faces, and

Montmagny ordered the removal of the convent. The Fathers of course remained with their Indians.

Just before this visit to the hospital a sad accident occurred which caused universal grief throughout the colony as well as among the Indians. For de Brébeuf it was also a great personal loss. We refer to the tragic death of his friend, John Nicolet, with whom he had travelled many a mile over the trails of the Northwest, and who, though only a layman, was a most devoted and efficient co-operator in the evangelization of the savages. He must ever be regarded as one of the conspicuous figures in Canadian history. He had come out to the colony in 1618, a light hearted lad whom every one loved, but the lure of the wild led him to live among the savages. He wanted to make his fortune by becoming an Indian interpreter; so he buried himself for two years with the Algonquins, hunting with them, travelling with them in their interminable tramps through the country, starving with them and sharing every danger like the most reckless brave of the tribe. On one occasion he supported life for seven weeks by gnawing the bark of trees. He took particular pride in the fact that he had helped to make the first treaty with the Mohawks, when he went down into their country with four hundred Algonquins. It was a short time after the Dutch had taken possession of Manhattan.

For nine years, also, he lived among the Nippisiriens, at the Isle des Allumettes. He was adopted by the tribe; had his own lodge, and assisted at all the councils. At the end of that time he was recalled to Three Rivers, and established as clerk in the Company of the One Hundred Associates, in whose interests he had been thus far living among the Indians, so as to ensure peace, and also to stimulate trade. He had been even commissioned to discover the Pacific Ocean and the passage to China, for every one, even Champlain, nourished that delusion, and Nicolet was so convinced that success would follow his efforts that he provided him-

self with a Chinese dress, and when he reached Lake Michigan he decked himself out in damask robes, all embroidered with birds and flowers, and presented himself in that guise to four or five thousand Indians to see if he could arouse any recollection in their minds of their supposed Chinese ancestry. He succeeded at least in terrifying the squaws, when he shot off his two huge horse-pistols. They took him for a demon, holding thunder and lightning in his hands.

Of course he never reached China, but returned to Three Rivers where from that out he lived until summoned to Quebec. He had a brother, a secular priest who had come out as the chaplain of Montmagny, but who withdrew to France a year before the Governor's recall. There was also another member of the family, a sailor in the service of the Company of the One Hundred Associates, who was at Quebec in 1640.

He married only in 1637. His bride was the granddaughter of the famous Louis Hébert, the patriarch of the Canadian colonists. The nuptials were, of course, most solemn, and like many other things in those early days the match was romantic. Gosselin, in his "Jean Nicolet," gives us a transcript of the contract with all its conditions. It was signed by several of the distinguished men and women of the time, but it does not appear from the document that the bridegroom had as yet adopted the appendix to his name of de Belleborne, which his admiring biographer declares to be "a ridiculous but harmless vanity." We are astonished to hear that the maiden, Marguerite Couillard, had reached the advanced age of eleven, and one almost hopes there was a mistake in the register, or a fault on the copy. But it seems to be true, and when Nicolet died on October 27, 1641, she had already borne him two children. Not only that, but we are informed that her daughter grew up to be a distinguished young lady, "and at the age of fourteen married Jean Baptiste Le Gardeur de Repentigny. "Their

son," says Sulte, "was Augustin Le Gardeur de Courtemanche, an officer who achieved fame by many useful services in the west, and was the worthy contemporary of Nicholas Perrot, and an honorable descendant of his grandfather Nicolet."

From his retirement at Three Rivers, Nicolet had been summoned down to Quebec to take the place of his brother-in-law, Le Tardiff, as one of the chief officials of the company. He was hardly there a month when alarming news was brought to him. The Algonquins had captured an Indian belonging to a tribe which was allied with the Iroquois, and were already torturing him at the stake. The consequences would be disastrous if he were killed, for it would provoke another war with the Iroquois. No one could prevent the execution but Nicolet, and messengers were hurried down to beg him to come to the rescue. A terrible storm was raging at the time; the north wind was lashing the St. Lawrence into fury. The weather was bitter cold, and the ice was forming on the shores. It was already seven o'clock at night when the intelligence reached him, and the sky was dark and forbidding, but he hurried down to the shore. De Chavigny's shallop had hoisted sail and was about to make for Sillery. Nicolet leaped aboard and the little bark started out on the wild waves.

They were just doubling the Pointe-a-Puiseaux when a squall struck them, and flung the boat bottom up in the furious river. The occupants clung to it, but the night was pitch dark, and though they were near the shore no object could be seen. Perishing with cold and worn out by the waves, the men dropped off one by one and disappeared. Nicolet still kept his hold, but felt his strength giving way, and at last de Chavigny heard his voice in the darkness: "Good-bye, de Chavigny, make for the shore; you can swim; I am going to God. Bid good-bye to my wife and children." Then all was over. The boat struck a rock and de Chavigny, after a short swim, found his footing, and grop-

WHERE NICOLET DIED.

(From Tuttle's "History of Canada.")

ing through the darkness stumbled into the Jesuit house which was near at hand. For an hour he could scarcely utter a word, and finally he told the story; Nicolet was drowned only a few rods away.

They never found the body. Consternation and grief took possession of the colony. The Indians, especially, were alarmed. They had lost a friend, a protector, and a father, and they ran like crazy people up and down the beach screaming out: "Achirra! Achirra! where art thou? Hast thou left us and shall we never see thee more?" Indians rarely weep, but we are told that their eyes were streaming with tears as they gave vent to their lamentations.

So died this wonderful *voyageur,* almost within reach of his friends, and one asks in amazement how the man whose whole life was in constant peril on lakes and rivers and amid roaring cataracts, was unable to swim a few strokes that would have so easily brought him to the shore. One is also prompted to ask did de Brébeuf, who was then at Sillery, urge that question upon himself while weeping over the untimely death of his friend? He also, over and over again, had been in danger of drowning, and yet had never learned to swim though it would seem to have been demanded by the commonest laws of prudence.

It is comforting to know that the savage for whom Nicolet sacrificed his life was saved. He appeared at Sillery twelve days after, and when his wounds were healed he was sent down to the Abenaquis where he belonged. It is more comforting still to know that Nicolet "went to God" prepared. He was totally unlike the scapegraces of *coureurs* who scoured the woods, and brought ruin on themselves and discredit on their religion. Though living so long among the Indians his life was irreproachable, and Father Charles Lalemant probably referred to him in the "case of conscience," that was sent to France to determine whether Christian men could thus voluntarily shut themselves off from the possibility of practicing the duties of

their religion by living among the Indians. There would not have been much difficulty if the men in question were all like Nicolet, for he not only gave no scandal, but was an invaluable helper for the priests. He was ever ready to instruct the Indians, and he himself sought them out to put them on the way of salvation.

Some idea of the character of the man may be obtained from the list of books composing the little library he had gathered together for his own use. Small as it is, it represents the careful gathering of years, and meant much in those rough days. Gosselin gives us the inventory, which is so brief that it may be put down here. It consisted of "The Metamorphosis of Ovid;" "The Relation of 1637;" "Portuguese Discoveries in the West Indies;" "Collection of Gazettes from 1634;" "A Book on Fencing;" "Inventory of Science;" "History of St. Ursula;" "Meditations on the Life of Christ;" "The Secretary of the Court;" "The Clock of Devotion;" "The Way to Live for God;" "Elements of Logic;" "The Holy Duties of a Devout Life;" "History of Portugal;" "Missal;" "Life of the Redeemer of the World;" "History of the West Indies;" two books of music, a package of old books, and finally "The Lives of the Saints" in folio.

It is very illuminative of his piety that when he was summoned down to Quebec he carried with him the large folio volume of the "Lives of the Saints." One can easily conclude that when the waves of the St. Lawrence closed over this great man, the gates of heaven were opened to admit him to the reward of a noble and well spent life. The place where this tragedy occurred was probably on the Quebec side of Pointe-a-Puiseaux, in the bay known by the general name of Sillery Cove, though to every part of it the lumbermen or proprietors have assigned different names as their fancy prompted them. The eastern end of the bay is where Wolf landed his troops in 1759.

CHAPTER IX.

The Tragedy.

While de Brébeuf was at Quebec, several efforts to reach the missionaries in Huronia had been made, but without success. As we have already noted, Jogues had been led into captivity in 1642, and Bressani met a similar fate in the following year. Finally, in 1644, de Brébeuf himself started up the river. This time, however, an escort of twenty soldiers made part of the expedition, a precaution it would seem that should have been always taken. With Fathers Chabanel and Garreau, both of whom were to shed their blood for the Faith, he reached St. Mary's on September 17th of that year.

It is somewhat difficult to follow him for the few remaining years of his life, for Ragueneau, who wrote those "Relations," is very unsatisfactory because of the vagueness with which he sets down what occurs. It is, however, certain that he was still at St. Mary's on October 8th, for we find a record in his papers of a vision he had there on that date. He saw himself and his companions wearing garments all stained with blood. In 1645, however, he came into prominence because of an apostolic expedition made among the Algonquins, who were living north of what is now known as the Muskoka region. The raids of the Iroquois had been so incessant that many of the Hurons had fled thither for safety, and he went to see them. It was a difficult journey of five or six days over lakes and rivers, through vast solitudes and trackless forests, but it was a trifle for him. He found only one Christian family among the exiles, which would lead us to infer that the Christians were more patriotic than their pagan relatives, and were willing to fight for their country to the last. That

Christian family gave him no rest. Night and day they wanted to talk upon religious matters, and to form plans for the future. With difficulty he tore himself away from them. Indeed they were forced to let him go, for the ice was forming on the lakes, and any further delay might cost him his life by cold or starvation. He finally reached St. Ignatius, where he could not fail to see that the end was fast approaching. The nation was doomed.

A glimmer of hope, however, appeared in the possibility of making defensive alliances with the neighboring Neutrals. They had been the victims of an outrageous breach of hospitality, for a whole section of their people had been butchered by the Senecas, who had been admitted to the wigwams as welcome guests. But after a little anger they lapsed into their former attitude of non-interference. It is more than likely that had they combined with the Petuns and Hurons in a defensive alliance, they would have been able to check the whole Iroquois invasion, especially as a good turn done to an Onondaga chief had almost secured the help of three of the great Iroquois tribes against the Mohawks. The Onondagas were quarreling with them because of the trade in furs; but after tedious and multiplied embassies to and fro, all the negotiations ended by the massacre of the Huron envoys, who fell into the hands of the remorseless Senecas.

Hope once more revived when the Andastes of Pennsylvania and Delaware presented themselves, and proposed to destroy the Iroquois. Again there were long journeys and continually reiterated embassies, which consumed very precious months and involved countless dangers in the official journeys, but like the rest it all ended in disappointment. In each of these negotiations, it may be noted, Christian chiefs were chosen as the representatives of the tribe; which would imply that they were at that time the controlling factor among the Hurons. But two great disasters occurred to the Hurons towards the end of the winter

of 1648. A party of about three hundred men and women were encamped in the woods only about two days' journey from their principal town, when a band of Senecas swooped down upon them. The main body of the people were scattered just then hunting and fishing, and when they returned they found seven of their warriors weltering in their blood. The women and children had been carried off into captivity, and there was no sign of the Senecas except the results of their sanguinary visitation.

Nearly all the victims in this instance were Christians, among them the young Ignatius Saonaretsi, who was like an Indian Aloysius. At early dawn he was always found in the chapel reciting his beads and assisting at Mass. Throughout the day he was continually praying. His purity of soul was angelic, and we are told that he never looked at a woman. When his people urged him to marry he refused, alleging that he knew none of the marriageable women of the tribe. He was ready for heaven and the Lord took him.

That massacre was bad enough, but it was followed by another immediately after. When the people went out to bury their dead, a hundred Iroquois fell upon them and a second list of fifty killed or captured was added to the black record of this calamitous period. Evidently a new arrangement of the villages had to be made to ensure better protection, and hence it was resolved to change the location of the mission, and St. Ignatius II was begun. It was then the spring of 1648. The new site was admirably chosen for defense, for in the "Relation" of 1649 we read: "It was enclosed by a palisade fifteen or sixteen feet high, and encircled by a deep ravine, with which nature had powerfully fortified the place on three sides, leaving but a small space, weaker than the others, on the fourth side." That weak spot was a plateau where the Fathers had insisted on building a stockade.

This site has been identified by Father Jones, the Archivist of St. Mary's College, Montreal, who thus describes it:

"From the brow of the hill where the declivity is steepest, we have a commanding view of the Rosemount Ridge, towards the east and southeast, and the eye plunges deep into the sombre valley of Sturgeon Bay that lies at our feet. Turning toward the north and northeast, the eye ranges over the waters of Sturgeon Bay, and the greater Matchedash, and takes in a wide stretch of country in the Muskoka district, while a little further east it sweeps over Gloucester Pool, the mouth of the Severn, and no small extent of the North or Black River Valley.

"Vastly grander visions of the beautiful and sublime in nature are to be met with in the confines of the great Dominion, from the beetling crags of Trinity Rock, the towering masses of Cape Eternity on the Saguenay, to the fairy scenes of enchanting beauty in the Islands of the St. Lawrence; from Niagara, with its deafening roar of waters plunging into depths unknown, to the silent solitudes of Selkirk, whose glittering peaks cleave the clouds above. All these surpass it immeasurably, either in majesty or the perfection of detail, but no spot on the continent is hallowed by a nobler sacrifice for the Master than was consummated on this hill-top, a few acres in extent, and which lay for two centuries and a half lost in the recesses of the forest. Such was St. Ignatius II. If it had been properly defended, instead of being the tomb, it would have been the impregnable citadel of the Huron nation."

It was the 16th of March, 1649. Day was just breaking after a stormy night, and the advance guards of over one thousand Iroquois, who had been concealed in the forest, crept stealthily in the snow towards the unprotected part of the palisade. They were discovered, and a wild shriek of alarm summoned to arms the few braves who were present. They met the foe and twice repulsed them, but it was too late. Nearly all the inhabitants were slaughtered, and the few who escaped the tomahawk were reserved for death by fire.

De Brébeuf and his young companion, Gabriel Lalemant, who had joined him only one month before, were at that moment in the village of St. Louis, four kilometers away, where there were no less than seven hundred Hurons; most of them, however, women and children, or old and infirm men. The braves were away hunting, or foolishly trying to discover if the Iroquois were coming into the country. Some half naked fugitives from St. Ignatius hurried to give the alarm, but the Iroquois were already at their heels. There was scarcely time to dismiss the women and children, and to assemble eighty warriors for the defense. They saw that all was lost, but determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. They begged the priests to withdraw, but the offer was, of course, refused.

The sun was already lighting up the scene when the Iroquois appeared, and attempted to scale the palisade. The first assault was attended with heavy loss, for thirty of their warriors fell dead and many were wounded. The check, however, was only momentary, and the fight raged fiercely on all sides, but what could eighty men do against such a host? Indeed it speaks well for the prowess of the Hurons, that every attempt to scale the palisades was repulsed, and the Iroquois resorted to another means of gaining an entrance to the village. They began to cut their way through the stockade with their hatchets. At last an opening was made, but the breach was quickly blocked by the bodies of the besieged, only to be hacked to pieces in their frantic effort to drive back the foe. The enemy were now inside the fort.

While all this fiendish work was going on, the two priests were hurrying hither and thither, staunching the blood of the wounded, baptizing the neophytes and absolving the dying Christians. They were scarcely aware of the nearness of the Iroquois, who in turn did not know that the priests were there. At the sight of the black gowns they stopped for a moment in their work of massacre. It was

an unexpected capture. There was Echon, the Great Sorcerer himself, and with fiendish glee they fell upon the missionaries, stripped them naked, and bound them fast, first tearing off the nails of their victims to forestall any attempt to escape.

The battle was soon over. Every one who resisted was butchered and the prisoners were headed towards St. Ignatius. As they turned to gaze for the last upon St. Louis, they saw the wigwams a mass of flames, while the savage Iroquois hurried from place to place, dragging from the blood-clotted snow the old men and wounded warriors and flinging them shrieking into the fire. The people in St. Mary's, a league away saw the conflagration at nine o'clock. The color of the smoke made them only too certain of what had happened, their conclusions being confirmed shortly after by the fugitives who flocked in and told the sad story.

Shivering with the bitter cold and with their dripping blood leaving tracks in the snow, de Brébeuf and his companion slowly dragged themselves through the stockade of St. Ignatius. As they entered the gate they walked between two lines of infuriated savages, who struck at them with knives, and clubs, and stones. They were led to the stakes at which they were to be burned to death. They showed no fear. On the contrary, de Brébeuf fell on his knees before the one to which he was to be bound, and kissed it as a priest kisses the altar. "Father," he said, turning to Lalemant, "we are made a spectacle before heaven and the angels and men." To the Christian Hurons around him, some of whom were later on to meet the same fate, he said: "In your sufferings lift up your eyes to heaven. Remember that God will reward you. Do not falter. The torments you must undergo will be brief. The glory to follow will be everlasting." "Echon," they replied, "fear not for us; our thoughts will be in heaven while our bodies are suffering on earth. Pray for us to the Master of life that

He may have mercy on us." His people assured him that they would be faithful.

When the braves had assembled, the torture began; de Brébeuf, as the great chief, being the first victim. The fire was lighted and the flames climbed around his limbs while his executioners plunged hot prongs into his flesh, pressed fire-brands against the most sensitive parts of his body, cut off strips of his flesh and roasting them in the fire devoured them before his eyes; but not once during this atrocious torture did this wonderful man wince or groan. He uttered no reproach, and spoke only to sustain the courage of the Christians around him. But his words only made his torturers more furious. They slashed off his nose and lips, shattered his teeth with their clubs, and filled his mouth with fire. His voice was now stilled, but his wounds spoke to all the Christians who stood shuddering at the hideous spectacle, the mere description of which one would fain avoid, but as this is history, it must, at least be hurried through with, while omitting the more shocking details.

As cynically as any civilized enemy of religion, one of the savages exclaimed: "You have always told people it was good to suffer. Thank us for this," and he dropped over the head of the victim a necklace of red hot tomahawks, which eat their way hissing and spluttering into the flesh. "You like to baptize us," cried a Huron apostate, "let us see how you like it yourself;" and with a mocking laugh, he poured cauldron after cauldron of scalding water on the head of the priest.

No sign of weakness had yet been extorted from the sufferer. Something must be done to make him quail, and so a flaming cincture of birch bark soaked in pitch was tied around his waist, and under his armpits. His scalp was torn off and a poultice of hot ashes applied to the ghastly wound. Not a single spot remained on his body that had not been scarified by fire or gashed with knives. Finally, when no new species of torture suggested itself, and it was

found that not a moan could be wrung from the sufferer, they clove his head with a tomahawk and thus ended his three hours of agony. Finally they tore out his heart and drank the blood, so as to imbibe, as they fancied, some of his wonderful courage.

Thus died Father John de Brébeuf at the age of fifty-six. It was the 16th of March, a day ever memorable in the annals of Canada. Around his corpse danced the mob of shrieking savages, reeking with his blood, and with morsels of his flesh in their teeth; beyond was the burning village of St. Louis, from which he had been taken, and standing over him was his frail and delicate companion, Gabriel Lalemant, all bloody, and wrapped in the inflammable bark which was soon to consume his flesh. Lalemant gazed upon his beloved Father lying in the snow at his feet, and waited for his own sacrifice which was to be more terrible than that of de Brébeuf.

GABRIEL LALEMANT

MARTYRDOM OF DE BREBEUF AND LALEMANT.
(In the Cathedral, Montreal.)

GABRIEL LALEMANT.

While de Brébeuf was being put to death anxious eyes were strained in the direction of St. Ignatius, from the palisades of St. Mary's. Every now and then an Indian runner could be seen making for the fort to tell what was happening at St. Ignatius. Their coming was, at first, a cause of alarm, for at a distance it was hard to distinguish them from the Iroquois. Indeed, every one felt sure that St. Mary's would soon be attacked; for Iroquois scouts had been prowling around that afternoon, and as was told afterwards, they had reported back to their chiefs that the place could be taken.

Meantime Lalemant was waiting for death. One hour passed, and then another; and at last his torture began. It is unnecessary to go over the hideous details. It was a repetition of what had been inflicted on his companion. One or two horrors, however, were added. As he turned his gaze frequently to heaven, his eyes were torn out and burning coals thrust into the sockets; though a corrected edition and du Creux's account seem to indicate that only one was thus dealt with. To prevent him from speaking or praying, fire brands were not merely placed in his mouth, but forced down into his throat. They slit both his thighs, one in the form of a cross, and then passed hot tomahawk edges along the whole length of the wounds into the very bones. When he lifted his hands in prayer, they beat them down with clubs, and forced him to his feet again when he attempted to kneel. But the most appalling feature of his torture was that it lasted fifteen hours; that is, from six o'clock at night till nine next morning, for the Indians did not permit their victims to die between sunset and sunrise. On that account, they refrained while torturing him from touching any vital part, but, of course, the prolongation of the agony

was worse than death itself. At last, weary of their work they crushed his skull with the blow of a tomahawk. It was then nine o'clock in the morning of the 17th of March, 1649.

Some writers in describing these terrible scenes have naturally drawn on their imagination, and represented the martyr as uttering heart-rending cries while writhing in agony. As he was a man of extremely delicate constitution that would naturally have suggested itself; but it is pure fiction. Poncet, who wrote about his death two months later, says: "Instead of indignantly or angrily upbraiding his executioners, or uttering words of complaint, such as nature might have wrung from him, he did nothing but cast his eyes up to heaven and kissed the stake to which he was tied to make his last offering to God."

Lalemant was no weakling. He had been preparing for that battle for sixteen years. He had prayed to God, and importuned his superiors, till he was sent to the missions. During the two years he was at Quebec he knew everything that was going on in Huronia. He was fully aware of the proximity of the Iroquois. The death of Daniel had just occurred and he was familiar with its horrors, and it was with full knowledge of what might happen that he entered the village of St. Ignatius one month before he was to be a mangled and disfigured corpse on its bloody snow. Heroism was in his nature. He was the nephew of Jerome and Charles Lalemant; the brother of a Carmelite nun, who, on hearing of his death, knelt down and sang a *Magnificat,* and the son of a mother who, when his triumph was announced, forsook the world and consecrated herself as a nun in the cloister. His preparedness for the kind of death he suffered was revealed in a document found among his papers. It reads as follows:

"O my God and my Saviour! since Thou hast abandoned all comfort, all health, all glory, all joy and a life itself to save wretched me, is it not proper 1st, that I should give up

all things for the salvation of souls whom Thou regardest as Thine own, who have cost Thee Thy blood, and of whom Thou hast said: 'What you do to the least of these you do unto me.'

"2d—Even if I were not prompted by a spirit of gratitude to make a holocaust of myself, I should with all my heart do so out of consideration for Thy adorable majesty and Thine infinite goodness, which deserves man's immolation and joyful sacrifice of himself in order to fulfil what he conceives to be Thy will in his regard, and in pursuance of the special inspiration Thou hast given him to promote Thy greater glory.

"3d—Since I have been so wretched as to offend Thy goodness so grievously, O my Jesus! it is just that I should pay the penalty by extraordinary sufferings, and thus walk in Thy presence for the rest of my life with an humble and contrite heart, undergoing the sufferings which Thou didst submit to for me.

"4th—Out of regard for my relatives, my mother and my brothers to whom I owe so much, and in order to draw down upon them the effects of Thy mercy, never permit that any member of that family, which Thou lovest so much, should perish before Thy face, or be among those who blaspheme Thee for ever; and for that end let me be a victim for them. Since I am prepared to be scourged for them, burn me, smite me, in order that Thou shouldst forever spare them.

"5th—Yes, my Jesus, my love! let Thy Blood, which was poured out for the savages as for us, be applied efficaciously for their salvation. Let me co-operate with Thy grace and be immolated for them.

"6th—Thy name must be adored; Thy kingdom must be extended throughout the world, and my life must be devoted to withdrawing from the hands of Satan, Thine enemy, those poor souls who have cost Thee Thy life and Thy Blood.

"7th—If it is reasonable that some one should so live to give comfort to Jesus Christ, even sacrificing a thousand lives, if he had them, along with the loss of everything that is sweet and agreeable to nature, thou, my soul, wilt find no one more bound to do so than thou. Arise then, my soul, and let us holily lose ourselves, in order to give this consolation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ; He deserves it, and thou canst not do otherwise, unless thou wishest to live and die ungrateful for His love."

The prayer in the fifth paragraph was answered to the letter "Let me co-operate with Thy grace and be immolated for the savages." His love for his family as expressed in the passage immediately preceding is well worthy of notice.

Beyond this we know very little about Gabriel Lalemant. He was born in Paris in the year 1610, entered the novitiate of that city which had already trained for an apostolic career his illustrious uncle Jerome, and after the usual course of studies and teaching in his native country, he arrived at Quebec in 1646. People wondered that such a frail and delicate mortal could have aspirations for the rude life of the missions, and it took him two years to convince his uncle, who was superior at Quebec, and had his seven years experience in Huronia, that such was the will of God. At last, just when the clouds were darkest and the rumblings of danger filled the hearts of all with terror, Gabriel Lalemant deliberately entered into the whirl of the storm and disappeared in its fire.

The embers were not cold around the stake where he expired, when two hundred Iroquois started on their march to destroy St. Mary's, where his friends were awaiting their death; but at the same time five hundred Hurons, chiefly of the Bear family, were about taking up their position on the trail to await the advancing enemy. Unfortunately, some of their braves who were sent out ahead came into collision with the foe. A skirmish ensued which grew into a general battle, and finally involved the main body of the

Hurons. The furious Iroquois flushed with victory, drove their disheartened foes back towards the very palisades of St. Mary's. There, at last, a stand was made, chiefly by the Christian Indians of Ossossané and the new mission of St. Madeleine who had come to the rescue. After a short struggle the Iroquois reeled and then retreated in confusion to the still standing palisades of St. Louis, which was situated between St. Mary's and St. Ignatius. The Hurons followed and a mad fight occurred inside the stockade, out of which the Iroquois were driven. The Hurons were now in possession of the village. Sortie after sortie was made leaving numbers of the braves on both sides dead in the snow. The Iroquois, seeing that their victory was to be snatched from their grasp, sent word to St. Ignatius, and the main body of their countrymen hurried to the rescue. All day long the fight continued, and well on into the night, until at last only twenty-five Hurons were left alive. They, seeing that all hope was gone, threw down their arms and surrendered. All of them were badly wounded, but they had slain the great chief and one hundred of the bravest warriors of the Iroquois.

During the night the people in St. Mary's waited with their weapons in their hands. Any moment might bring the wild whoop of the enemy to their ears. They were all praying fervently, and had made up their minds to die to a man in defense of the town. Day dawned. It was the 18th of March. No sign had appeared of the approaching foe. Hour after hour passed by, but no one could tell what new disaster was impending. Still no enemy came, and another night of terror followed. On the morning of the 19th an unexplainable panic seized the Iroquois, and in spite of the protests of their chiefs, they fled in wild confusion, driving their captives before them, but first setting fire to the town. The wounded and helpless were tied to the burning wigwams to perish in the flames, and while the smoke was darkening the morning sky, the blood-stained

conquerors hurried down to Niagara. Only after all this had occurred, a distant Huron village heard of the disaster. A fugitive squaw had brought them the sad tidings. Immediately seven hundred braves seized their arms and set out in pursuit. But they soon gave up the chase. They did nothing but gather up a few mangled bodies of their brave people, whom the fleeing Iroquois had left for dead on the trail. Had the Hurons persevered, they might even then have inflicted an irreparable disaster on the Iroquois, who were not only in a panic but completely exhausted by the terrible battle they had fought.

Some Hurons who had escaped in the confusion from St. Ignatius brought the news to St. Mary's of the departure of the Iroquois, and Father Bonin, Brother Malherbe, and seven Frenchmen were sent to St. Ignatius to reconnoitre and, if possible, to secure the remains of the martyrs. A horrid spectacle met their gaze. The ruins of the wigwams were still smoking, and mutilated corpses littered the trampled and blood-stained snow. But where were the beloved dead they were seeking for? At last they found them in a heap of the slain. There was no doubt about their identity. They were more horribly gashed and hacked than the rest, and when the blood was washed away the white skin revealed itself. Filled with horror the searchers fell on their knees and kissed the wounds of the beloved dead. The grief of Father Bonin was uncontrolled. He was Father Lalemant's most intimate friend, and for more than an hour he knelt weeping and sobbing over the corpse of the man he so tenderly loved. It was with difficulty he could be dragged away to perform the sad duty of burying the Christian Indians. A trench was dug and the bodies were laid reverently in it. The prayers were said, a cross was placed over the mound, and then the blessed remains of the two priests were carried in solemn procession out of the blackened ruins of St. Ignatius, along the trail that led to St. Mary's. The little fort opened its gates for the home-

coming of the heroes, and the people followed the weeping mourners to the house of the Fathers, where the bodies were laid to await the obsequies of the morrow. "We could not pray for them," writes Ragueneau. "Our only regret was that we had not shared their torture, and won the same crown. I would willingly call them martyrs, if it were permitted, not only because it was the love of God, and the salvation of souls that made them willingly expose themselves to death of the most dreadful kind, but especially because hatred of the Faith and of the name of God was one of the most powerful motives which impelled the savages to treat them with such atrocious cruelty."

A long letter of Bonin's, giving all the details, is referred to by Du Creux. It was probably used by Father Martin, but the document is now nowhere to be found. What occurred in and around that humble cabin on that memorable afternoon of March 20, 1649, is given us in a letter of Brother Regnault's, written years afterwards to the Jesuits of Caen. The scene was evidently still as vivid in his memory, as if he were yet kneeling at the side of the martyrs. What he says of himself was probably also done by all the people who were in St. Mary's or who flocked in from the country round to gaze for the last time at the illustrious dead:

"The bodies of the two Fathers," he says, "were found at St. Ignatius, a little apart from each other, and carried to our cabin. They were laid upon strips of bark, and I gazed at them for more than two hours to see if what the savages had told us of their martyrdom was true. I examined first the body of Father de Brébeuf, and then that of Father Lalemant. The legs, thighs and arms of Father de Brébeuf were stripped of flesh to the very bone. I saw and touched a great number of blisters which were on various parts of the body, where the boiling water had been poured on him in mockery of Holy Baptism. I saw and touched the wounds made by the cincture of bark soaked

in pitch, which had scorched the whole body. I saw and touched the places which the collar of hatchets had burned on his shoulders and breast. I saw and touched the place where his two lips had been cut off because he continued to speak of God. I saw and touched all the parts of his body which had received more than two hundred blows of sticks. I saw and touched the crown of his head, which had been burned with fire. Finally, I saw and touched all the wounds of his body. They were just as the savages had described them."

The bodies were buried on Sunday the 21st, and good Brother Regnault glories in the fact that he was one of those who carried them to the grave. They were disinterred, however, when St. Mary's was abandoned a few months later. The flesh was removed from the bones, which were then carefully dried and wrapped in silk, and carried over to the Island of St. Joseph. That place was soon deserted, and the precious relics were then brought down to Quebec. Martin says that "on account of the length and difficulty of the journey, they could not take any more than a part of the venerable remains. They kept at least the head, and placed it in the College of Quebec. Before the destruction of the Society of Jesus in Canada, one of the last Jesuits of Quebec confided the treasure to the Hospital Sisters where it now is. There are also some of Lalemant's bones. We know that two fragments were sent abroad, one to the Professed House at Paris, and the other to Father Lalemant's sister, the Prioress of the Carmelites of Sens, but they were all swept away in the whirlwind of the French Revolution." It is curious that not a word is found in the "Journal des Jesuites," of the reception of the remains of the Fathers.

"Four years after their death," continues Martin, "the Archbishop of Rouen whose jurisdiction then extended to Canada, ordered an official inquiry into the virtue and death of the missionaries. We have a copy of the proceedings, each document being accompanied by an autograph attesta-

tion of Father Ragueneau, given under oath, which may be of use for the process of beatification if the cause is ever introduced." These papers are in the archives of St. Mary's College, Montreal.

After two hundred and sixty years the cause has again been taken into consideration. The tribunal established for the hearing of testimony was in session for more than two years in Quebec in 1906 and 1907. An investigation as to the *non cult,* that is, an inquiry whether any public worship has been approved or tolerated by any one in anticipation of the action of the Holy See was also made. A great number of witnesses were summoned, and the documents recounting what has been done are now awaiting examination, in Rome. If they are canonized the New World will have two glorious patrons.

ANNE DE NOUE

ANNE DE NOUE.

In the times of Catherine de Medicis there was a famous old general named de Nouë, who was commonly known as *bras de fer,* because of an iron arm that he wore as a substitute for the real arm he had lost at the seige of Lamballe. Sometimes he was on the Huguenot side, sometimes he favored the Catholics. Naturally one is prompted to inquire if there was any relationship between him and a young page named Anne de Nouë, who was then at Court. It is quite possible, but as a matter of fact very little is known of the family or the early life of the holy missionary who, in 1646, perished in the snow on the frozen St. Lawrence. He was the son of the Seigneur de Villers-En-Prière or Villers-en-Prairie which, we are told, was a chateau and village six or seven leagues from the city of Rheims in Champagne. But in a work entitled the "Communes de France," which gives detailed descriptions even of villages of one hundred inhabitants, we find only one place with a designation like that given in the "Relation." It is Villers-en-Prayères, and is in Picardy, thirty-five kilometres from Soissons, with a population of only 174. Was that his birthplace?

Again his name is written de Noue, and also de Nouë, though the diaresis is sometimes placed on the u instead of the e. He generally put the mark over the e. Finally he was called "Anne," which to-day would be an uncomfortable name for a boy; but in those days, even the illustrious Constable de Bourbon was known as Anne de Montmorency. To add to the confusion there are two dates given for his birthday; one in 1687, the other in 1679. It is probably the latter, for he was regarded as "old" when he became a Jesuit Having made his novitiate he was sent to La Flèche, where he studied philosophy for three years, and after teaching a

low class at Nevers for a year, he began a four years' course of theology at Paris. It is somewhat surprising to hear that while pursuing his studies he was at the same time *surveillant;* but as Henry IV was just then establishing a great many colleges in France the superiors were evidently short-handed, and we find that condition of affairs existing thirty years afterwards, at La Flèche, in the case of Gabriel Lalemant. After finishing his theology he was appointed Minister at Bourges, where he remained for two years, and then, singularly enough, made his Third Year of Probation in the same house immediately afterwards. When that was over, he and Father Noyrot started for Canada, where they arrived on July 14, 1626.

De Brébeuf and the Recollect d'Aillon had meantime been making efforts to reach the Huron country. When at last they succeeded, de Nouë went with them. "They arrived at Toanche," says Father Martin, "but de Nouë, in spite of his good will and hard work, found it impossible to learn the language of the Indians, and he thought he could better serve the cause by returning to Quebec."

As the language was extremely difficult, the time allotted to test his powers in that respect would seem to have been altogether too short to make that a motive for his return, and as on the other hand Massé was the only Jesuit left in Quebec, it is possible that other reasons may have prompted his recall. Very likely, also, Massé saw the approaching crisis. In 1628 Kirke demanded the surrender of the city; in 1629 Champlain hauled down the French flag, and all the missionaries, including de Brébeuf, were sent back to France. That is about all we know of de Nouë's first three years experience in America.

In 1632 we find him again setting out for the missions. He is among the first to be chosen. In a letter of Father Le Jeune to the Provincial, dated April, 1632, we read:

"Being advised by your reverence on the last day of March that I should embark immediately at Havre de Grace

and go straight to New France, I felt more satisfaction and contentment than I had experienced in twenty years. I never received a letter which gave me such pleasure. I left Dieppe next day, and passing by Rouen with Brother Gilbert I met Father de Nouë. Arriving at Havre we went to pay our respects to M. du Pont, the cardinal's nephew, who gave us a passport for America. From Havre we went to Honfleur, and on the 18th of April set sail. We had fair weather at the beginning, and in ten days made six hundred leagues, but we paid up for it during the thirty days that followed. We had nothing but storms and head winds, with only a few hours of fair weather from time to time.

" Even in the last days of May and the beginning of June the winds and the fog were bitter cold. Father de Nouë had his hands and feet frozen, and I had headaches and a palpitation of the heart that continued an entire month. As we had only salt meat we were tortured with thirst, and there was no fresh water on board. Our cabins were so small that we could not stand nor kneel nor sit in them, and, what is worse, when it rained, the water poured down on my face. Everyone else suffered in the same way; the sailors worst of all. But all that is past and gone, and I would not care to be back in France. Our little troubles did not, I think, cause us a moment's sadness. God never lets himself be conquered. If you give him a farthing he repays you with a gold mine. On the whole, however, I came off better than Father de Nouë, who, for a long time, could not eat a morsel. As for the Brother, he is like an amphibious animal, just as well on sea as on land." In this rough fashion did Father de Nouë come a second time to America.

While repairing the old residence of Notre Dame des Anges, which the English had almost ruined during their occupation, an opportunity was offered to the Fathers to go down with a party of savages who were encamped at Cape Tourmente. De Nouë was chosen for the work. It

was bitterly cold, for it was in the month of January, and the Indians had for shelter nothing but a deep excavation in the snow. Around them were the white walls; above was the sky. Crouched about a cauldron sat the hunters who, from time to time, took out huge chunks of half-cooked meat and devoured them. There was no attempt at cleaning the filthy and bleeding lumps of elk or beaver or bear that were flung into the horrible pot, and the savages tore them in pieces with their teeth or hands, sometimes even bringing their feet into requisition when the fibres were too tough. Poor de Nouë tried to imitate his hosts who were otherwise very attentive to him, but his gorge rose and he set aside the meat, satisfying himself with a few crusts of bread he had brought with him. But the savages snatched them from him and eat them, saying he could get as much bread as he wanted when he returned home. So there he sat starving and sick amid the piles of reeking flesh, which had to be all eaten, for the Indians made no store for the future. Nor could he speak to his friends, for the Montagnais showed themselves very reluctant to teach the missionaries the language of the country, and so at last he made up his mind to return, and staggered out of the pit. He had gone only a short distance when he found himself both blind and deaf, and had to be carried back again into the offensive hole over which the heavy smoke hung, but fortunately he could no longer see the blood and filth around him. At last he revived a little, and the savages, no doubt disgusted at his weakness, put him on a sled and dragged to Notre Dame des Anges, where he was gradually nursed back to health. The Indian methods were evidently too much for him.

From that out his labors were confined to the immediate surroundings of the house, and we find him toiling night and day for the next six or seven years. He always asked for the meanest and the hardest occupations. He made himself a slave for the comfort of others, and many a day

he spent in the woods digging roots to feed the famishing members of the household. It is somewhat pleasant to be told that this saintly missionary became by dint of enforced practice an expert fisherman, and that the table never lacked a supply of the best the rivers could afford when he was in the neighborhood. Perhaps, like St. Francis, he called the fish around him.

In 1643 he was assigned to the chaplaincy of Fort Richelieu, which had been built where the Sorel or Iroquois or Richelieu River—it had all these names—empties into the St. Lawrence. It was the usual passageway for the Iroquois in their raids on Canada, and necessarily dangers and privations were not wanting, so that it was a great comfort for him when his old friend Le Jeune was sent there for a time to help him. In 1646 the end came. It was the 30th of January. He had set out from Three Rivers along with two soldiers and Huron. They were going to Fort Richelieu, thirty-six miles away. Everything, of course, was in the grip of winter, and the snow was three or four feet deep. They tramped along on their raquettes, but made only eighteen miles before night overtook them. They camped in the snow near the bank where the trees shielded them somewhat from the piercing wind, but there was nothing above them but the cold sky. The two soldiers were worn out with fatigue, for they were not used to snowshoes, and had besides carried heavy packs on their backs. To afford them relief, Father de Nouë got out of his blankets at two o'clock in the morning and started out alone for the fort. He took nothing with him; not even his gun to start a fire, nor his robe, and only a few bits of bread and some dried prunes which they found afterwards on his dead body. Before him lay the wide stretch of Lake St. Peter. The moon was shining brightly and he tramped along alone. When we think of it, the scene is almost startling: an old white haired man, sixty-seven years of age, hurrying along in the dead of night on the ice fields of the St. Lawrence,

to make it easier for two tired soldiers to reach their destination, and going into his own grave in the snow. Soon the face of the moon was darkened by clouds, and a fierce storm of snow made the gloom of the night still more dense. He had no compass to guide him, but he could not have seen it if he had one. Nor could he any longer make out the borders of the lake, nor find any of the islands with which it is dotted. Still he tramped onward, but made little progress. He was lost.

In the morning the soldiers arose, and were astounded to find that the Father was not with them. They could not see any tracks, for the new snow had covered everything. One of the party who had been at Richelieu before, fixed its direction by the quadrant, and he and his companion with the Indian started off in pursuit. All day long they searched but in vain, and at night, worn out with fatigue, they encamped on St. Ignatius Island, not far from where Nouë's body was, but they did not know it. The Huron, more accustomed to such things than the white men, hurried on to Richelieu to find if the Father had arrived. He was frightened to hear that he had not. It was only eighteen miles and the wanderer could easily have covered that distance. Evidently he had gone astray. It was then night, and they had to wait till morning. At break of day the soldiers of the garrison scurried away to the north, but he had gone to the south. They shouted and discharged their muskets, but no answer came. He was far away. They found the two soldiers; for the Indians had given them the needed information, but there was no sign of the priest. All day long they hunted in every direction but to no purpose.

It was now the 2d of February, and a soldier who had been long in the country took two Indians with him and started back to the place where the party had encamped on the first night. An Indian can find tracks that have been covered, and hence they were soon on the trail. They followed it as it wound in all directions, and at last came to

DEATH OF FATHER DE NOUE.

(From an Old Lithograph.)

the place where he had passed the night. It was a hole in the snow. There were some pine branches on which he had rested, if he rested at all, for he had nothing to cover himself but an old soutane and a light cloak. As the French did not usually go in that direction he had evidently not recognized the locality. From that spot he had crossed the river in front of the Richelieu, which he did not see, either because it was snowing hard or he had lost the sight of his eyes. The soldier and the Indians, nevertheless, kept on and succeeded in finding at Cape Massacre, a place where Nouë had rested. It was in front of Isle Platte on the mainland between two little creeks. There they saw him. He was on his knees, frozen stiff, in a hole that he had made in the snow. His hat and his snowshoes were near him, and he was bending over on the snow bank. He had died while he knelt in prayer and had fallen over on the snow, for his arms were folded across his breast and his eyes were wide open and gazing upwards to heaven. He was looking for home.

The brave soldier, overcome by the sight, fell on his knees and prayed. He then cut a cross on the nearest tree, and wrapping up the body, which was like ice, put it on the sled and sorrowfully and reverently dragged it to the fort and then down to Three Rivers. They buried him there, and as the soldiers and Indians stood around his rigid corpse many a hard heart melted, and men who for years had been steeped in vice hastened to make their peace with God. The icy lips of the priest spoke as they had never done before. He probably died on the Feast of the Purification, and that must have made him happy, for he never let a Saturday pass without fasting in honor of the Mother of the Lord, nor a day without reciting the Office of her Immaculate Conception.

ANTHONY DANIEL

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CHAPTER I.

The Indian College.

Cape Breton, as every one knows, is not, in spite of its name, a cape, but an island. It would be the eastern extremity of Nova Scotia did not the Gut of Canso, which is only a mile wide, give it a separate existence. Indeed, it is almost two islands, for the Little Bras d'Or, which runs into it from the east and then widens out near the western extremity into Bras d'Or Lake, almost cuts it in two longitudinally.

A glance at the names of the different localities as they appear on the map, reveals to us the various elements of the population. There can be no mistake about who have named Loch Lomond, and Skir Dhu; nor about Iona and Irish Town, the latter of which for safety sake is on the other side of Bras d'Or over against Orangedale. La Framboise, L'Archéveque, etc., recall Acadian influences; and a rare name like Whycocomah, reminds us of the vanishing Micmacs, some of whose shadows still flit over the Island. The population in 1901 was 49,000, of whom about 35,000 were Catholics.

Perhaps Sebastian Cabot saw Cape Breton in his wanderings, and its name would suggest that Breton fishermen toiled off its shores, but it attained political prominence only when Champlain was surrendering Quebec, in 1629. At that time a Scotchman named Stewart, who claimed to have royal blood in his veins and who enjoyed the title of Fourth Lord of Ochiltree, had a fancy that it would be a fine place for a colony, so he built a fort at Great Cibou, which is now called St. Anne's Harbor.

Just then the fleets were hurrying over the sea to the relief of Quebec. One of them was in command of Captain Daniel. Unfortunately, his vessels lost sight of each other in the fogs of Newfoundland, and he found himself with only a single ship. Under such circumstances it would have been more than hazardous to attempt to break through Kirke's blockade of the St. Lawrence, so he concluded to do what was the next best thing. Having heard that Stewart had captured some French vessels, and established a colony in Cape Breton, he turned his ship in that direction, made short work of the Scotch lord's defences, demolished the fort and built another in its stead at what is now St. Anne's Bay, just north of the Bras d'Or. Leaving a garrison there of forty men, he set sail for France with his prisoners, and forever after boasted that when the French flag was lowered at Quebec it remained floating in the breeze at St. Anne's in Cape Breton.

Among those who came ashore from Daniel's ship and remained when the Captain sailed away, was the Jesuit Father Vimont. He was joined by one of his brethren shortly after, in a most unexpected fashion. A vessel fitted out by Father Noyrot, for the purpose of provisioning Quebec, went to pieces on the rocks near Canso. Noyrot and Brother Malot along with twelve men were drowned, while Fathers Charles Lalemant and Vieuxpont, and eight of the crew, succeeded in reaching the shore. Vieuxpont escaped without injury, but Lalemant was nearly killed by being battered against the rocks and was hauled out of the water more dead than alive. A Basque fisherman took them on board and they remained with him from that time—it was then the end of August—until October 6th. They were about to set sail for France, when an Indian told them of Daniel's establishment twenty-five leagues away. Lalemant remained with the skipper and started across the ocean, but Vieuxpont got into the canoe with the Indian and a few days after presented himself to Vimont, who, of course,

was as much astonished as delighted by the arrival of such a welcome companion. They heard only a year afterwards that poor Father Lalemant had suffered another shipwreck before he reached home.

The two priests remained in Cape Breton a little over a year, and returned to France in 1630. They could do nothing with the few scattered natives of whose language they were necessarily in total ignorance, but they had plenty to do with the soldiers of the fort, most of whom were down with scurvy. "I found myself often," says Vimont, "with a corpse in his shroud on one side, and a sick man whom I was administering on the other."

When peace was concluded, Captain Daniel sailed back again to his "abitation." Perhaps he was emulating Champlain in the choice of that name. With him was his brother Anthony, who was destined to become one of Canada's illustrious martyrs, and who was then only a little over thirty-three years of age, for he was born at Dieppe, May 27, 1601. After studying law for about a year, he had entered the Jesuit novitiate at Rouen, October 1, 1621. It was his distinguished brother's ship that brought him over to begin his career as an Indian missionary. His companion was Father Davost, and they were to look after the aboriginees of Captain Daniel's Island. What the place was like, we find from a letter written by Father Perrault a year later.

"The Island," he says, "is about sixty or eighty leagues in circumference. A number of very high mountains are seen here and there, at the foot of which we found the debris of great land slides. There are also in some places frightful precipices." To the modern traveller this description of many high mountains and frightful precipices seems an exaggeration, although one of the promontories goes up into the air about 1,200 feet, but we must remember that these missionaries came from Normandy, where every hill is a "*montagne.*"

"The land," he continues, "is covered with all sorts of

trees; oak, beech, birch, pine, spruce, etc. The Cibou is a great bay nearly two leagues wide at its mouth, narrowing gradually as it works into the land. At the entrance of the harbor, on the left as you enter, and perched on the top of a bluff is Fort St. Anne, looking towards the northwest. Opposite to it is a small bay. It is a position which competent judges declare is so well chosen that with ten or twelve cannon you could sink every ship that would show itself. Old sailors assure us they have never seen so spacious a port with such facility for landing. Three thousand craft might ride safely at anchor. The harbor forms almost a circle, and is fair to look upon. The tides are moderate and regular, and there is always a depth of thirty or thirty-six feet of water. Although we are in latitude 46½° the cold is intense, and the winter lasts five or six months of the year. Nevertheless the savages are better off then than in many another place. If they trap fewer beavers in the water, they find more moose on the shore at that time. In summer they live at their ease, on woodchuck, parrot-fish, cormorants, and various other sea fowl, and there are otters, mackerel, cod, smelt and all kinds of fish in season.

"The people are not ugly. On the contrary they are rather good-looking, well built and strong. Their natural hue is white, as you can see from the children, but the heat of the sun and the use of fish-oil and elk-grease, with which they smear themselves, changes their color as they grow up. They have long black hair but are beardless, so that we are puzzled at times to distinguish the men from the women; though the latter wear more clothes. 'The reverse,' says the restrospective missionary, 'of what is practiced in Christendom to the shame of Christianity.'

"Judging from the way they treat us they are not at all bad. Indeed, there is a certain modesty and gravity in their demeanor which is attractive. They appear to be unwilling to have us know their language, but will listen to us all

day, and repeat what we say or do. Thus, seeing we pay respect to the cross, they paint it all over their bodies. As far as we can make out, they know nothing about God, or the condition of the soul after death. But perhaps a better acquaintance with their language may change our ideas. Unlike other Indians they are honest, and although they are polygamists and easily dismiss their wives, there is nothing indecent in their external behavior."

Such were the aboriginees of Cape Breton, but unfortunately the place was abandoned in 1641. Daniel and Davost remained there only a year, and we find in the "Relation" that "on June 24, 1632, Daniel arrived at Quebec, and gave information of the arrival of Captain Morieult, on whose ship he had left Father Davost at Tadoussac. Morieult had been told to call for them at Cape Breton, for both were destined for more perilous work.

De Brébeuf was about to start for Huronia, and almost immediately after their arrival, namely on July 7, 1634, Daniel and Davost got into the Indian canoes along with him and began a journey to the northwest which was one uninterrupted series of hardships and dangers. The travellers lost each other on the way up, and Daniel was ejected from his canoe and would have been left to perish in the wilderness had not a friendly Indian come to his rescue and put him in another boat. The change was fortunate, for the first canoe was a miserable affair which twice in one day came near being dashed to pieces, and besides, its three lazy occupants had determined to drop their passenger twelve leagues away from his destination.

Arriving at Ihonitiria after de Brébeuf, who had taken a month for the journey, Daniel immediately plunged into work. The records are scanty just then, but we find him in the following year down among the Algonquins, kneeling, in the middle of the night, at the side of a poor Iroquois prisoner who was staked to the ground, while his captors were shaking fire-brands over him so as to make

the sparks fall on his naked and mangled body. The wretched sufferer never uttered a moan. Next day he was put to death, but before he expired, Daniel had made him a Christian. That, however, was only one of the ordinary incidents of his life at that time. He had plenty to do between studying the terrible language of the natives, ingratiating himself with the people, caring for them in their sickness, and striving to put a check on some of their frightful vices. There was, besides, the abiding fear of the Iroquois. On the 14th of May, a number of mangled Hurons had rushed into Ihonitiria. They had been out on the war-path, and after spending two nights singing, and dancing, and carousing, were set upon by the Iroquois, almost within gunshot of their own village. A dozen were tomahawked, some were taken prisoners, and the rest fled to their homes to tell the tale.

One good result of the misfortune was that they were now more willing to listen to the missionaries, and the tragedy was, moreover, the occasion of the conversion to a better life of an Indian known as Louis de Saincte Foy, who had been sent to Europe to be educated, but who, on his return, was for a long time a subject of great concern for the missionaries. This massacre set him in the right path again, and he never deflected from it afterwards. He was in the fight, and he declared that God had so wonderfully protected him on that occasion that he determined to change his life. Excepting his father, he brought his whole family to the faith. He became a zealous teacher, and even de Brébeuf used to admire the correctness and lucidity of his explanations of Christian doctrine. His father was a curious old character, however, and a source of constant amusement to the missionaries. His conceit in his abilities was phenomenal. Thus when he first heard the catechism explained, he said with disdain: "Why that is nothing; anyone can learn that. When I was sent on embassies to the tribes I had thirty things to remember and never forgot

one. The trouble is that all this is new to us. The Frenchmen who came here before were a bad lot, and never spoke to us of religion. Learn those prayers! Certainly. I intend not only to learn them but also the language of the missionaries, and be the chief in one of their houses. If ever I have power I shall put to death anyone who steals." "Then," retorted his son, "you will leave no one in the country, for every Huron is a thief." "Yet," says de Brébeuf, rather dryly, "this mighty intellect had to work hard to learn the sign of the cross."

Later on, the old man joined the expedition to Quebec with Daniel, and we are made party to a conversation between him and his dutiful son on the eve of the departure: "Father," said Louis, "when you embrace Christianity do not do so for anything you hope to get out of it. When you are among the French, refrain from going around the cabins to have a good time. Don't be regarded as a beggar. Try to see M. de Champlain, and keep near the Fathers."

As the old savage was an inveterate gambler, and very avaricious, the son had reasons to suspect the motive of his journey. It is not recorded that he ever became Superior of any of the Jesuit houses as he declared was his ambition. On the contrary the deceiver did not go even as far as Three Rivers, but stopped over with the Bissiriens, and then returned home where he began a series of wild disorders, keeping carefully out of sight of the missionaries. Louis was killed some time after, and then the unfortunate man became gloomy and committed suicide by poisoning himself.

There was one special work in Huronia assigned to Daniel. He had to teach the children to sing. He began by putting the Our Father, the Hail Mary and the Commandments to music, with the result that the older Indians were compelled to hear from their own offspring what they refused to listen to when the missionaries spoke to them. The choir was a great success not only in giving solemnity

to the service, but in filling the chapel with an interested audience, and by that means, getting supernatural thoughts into the dark souls of the savages.

Probably it was this influence with the children that suggested Daniel as the one best fitted for carrying out the scheme that had long been discussed of educating a number of Huron boys at Quebec. The people were approached on the subject, and it was suggested as an excellent way of cementing the friendship with the French, and also of furnishing an opportunity of making traders of the boys. The religious motive back of it was not urged. It would scarcely appeal to the savage heart. A dozen families consented and Daniel's hopes went soaring, but when the boys were already seated in the canoes, maternal lamentations rent the air, and all but three were hurried back into the wigwams again. Daniel was as depressed as he had before been elated, but it was the best that could be done and he set out with his young hopefuls. It was a perilous undertaking, for if anything happened to the boys either on the way down or at Quebec, the missionaries might expect a general massacre. But they were willing to take much greater risks.

On August 15, 1636, Father Le Jeune and du Plessis Bouchard, the General of the Fleet, as he was called, were at Three Rivers, when a canoe was beached on the river bank and an Indian handed a letter to the priest. It was from Father Daniel and read:

"I am held here at the Isle des Allumettes. The Indians will not let us pass, because Chief One Eye is dead and his relatives have not been covered. You know what that means. Their grief has not been assuaged by rich presents. We cannot satisfy them, and though they are willing to let the French go down the river, they are retaining the Hurons, but I told them I would not go without my Indians.

"I saw Fathers Garnier and Chastelain about three days' journey up from here. They seemed to be having a good

time, for they had their shoes on and were not paddling. I was so delighted that I gave the savages some of the weed which we detest and which they adore—tobacco. It costs a good deal here this year, but I would give ten times as much to get out of this scrape at the Isle. It is of the greatest importance that I should do so. Unfortunately, however, although I promised you twelve pupils, I have only three, but one of them is the son of a great chief. I have also some older people with me whom you will see. Would you please tell M. du Plessis that though I have only a few canoes I have a good supply of provisions." The letter ends: "Signed under the glare of a piece of burning bark, which is the only candle we have in this country."

On the 19th, the main body of Daniel's party began to arrive. "We hurried down to the River," says the "Relation," "and all the Frenchmen with us, among them M. du Plessis himself. Father Daniel's canoe was leading the flotilla. Davost, who was with the party, was in the rear. When we saw Father Daniel our hearts began to melt. His face was wreathed in smiles but he was all spent. He was in his bare feet; he held a paddle in his hand, wore a ragged soutane, and his breviary was slung by a string around his neck. His shirt was rotting on his back. He saluted all the chiefs and Frenchmen, and then we embraced. After adoring the Blessed Sacrament we all withdrew to my little room, where he told us how the Faith was progressing among Hurons. Then he gave me his papers and the account of the mission."

After the Indians had held their usual powows and sold their peltries, the subject of the boys had to be settled. Only little Satouta, who was of the Bear family, held out. The two others wanted to go home. Daniel was in despair, running hither and thither, reproaching the Indians with not keeping their word. Le Jeune made long speeches and du Plessis did the same, until at last one of the chiefs

declared it to be a shame that only the Bears should show any confidence in the French. Then turning to his nephew, Joseph Tewatiron, he said: "You will remain here; have no fear; the French will treat you well." Whereupon Satouta's father began a little speech: "My son, be firm; do not change your mind. You are going among good people. Do not take anything without Father Anthony's leave. Obey the Blackrobes. Keep away from the Montagnais. Don't go in a canoe with the French, for you might misunderstand each other and quarrel. If you kill a deer, keep the skin and give away the flesh. Stay here till next year and we shall see what is to be done."

"As time was pressing and M. le Géneral wanted to leave on account of the state of his health," says the "Relation," "we took our two scholars in the shallop and set sail. It was a great sight to see the parents of the boys apostrophizing them as they left, urging them to keep up their courage, not to steal anything, for that was not the custom among the French, etc. Finally the anchor was hoisted, and as we sailed away, every cannon in the fort and every piece of firearms in the village was discharged to bid us Godspeed."

"There," says Le Jeune, "you have your seminary;" and he adds with a touch of humor, "all I need now is a place to put it in and means to support it. The trouble is that these little savages come to you as naked as your hand; for when you dress them up in French fashion the parents take away all their old clothes and expect plentiful presents for having given you their prodigies." Though he made an appeal to the King, it is not recorded that His Majesty exhausted the treasury in responding. Perhaps two were not worth while, but another scholar had been captured somewhere. Nicolet got two more, and the five little copper colored students were carried over to the Fathers' house, and to save money to feed the five young savages, five civilized workmen had to be discharged.

When the boys were leaving Three Rivers they were told not to go near the Montagnais. The advice was needed, and an event occurred just then at Quebec which showed how horribly degraded those Indians had become. The nervous may well omit the account of it.

An Iroquois brave had been captured and was handed over to the squaws to be tortured. They seized him as he stepped out of the canoe and hurried him off to their principal wigwam. The dance was the first act in the hideous performance, and while the poor wretch was going through its evolutions a shrivelled old hag kept beating him with a knotted rope as fiercely as her strength would permit; another pounded him on the back and stomach with a stone, and a third slashed his back with a knife till he was all streaming with blood. They had not gone far in giving vent to their fury when an old savage who was lying on the ground, wasting away with an incurable disease and already looking almost like a skeleton, suddenly sprang to his feet and clutching the Iroquois by the neck, bit off his ear and then stuffed it into the victim's mouth and tried to make him eat it. Strange to say the prisoner took the morsel with apparent pleasure, chewed it for a time, and not being able to swallow it, threw it into the fire.

This went on all day, and when evening came they tied a rope around the prisoner and dragged him from cabin to cabin, a furious squaw lashing him meantime, her strokes keeping time with a dirge that she was singing. Other horrors were perpetrated which, Le Jeune says, "this paper would blush to record." Finally the Governor was informed of what was going on, and he insisted that they should exercise their savagery elsewhere. Whereupon they crossed the river, strangled their victim, roasted his body and gave it to the dogs and then threw the bones into the stream.

What a people to evangelize! Evidently not only the missions, but even the Christian settlements needed infinite

forbearance to put up with these abominations. The wonder is why armed repression was not resorted to. The difficulty was, that national customs could not be repressed without throwing the whole country into a state of war. They had to be tolerated for the moment.

The Fathers needed no advice to keep their Huron boys from going among these monsters. There was enough of inherent savagery in the pupils themselves to absorb all the energy of their patient teachers. Indeed the chronicles of the first native school furnishes a series of adventures as absorbing as ever filled the pages of an Indian romance.

The scholars were dressed like French boys and taught to bow and lift their hats, and sit properly at table, etc. It was the foolish program of Frenchifying or francization of the savages which years afterwards Frontenac taunted the Fathers with refusing to continue. Of course it was much more important to make them Christians, and they had prayers and instructions which naturally had to be very brief. They made great progress, however, and on the whole were very happy. Of course there were accidents and fights, for, says the record, "they were as hard to manage as so many wild asses." Unfortunately two of them died, and the Fathers were in consternation, for both were heirs-apparent to much wampum and great offices in their tribes. Satouta, the little man who was the only one who was willing to leave home, was the grandson of a great chief who was called by the French "the Admiral of his country," for through his hands everything had to pass. The other one, Teiko, had given wonderful promise as an orator. Would their death cause an uprising among the tribes? Happily, the pestilence was raging in Huronia just then, and it was thought that it was only in the course of nature that the boys should succumb like their relatives. There was still, however, some apprehension that their deaths might be thought to have resulted from fights they had been in. But it turned out that boylike they had merely

eaten too much, and had not been able to wrestle with the solid nourishment of a French table. Though purgatives and bleedings were vigorously resorted to, as medical science required in those days, the poor little fellows died and went off to join the angels.

The school was now reduced to three pupils, and one of the three became homesick. He did not complain of ill-treatment, but was longing for his tepee and the woods. Just as he was on the point of withdrawing, however, it was announced that a great number of Hurons were expected at Three Rivers, and the boys were therefore given a congé and sent up to the colony to see their relatives. Father Daniel went with them, and in the account of what happened we have a very interesting story of a break in the studies at Notre Dame des Anges. It so happened that a light-headed and talkative chief reached Three Rivers before the rest of his party. He was an uncle of one of the Indian pupils, and told them he had heard on the way that the Hurons had killed two Frenchmen, and that as an atonement would have to be made, very probably the two boys were the most likely victims to be chosen. They, of course, were terrified, and resolved to abscond. The project became known and the chief was arrested. He escaped, however, from the fort by jumping over the bastion, but a soldier saw him and a hand to hand fight ensued, with the result that the chief was led back to confinement and accused of trying to kidnap the two Huron boys. Fortunately just then some Hurons arrived, and reported that there was no truth in the rumor about the murder of the Frenchmen; a piece of intelligence which brought peace to every one. Nevertheless, the boy who first caused the trouble, Joseph Tewatiron, persisted in his desire to return home, and about the 22d of July, 1637, he set out with Father Ragueneau for Huronia.

They were travelling along very contentedly; one happy in the probability of soon becoming a martyr, the other in

the prospect of again becoming a savage, when they saw a number of canoes coming towards them. Were they Iroquois? No; Hurons; and in the lead was the uncle of the boy. "Where are you going?" he asked very angrily. "Home," was the answer. "You are not," said the chief; "get into a canoe behind and follow me. You have been well treated at Quebec and must keep your word." Very meekly the young Indian obeyed, while Father Ragueneau continued on his way up the river alone. All went well till Joseph and his uncle arrived at Lake St. Peter, between Three Rivers and Sorel. An Indian warwhoop was heard. It was the Iroquois. A brief battle followed and then all was over. Uncle and nephew were in the hands of the foe, and for some time Three Rivers knew nothing of what had happened.

After a time the river was thought to be clear, and on the 6th of August two Huron canoes started for home. That night at 10 o'clock the long drawn out wail was heard. Ouai! Ouai! It was the Huron cry announcing bad news. The Indians in the fort pricked up their ears and silently waited. At last in the early morning one of the canoes reached the shore. They had met the Iroquois and the other boat had been captured. Then followed a scene of wild disorder. The men seized their weapons and the squaws swarmed into the fort. Scouts were sent out and they returned at daybreak with the report that they had heard the shouts of a great number of Iroquois who were apparently rejoicing over their booty. There must have been two hundred men also, in ambush, at the entrance of Lake St. Peter.

This announcement filled every one with terror. The women seized their children and started, some for Quebec, and others up the St. Maurice. The braves asked to enter the fort, but as the French knew by experience that such alarms were often groundless they hesitated. At last an Iroquois canoe was seen out on the river, sometimes present-

ing its bow to the fort, sometimes its side, as if in defiance. That was enough. The Hurons and Algonquins were let into the redoubt, and there they began a war dance. One seized an axe, another a club, another a shield, and leaped around with wild capers howling and yelling like demons. The old writer of the "Relations" remarks: "they were usually exhausted when it was time to fight."

Montmagny surveyed the scene for a moment, and then quietly got his own men in line and brought the Indians to their senses, assigning them to various posts in case any fighting had to be done. As the challenging canoe appeared from time to time out in the river, he ordered Nicolet to go out with the barque to reconnoitre, and he came back with the news that there were five hundred Iroquois in the neighborhood. They were seen by him, but as they were not near enough for a musket shot, the cannon was trained on them, and soon they were scurrying through the reeds on the shore carrying the bodies of some of their comrades, who had been killed or wounded. This news again started the howls of the Indians in the fort, and again they had to be repressed. It was fortunate that Montmagny was on hand to control them.

Nothing, however, happened just then, but later on, a fugitive came in stark naked and reported that he had been pursued by the Iroquois close up to the fort. Evidently an attack was imminent, and Montmagny despatched a canoe to Quebec for reinforcements. Finally, at nightfall, some Indians came in with the news of the capture of the Huron chief and his nephew. At midnight other warriors arrived and announced that Lake St. Peter was alive with Iroquois. They themselves had been hotly pursued and had barely escaped being taken.

Next day, the 9th, while every one was waiting in terror, not knowing what might happen, a wild cry arose: "The Iroquois! The Iroquois!" There was a rush to the stockade and lo! out in the river in an Iroquois canoe sat

a naked Indian with a long pole in his hand What did it mean? Was it another defiance? Was it a prelude to a general attack? It was feared that the five hundred Iroquois were already in the woods around the fort. The gunner took aim at the audacious savage in the canoe. "Stop," said the Governor, "not yet." "We strained our eyes," says the "Relation," "as the boat came nearer, until it finally reached the shore. We saw the Indian walk deliberately to the fort We held our breath. What did it all mean? At last sone one gasped out: 'Perhaps it is our seminarian, Joseph Tewatiron.' 'It is indeed,' said the Governor. 'I know his stride,' and so it was. We welcomed him with delight and he told us his story."

"When we saw my uncle's canoe surrounded," he said, "we plied our paddles vigorously to escape, hotly pursued by the Iroquois. We made for the shore, and scattered through the woods, flinging off our clothes so as to run faster. The enemy pursued us but night came on and they gave up the chase. I remained one day in concealment, and then made my way cautiously to the river, where I found an Iroquois canoe. I was very much frightened, for I thought I had fallen into their hands. I listened and then crept around but heard and saw nothing; so I tore off the limb of a tree and determined to return to the place I had abandoned." "Did you pray?" asked Daniel. "I never stopped praying," he answered, "that God would protect me."

Great as the happiness of all was, some suspected that Joseph might, after all, be nothing but an Iroquois spy, who had been given his life on the condition that he might come down with this strange story to betray the fort. But the poor boy soon convinced them that their suspicions were unfounded, for he wanted to go back immediately to Quebec to take some needed rest and to heal the wounds he had received in his flight.

"What about your uncle," asked Daniel. "I taught him

all I knew about the Faith while we were coming down the river," replied the boy. "I do not know what happened afterwards." But that night he found out. A great fire flared up on the other side of the river. Some Hurons and Montagnais went across to see what it meant, and they brought back two of Joseph's companions. It was they who had started the fire as a signal of distress. The fugitives were welcomed and the garrison crowded around to hear the story. "I escaped from the enemy," said one of them. "I was hidden in the reeds and I heard the Iroquois torturing the captives. I could distinguish the voice of the chief Tarantouan, singing as vigorously and as gaily as if he were among his friends. I was lying naked in a swamp and was suffering very much, but the thought of the poor chief gave me courage, though three times I was on the point of giving myself up, until I finally got the chance of stealing away and here I am."

He corroborated the story of Joseph in all its details, and after a few days Daniel took his three boys and set out for Quebec. The Governor was away at the time hunting for Iroquois, but M. de Chateaufort, imitating what had been done on a former occasion, ordered the cannon of the fort to salute the little barque as it sailed down the St. Lawrence. It was to show the savages what esteem was had for those who embraced the Faith. They reached Quebec in safety and studies were resumed even while on their way to the city. Such was the first vacation of the first Huron college. Later on new scholars arrived, but they were the reverse of what was wanted. One boy especially was so corrupt that he had to be sent away. Two others decamped of their own accord. For although they had been cared for affectionately for several months, they were as savage as ever; liars, thieves, gluttons and worse, and they could not stand the restraint. By dint of lying and stealing they secured a canoe and plenty of provisions, and one fine morning vanished from sight over the waters of the St. Law-

rence. The number was thus again reduced to two, but it was a mercy of God, for there were many sick people in the neighborhood just then, and it was better to feed them than those young scapegraces from the west. But the two boys who remained were worth keeping. One was the lad who had just escaped from the Iroquois, the other was called Armand, who later on became an apostle of his people. His full name was Armand Jean, given to him in honor of Richelieu, and he well deserved the distinction accorded him. We shall speak of him in another chapter.

Meantime Montmagny was scouring the river in search of the Iroquois. On the 11th two shallops fully equipped arrived at Three Rivers, and a barque and more boats were on their way, but the Governor would not wait. He started out immediately in pursuit of the enemy, taking Father Le Jeune with him. It was night, and a fair wind carried them across Lake St. Peter. Not a sound was heard, but at dawn it was thought that they were near the foe. There was a dense smoke on the shore, near where the river enters the lake, and it was surmised that the enemy could not be far away. All haste was made to reach the place but the birds had flown. It was useless to follow, for their canoes were lighter than the barques and shallops of the French. Deeply disappointed, the pursuers went ashore to examine more closely. They found on the river bank a board formerly used as the arms of a cross which had been planted by du Plessis. The savages had torn it off the upright, and had painted on it the heads of the thirty Huron captives, and fastened it on a tree where it could not escape the notice of anyone that passed that way. Two heads were larger than the others. One of them represented the great chief Tarantouan. There were also the heads of two children, and of two boys who had started for the school at Quebec but had never reached it. With the exception of one head which was painted black, the rest were in red. Red signified captivity, black death. A little later the body

of the poor wretch who was slain was found floating in the river. But that was all, and there was nothing to be done but to return. Montmagny and his men were deeply chagrined, chiefly because the Iroquois never knew they were pursued. It was a bad mark against the courage of the French.

CHAPTER II.

Armand the Huron.

In the course of the year 1637 alarming reports began to come to Quebec about the missions. Rumor had it that all the Fathers had been murdered. Montmagny was very much distressed and would gladly have sent a detachment of soldiers to find out what had really happened, and to punish the offenders in case the report was true. But he had only a slim garrison at Quebec, and if he sent a small number of soldiers they might easily be caught in the enemy's country and annihilated. In this emergency the two Indian seminarists came to the rescue. They volunteered to go, and send back word about the condition of the country. The offer was gladly accepted. It meant, of course, danger of death at every step, but that did not deter them, and they determined to go. A young Frenchman, whose name is unfortunately not given, asked to accompany them as did a number of Algonquins

"We also sent the Father who had instructed them," says the "Relation," but it omits to give his name; and one hesitates for a moment, because Pijart had been sent down to take Daniel's place, who had fallen desperately sick because of the failure of his educational scheme. But as we find Daniel back again in the missions about this time, and as the clerical guide appointed for this expedition is spoken of as keeping his Indians singing all the way, all doubts are dispelled. It was he who returned with Armand. Quebec was unable to cure him, and so he was sent back to undergo the incredible hardships and privations of Indian life, to effect his restoration to health. The Algonquins started out gaily with the young Hurons, and went like the wind, although the spring freshets and melting snows had

swollen the St. Lawrence and made the current fiercer than ever. Unfortunately Daniel did not speak Algonquin, and could not instruct his boatmen in the Faith, who would have listened to him gladly. But he did the next best thing. He had a sort of litany of the principal dogmas, in their language, and he taught them to sing it, so that every morning and night or whenever they passed an Indian settlement the united voices of the savages carried a profession of faith over the waters.

They had not gone far when young Armand met with a misfortune. Rounding a point where the water surged and boiled like the incoming tide of the sea, his canoe upset and for a moment he was given up for lost. The young Algonquin, his companion, having nothing to look after and thinking only of saving his own skin, was soon out of danger; but Armand had been entrusted with a box in which were a chalice, a chasuble and all the other precious things for the altar, and he saw it sink on one side of the canoe while he went down on the other. Daniel, who was on shore, fell on his knees to implore the help of God, while the brave boy fought fiercely for his life, until at last, with his body all bruised and his hands lacerated, his strength gave out, and he sunk to the bottom of the river. But a prayer sprung up from his heart: "O, Master of life," he said, "Thou canst do all things. Thou canst let me die or make me live. Thou art my God." His prayer was heard. Just then a great wave tossed him against the bank, and clutching the bushes which were growing there, he clung to them with all his strength, although the fierce torrent strove to tear him away. With shouts of joy his companions hurried to his rescue. To Father Daniel it seemed as if his beloved child had risen from the grave, and he affectionately embraced him. Armand thought only of the loss of the box, but the priest reproached him tenderly and exclaimed: "Enough! Enough! we have you, and let us bless God for having saved you from death."

A few days after that the canoes became separated, and Daniel was the last to arrive at a long and difficult portage that had to be made. Enfeebled by his long sickness and exhausted with hunger, for he had eaten nothing since early morning, and also wearied out by the painful journey over rocks and through swamps and woods, and probably affected by the scorching sun, he began to reel under the heavy pack he was carrying and fell in a faint to the ground. He was all alone; his companions having gone ahead at a rapid pace to gain time. When consciousness returned he was too feeble to rise. He found near him three or four gooseberries which we are assured, though we are tempted to doubt the holy man's word, gave him new strength. He attempted to walk, but his aching head and tottering limbs forced him to lie down again. "I thought of Agar and the prophet Elias in the wilderness," he said, "and I wondered if God would help me as He did them, but my sins prevented me from hoping for such a favor. However, I was consoled by the thought that if I died, it was through obedience. I remained an hour or two in this state, when my men, perceiving my absence, came back to look for me. I asked them for something to eat but they said they had nothing. They helped me up, took my pack and encouraged me to walk, and soon we came to a rivulet which refreshed me somewhat and gave me strength to reach Allumettes towards evening. There I found my two seminarists, and also the young Frenchman, who were very much alarmed, for they had been waiting for me for two days. I met Armand's relatives and went to their cabin, but at night the Algonquins came to ask me to go with them to sing their litanies. I was very tired, but I dragged myself to their wigwam, for it was sweeter for me than for them. We heard that the Fathers were safe, though they had been in considerable danger, and so after remaining a week on the Island to recuperate, we resumed our journey and reached Ihonitiria July 9th, having left Montreal the 11th of June."

Daniel was evidently very cruel to himself. To start out after a long illness, on a month's journey up through the wilderness of the Ottawa, to carry his pack like the sturdiest Indian of the party, to have often nothing to eat all day except, as on this occasion, four gooseberries, and then, after lying almost dead on the road, to stagger into the Indian town and pass long hours of the night listening to a set of howling savages singing litanies which were "sweeter to him than to them," is to do what only a man of heroic spiritual stature could attempt.

The boy Armand amazed and delighted the Fathers at Ihonitiria. He was their unflinching and fearless champion, and dared even to outface the greatest chief in defence of them; an attitude which was a flagrant defiance of Indian proprieties. He went around explaining the mysteries of the Faith; labored to improve the morals of the people, and all the time, though at a considerable distance away from the priests, he led a life of purity and prayer which astounded the red men. He became one of the most fearless warriors of the nation, was always in the forefront of battle, and apparently immune against the weapons of the enemy. "God protects me," he used to say; "the arrows seem to be coming straight at me in a shower, and then in a most remarkable manner they turn aside."

In the summer of 1642 he was the centre of a very remarkable occurrence. A party of braves were returning from the war path; all of them belonging to St. Michel, which was one of Daniel's missions. When crossing a great lake which was about sixty miles in length (evidently our present Lake Simcoe), they were caught in a furious storm. Death stared them in the face, for their little bark canoe could never withstand the violence of the waves. Already through the howling of the tempest was heard the moaning chant of the savages, which they usually sung in battle when all hope of life was lost. They saw the waves sweep over them and each moment expected to go to the bottom.

The only Christian in the boat was Armand. "Comrades," he cried, "your voices are drowned in this storm. They can never penetrate into hell where your miserable demons are burning. You call on them in vain. They cannot hear you. For me, I shall have recourse to God, for I know that he is everywhere, and will surely hear my prayer and if He wishes, will have pity on us although you have offended him. Stop," he said to the man in the stern, "let the canoe go with the wind, so that the one in front will not have to fend off the waves that are dashing against us. He must be at rest to pray." They all bent their heads humbly while Armand made a vow to God as his devotion prompted, and lo! the canoe stood still and the water near them was as smooth as glass, while every where else the storm continued in unabated fury; "great enough," says the "Relation," "to sink a thousand canoes had they been there."

The Indians came home and told Father Daniel the wonderful story, and it was repeated in all the villages. Doubtless the weary missionary thought then that his school had not been altogether a failure. To have produced Armand Andewarahan was a sufficient justification for everything that had been done to make it a success.

What became of this wonderful Indian? Was he killed in one of the many raids, or taken prisoner and tortured at the stake, and did he remain a faithful Christian in spite of the horrible conditions in which he was compelled to live?

He appears again in a fight with the Iroquois in 1648, in which very many romantic incidents are interwoven, beginning with a curious and somewhat suspicious occurrence in front of the fort at Three Rivers. It was the 30th of May, and some French canoes had gone out into the river to examine the nets when they saw the dark face of an Iroquois who was swimming towards them. As he was alone, the white men were not alarmed, and they took him into one of the boats. Then they heard a voice from

the shore and saw a Huron who had been formerly captured by the Iroquois, and adopted by one of their tribes, who also made signs to them, and asked to be taken aboard. When the two were together they assured the white men that the Iroquois had no grudge against the French, but were bent only on killing the Algonquins. They both agreed to go straight to the fort and give themselves up as hostages, to prove the truth of their words. Meantime the Iroquois had made the extraordinary assertion that he had tried to save the life of Father Jogues, and in proof of what he said he showed a scar on his arm where he had been wounded by the tomahawk that killed the martyr. "I tried to save the life of Lalande, also," he said, "but the young men carried him off before I could reach him." Whether he was lying or not they could not tell, but we are assured that "he seemed better than the other Indians."

About a month after, another Iroquois was seen prowling around the fort at night, and his two tribesmen were made to stand out on the wall and shout to him not to harm the French. Whereupon the marauder was admitted to the fort, and after the three had conversed a while, they reported to the Commandant that there was a large party of Iroquois in the neighborhood, who had their sachems with them and had come up to make peace. "Send one of us down," they said, "to let them know that we are well treated." Later, another Iroquois was admitted.

Willing to play the game to the end, the French allowed one of them to depart. He returned, as he had agreed, and reported that a canoe would arrive off the fort for a parley on the next day. At the appointed time the boat was seen full of warriors, all of them well armed. The chief swam ashore, and after a conference with the whites two more Iroquois gave themselves up as hostages. It seemed very much like playing with fire to let these treacherous and cunning savages inside the entrenchments, but the French probably knew what they were doing. Finally after some

days two of the four hostages went down the river, and induced the whole party to go back to the Mohawk to inform the tribe of the peaceful dispositions of the French.

Now the villain of the story shows his hand. The Huron-Iroquois who had all this time been in the fort asked leave to go to Montreal to release some furs which he had left there with a trader. As the Commandant wanted to communicate with Maisonneuve, the permission was granted, but the Huron never went to Montreal. On the contrary, he hunted up a roving band of Iroquois, and told them a blood-curdling story about the treatment of the captive Iroquois at Three Rivers, and wrought them up to such fury that they fell upon a party of whites and Hurons quite near the fort, killing some and carrying off others as prisoners. The news was very startling for the Iroquois at Three Rivers. They had apparently been playing false. They were caught, and were convinced that they would be put to death. But the French reassured them, and said that Christians did not break their word in that fashion. No harm would be done to them; so both sides settled down to wait for developments.

It was now the 14th of July, when on the other side of the river some one was seen waving his blanket in the air, and signalling to be taken across. It was evidently a fugitive. A shallop was made ready and filled with armed men to forestall a surprise. Their progress was slow, for there was very little wind, and they saw the distant Indian begin to make some kind of a raft and then get on it, and paddle straight for the shallop. As he came near, French words could be heard mingled with Huron: "Venez, venez." The Indian reached the boat when it was in mid-stream. It was Armand Andewarahan. Everyone knew him, and all haste was made back to the fort where the throng gathered around him, eagerly plying him with questions. "Let me alone," he cried; "lead me to the Prayer House, and get me one of the Fathers. I want to go to confession." "I assure you

he was well prepared," says the "Relation," "for in danger Faith works marvels."

He would not leave the chapel till he had performed his penance, and then coming out he shouted in a jovial way: "Now get me something to eat for I am starving. It is twenty-four hours since I tasted food."

"I was captured by the Iroquois," he told them, "and was sent up from the Mohawk River with a party who were going to make a raid on Quebec. We were two days out from the last Mohawk village when we met the first band of Iroquois who had left this place, and they told us such a fine story of the good treatment of the prisoners that every one was delighted. The plan to attack Quebec was abandoned, and the warriors began to contribute wampum so as to make a good present when we reached the fort. After a while the second body, with the French prisoners came along with another story, viz: that the Iroquois in the fort were being tortured. I denounced it as a lie, but I was not listened to. All thoughts of peace were abandoned, and the old plan was resumed and we came up here. They are down below you, a hundred strong, and are on both sides of the river. I succeeded in getting away from them and here I am."

This story aroused the four Iroquois hostages to fury against the treacherous Huron whose lies had brought on all the trouble. "Send one of us down to see our people," they said, "and if he does not return, kill the other three who remain." The offer was accepted, and one of them left the fort. At midnight he was heard outside clamoring for admission. "I was nearly killed," he said, "for they mistook me for a Huron. They were astonished to hear that we were safe and sound, and are determined to take vengeance on the Huron who misled them. They will be here to-morrow, if you let them know by a report of a cannon that I have arrived and have delivered this message."

In accordance with this request the cannon boomed over

the St. Lawrence at midnight, and next morning two Iroquois canoes appeared far out in the river beyond the reach of the guns. But there were no French prisoners with them as had been agreed. While they were waiting there, the Iroquois hostages stood on the walls of the fort hurling denunciations at their countrymen for leaving them to be killed. "Whether it was all a bit of stage play or not," says the "Relation," "the sequel will show."

Two days passed by and the Iroquois were still prowling around. On the 17th of July a pretence was made to attack them and they asked for a parley. They said they were hungry and were looking for a supply of food. They lied, of course, for afterwards, eighty sacks of corn were found in their canoes. The French refused to treat with them unless the white prisoners were delivered up, and the Iroquois turned away in a very surly mood, but before they withdrew, a captive Huron, who was with them, whispered to one of his compatriots that it was all a scheme, and that in a day or two, Three Rivers would be invested on all sides. That night, however, the prisoner who had claimed to have defended Father Jogues went down among the Iroquois, and brought back a white man named Couture, who said he was a relative of the Couture who had been Father Jogues' companion.

While all this manœuvring was going on, two Huron canoes were seen coming down the stream, all the time sticking close to the north shore. They had scarcely shown themselves, when instantly a great number of Iroquois boats darted from the reeds where they were concealed to intercept them. They went like the wind. The tocsin of the fort was sounded; the garrison rushed to arms, when suddenly a volley of musketry was heard in the distance; then another, and finally the sound died away in the woods. Was it a trick to lure the garrison out of the defences? No one could tell, and for safety sake the men were ordered inside the palisade. But they were scarcely at their posts when the news came

that it was a genuine battle, and that a body of two hundred Hurons had been disastrously defeated. The soldiers hung their heads in grief and shame. Their allies had been murdered near at hand, and had received no help. They were gloomy and depressed, when suddenly a solitary Huron canoe was seen approaching, followed by two others which were clearly Iroquois. A rush was made for the boats in order to protect the fugitive, and the garrison stood on the beach to await the result. The Huron canoe was seen to stop as if expecting to be attacked. Then some one cried: "Look, they are saluting each other." Then all together, in the most friendly fashion paddled down the stream together. They approached the shore and lo! seated in the canoe holding aloft the banner of the cross was Father Bressani, who was thought to be in Huronia. Loud huzzahs greeted him as he stepped ashore, and every one threw their arms about him and cried "Tell us what it means?" "Not yet," he answered. "Come to the church first and let us sing a *Te Deum* to thank God; the Iroquois are defeated."

When Bressani had satisfied his piety he told them this story: "We could not come down last year because we were closely invested, but we resolved to do it this year at any cost, for we were starving to death. We started out two hundred and fifty strong. With us were one hundred and twenty Christians who never failed to say their prayers publicly, twice a day, in spite of the pagans around them. Never did they observe such order and vigilance. For two hundred leagues we saw no sign of the enemy, until we came here near Three Rivers, when the braves went ashore to paint up for their triumphant entry into the fort. A detachment had already got out into the river when the Iroquois caught sight of them, and, as you saw, swept down upon us like the wind. We formed in a semicircle to receive them. It was a fierce fight with muskets and knives, and not one would have escaped had not some cowards faltered, and let a number of them break

through the line. Even they could have been caught, but the desire to rest after the long journey prevented pursuit."

Bressani was finishing his story, when the victorious Hurons were seen approaching. It was a grewsome spectacle. Sixty canoes moved slowly down the stream, holding the bloody scalps in the air, the victors keeping time with their paddles while the Iroquois chanted their doleful death song as a preparation for the torture that awaited them. But when they were brought in, only one was made to suffer, and he was a renegade Huron. The torments were atrocious, but the Fathers could not prevent the execution, for the savage law was peremptory on that point.

Bressani, of course, was the hero of the occasion. Montmagny came up from Quebec to salute the victors; and after the usual councils, the Hurons got into their canoes and paddled homewards, taking with them Gabriel Lalemant, who was soon to die at St. Ignace, and four other Jesuits: Fathers Bonin, Greslon, d'Aran, and Brother Noirclair. It is quite likely that our Indian, Armand, who was conspicuous in all the fights in this war at Three Rivers, had not yet heard of the death of his beloved Father Daniel, which occurred at St. Joseph's on the 4th of July previous. However, some intelligence of it may have been brought down by Indians before the new expedition started up the river.

We do not know whether he returned home with the missionaries, but very likely he did. After that we lose sight of him for seven years, and then our eyes are delighted by a glorious record of him in the "Relation" of 1655, which describes the condition of the Hurons who had come down after the wreck of the missions to the Isle d'Orleans. It reads thus: "This year there died at this place a remarkable young Indian, who for seventeen years not only never proved false to the promises of his baptism, but who, on the contrary, improved each year in piety and devotion. His name is Armand Andewarahan." It was no other than our

young hero, whose career all through the horrors of savage life had shed such glory on the Faith.

Although he was absent when Daniel was put to death, it is more than likely, though we cannot positively affirm it, that next year he was among the gallant Bears who routed the Iroquois at the time that de Brébeuf and Lalemant were martyred; that he had seen St. Mary's given over to the flames, and was among those who came down with Ragueneau after Christian Island was abandoned. At all events he was now a member of Chaumonot's famous Sodality, which used to send its birch-bark letters and wampum belts to the great shrines of Europe.

To that Indian Sodality no ordinary Christian could belong. They called themselves the Servants of Mary, and they were not merely nominal servants. They met at daybreak on Sundays and festivals, and instead of the Office recited their beads in alternate choirs, taking about an hour to do so; because after every decade there was an exhortation, sometimes by the Father Director, sometimes by the Indian Prefect. It is not said that Armand filled that office, but as the prefect is described in the "Relation" as "a Christian of rare virtue and holy zeal," we may be pardoned if we try to see him in that function.

The recitation of the beads was only a preparation for Mass, during which they sang the *Gloria in excelsis* and *Credo* in Huron. The women's voices, we are told, were particularly sweet.

At nightfall every Sunday they assembled for Benediction, and sang the litanies or a hymn in honor of the Blessed Virgin. They were all irreproachable in their conduct, and the fact that a girl was a Child of Mary absolutely debarred any attention being paid to her by dissolute Indians. The purity of their consciences and the tenderness of their piety were the talk of everyone.

If not the Prefect, Armand was one of the conspicuous members of the Sodality. Every day he heard two Masses,

kneeling erect on the bare ground, his hands clasped in prayer. The bitterest cold never kept him away. When he had concluded his devotions, he labored at his little patch of earth, and when he rested it was to recite his beads, which he did five or six times a day. Finally he fell ill and asked to be taken to the hospital, so as to be cared for by the Holy Maidens as the Hurons called the nuns. They were delighted to receive him, and as his illness seemed a slight one he was about to leave, when he had a relapse and called for Father Chaumonot. He made his confession with deep compunction of heart and the profoundest gratitude for the gift of the Faith. When extreme unction was administered he died, and thus the curtain drops on the romantic career of Armand Andewarahan.

There is a beautiful epilogue to this life drama of the young Indian. His wife, Félicite, was a pious Christian, but after Armand's death, her brother, who had been adopted by the Iroquois, asked her to join him. She loved him tenderly and was about to go. The Fathers warned her of the danger of living among pagans, but she replied: "There is no danger for me. I love my brother indeed, but I love Christ more." She was already in the canoe and was bidding her friends good-bye. "If you really love God more than your brother," said the priest, "you ought in that case to make the sacrifice of your brother's love for God." The poor woman was silent for a moment and tears streamed down her cheeks. "Must I do that?" she asked. "If I must, I will, if I die for it." She fell into a swoon and for twenty-four hours remained unconscious, and was thought to be at the point of death. Finally she recovered. Her heart was broken but she remained true to her promise till she went to join her holy Armand. "The souls of these Indians," says the "Relation," "are capable of divine impulses, and faith elevates them as it does us above the sentiments of nature."

It may be remembered that just before the fight in 1648,

an Iroquois swam out to a French canoe in the St. Lawrence and asked to be taken as a hostage to the fort at Three Rivers, claiming that he had attempted to save the life of Father Jogues two years before. Though the French doubted his story, they took very kindly to him. He was quite superior to the rest of the savages, and when the war was over and the other hostages had either decamped or been dismissed, Le Berger, as they called him, remained in the fort, and some of the French began to grow nervous about him. It was even intimated that the best thing to do was to kill him, as he knew too much about the weakness of the defences—a suggestion which shows how association with savages reacts upon civilized man. Better counsels prevailed, however, and he was sent to Quebec. On the way down he was securely bound at night with ropes and chains, to prevent him from going overboard and taking to the woods; an unintelligible precaution, because he could have escaped at any time during the preceding months. To the surprise of every one, however, he stood on deck next morning perfectly free of his fetters. The next night he was bound more securely than ever, but with the same result as before. The Frenchmen were much alarmed and began to think that they had to do with a wizard, and deliberated very seriously about dropping him into the river with a weight attached to his heels.

When he arrived at Quebec the priest asked him how it all happened, and he quietly answered: "I prayed. When I saw myself so badly treated by the French, from whom I learned all I know about the Almighty, and as I felt myself suffering very much from the way they bound me I prayed to God: 'O Thou who hast made all things, Thou knowest that the French are doing wrong in treating me so harshly. They take me for a traitor which I am not. Thou who knowest it, have pity on me.' When I had said these words the chains fell off though I had made no effort to set myself free." "Thus," says Ragueneau, "God wrought

a miracle to save this soul, and though again and again the soldiers and sailors and a surgeon who was on board used all their ingenuity to bind him, he was always free and there was no break noticeable in the ropes or chains."

The poor fellow was a puzzle to everyone, and they thought the best thing to do was to send him to France along with Father Le Jeune, who was just about to sail. So they departed together, and on the way over, the Indian delighted every one by his gentleness of manner as well as his eagerness to be instructed in the Faith, of which he knew a great deal already.

When they reached Havre and he saw the fleets of ships, the houses crowding on each other, and the throngs of people on the street he became speechless. He now believed all he had heard from the palefaces in America. It happened to be market day when he left Havre for Dieppe, and as the country roads were as thronged as the city streets, it added to his amazement. He had not his usual savage stride as he walked along, for he was wearing French shoes which soon became intolerable, so he took them off and went barefoot, though it was well on in December and the roadway was abominable. By the time he had reached Dieppe he had injured himself, and was suffering besides from an incipient fever, caught probably on shipboard; so Father Le Jeune put him in a hospital, intending to go on alone to Paris. But the poor Indian could speak to no one and was very lonesome, so he begged to continue the journey. He attempted it, but had to be brought back again to Dieppe. There he was a model of good behavior. He was constantly in the chapel or kneeling in the corridor when the priest passed by carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick. Strange to say he had not yet been baptized, and when anyone wished to make him happy it was only necessary to intimate that he would soon be made a Christian. He was a constant delight to the good Sisters, and became a hero when a fire broke out next to the hospital.

Sick as he was he scaled the burning building and did more than a dozen others to extinguish the flames. He had had plenty of practice in that kind of exercise in his native village. Finally he heard that Le Jeune wanted him in Paris, and fancying he was sufficiently strong pleaded to go. The priest met him in the great city, but the fever was burning him up and he had again to be put to bed. All the time he was begging to be baptized, but again and again it was deferred. At last he fell into convulsions, and when he revived and saw the priest standing over him with surplice and stole, to begin the ceremony, his joy knew no bounds. A half an hour after becoming a Christian his soul went off to join Father Jogues, who had evidently watched over his heroic defender, and had led him to heaven. Incidentally it is a curious instance of delay in the matter of baptism.

CHAPTER III.

The Last Days.

We have wandered far from Father Daniel, but the study of the virtue of young Armand will have helped us to appreciate the greatness of the spiritual guide who had led him in the paths of holiness. We may now, however, return to the time when they both found themselves in Huronia, after the failure of the Indian school in Quebec. It was in the year 1638, and as far as we can unravel the tangled skein of the chronology of the " Relations," his return must have been before August 28. In the following year we find him at Ossossané, with five other Jesuits. At that time and possibly before, he was known as *Anouenen,* which seems to be the result of an Indian attempt to pronounce the name Daniel.

During 1638 and 1639 he went to the various Indian towns among which was Tenaustaye or St. Joseph's, with which ten years later he was to be so tragically associated. In 1640 Jerome Lalemant abolished all the residences except St. Mary's on the Wye, and from that time the Fathers travelled during the winter months to the various aggregations of people throughout the country. Daniel seems to have been assigned most frequently to St. John the Baptist, which was down near the shores of what is now Lake Simcoe, near the present town of Hawkstone. This town prided itself as being the place at which Champlain remained the longest time on the occasion of his visit to Huronia. It was known as Cahiagué, and the memory of the great explorer was always held in the greatest veneration there, because of the irreproachable purity of his life. " Would to God," exclaims the writer of the " Relation," " that all the Frenchmen who came out here in the beginning had been like him.

We should not now be obliged to blush when the savages cast up to us the shameless debauchery of the voyageurs, and ask us why they should believe in hell since many of the Frenchmen whom they saw seemed to have no fear of it."

From the beginning, the association of the French with this particular section of the tribe naturally suggested a mission. But none of the Fathers except de Brébeuf could as yet speak the language, and, moreover, Ihonitiria demanded all their energies. It was desirable, also, to keep the missionaries together at least until they were formed to the manner of life of the Indians. But the arrival of help from Quebec at last made a mission feasible at Cahiagué, and Daniel and Le Moyne were charged with the work. Their welcome at the place which they called St. John Baptist's was most cordial, each lodge vying with its neighbor in offering them hospitality. The esteem for them increased when the ever recurring malady of the small-pox swept over the town, and the devotion which the Fathers displayed night and day in aiding the sick helped them to win every heart. Indeed, the sanguine missionaries already foresaw the conversion of the entire tribe, when suddenly the sky became overcast. One of the hunters who had been absent when they came, arrived at the village in a state of consternation. "While I was alone in the forest," he said, "a beautiful young man appeared to me and declared that he was the Lord of the World. I am the one whom the French call Jesus, but they do not know me. I have pity on your nation and take it under my protection, and therefore I want to tell you the reason of the sickness that is now destroying you all, and what you are to do to stop it. The cause of it is the presence of those strangers. You see them going everywhere, two and two, in their black gowns. That is to spread the pestilence. The only thing to do is to drive them out. For those who are already attacked by the disease, tell your sachems to get a certain kind of water and let them carry it to the sick all night long, while the

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braves go from cabin to cabin as madmen. This must be kept up till daybreak. Go as fast as you can and have all this done."

The command threw the town into an uproar. Three successive councils were convened, and it was decided that there was no help for it. The injunctions must be carried out to the letter, and that evening, all the chiefs went around exhorting the braves to commit the wildest excesses and immediately the tumult started. Nothing was heard till after midnight but shouts and yells. Men in hideous masks and ridiculous dresses danced through the streets screaming out the direst threats, looting houses, destroying objects of value, and no one dared to stop them. "Meantime," says the "Relation," six old men were trotting around in solemn silence carrying the huge cauldrons of water prescribed by the ghost, and like so many apothecaries pouring it down the throats of the sick." But the night was too cold for those solemn physicians and naked braves, and long before dawn, in spite of the spirit's command, they were rolled up in their blankets.

The failure to be exact in this savage ritual was serious, for if all the conditions of a dream are not fulfilled the charm is broken. So they went at it again, and the horrors were renewed night after night for a week—"the week of the Infant Jesus," moans the horrified Father.

This sudden revulsion of feeling shocked but did not surprise Daniel. The primitive delusion of the missionaries that these guileless savages had no set form of worship and would readily accept the Gospel had long since vanished, and they were now almost convinced that they had to do with devil worship or its equivalent. Indeed there were plenty of things occurring all the time which were very hard to explain by mere natural causes. Thus there was an old sorcerer who could direct the braves almost infallibly where to go for game, telling them what they would get. Implicit trust was placed in him, which was rarely disappointed. He

explained his power by the fact that when he was sixteen, and while performing the official sweating ceremony, a venerable man appeared to him and offered him some human flesh to eat. When that was refused bear's meat was given him which he eat, and he received in consequence his knowledge of the movements of animals. "If I had only eaten the human flesh," he said regretfully, "I could get the best of all our enemies." He also pretended to have been told almost everything that was to happen throughout his life. Of course he may have been lying, but he was believed and venerated by everyone.

For these poor wretches a dream was considered to be a real personality whose commands had to be rigidly obeyed. Thus there is an instance of one unlucky wight dreaming that he was to be tortured by the Iroquois. As in duty bound he consulted his friends, and they solemnly decided that he had to undergo the torture, for which they would act as Iroquois. So they hacked him and gashed him and rolled him in the fire, stopping only short of killing him. To avoid that, they let him escape, and he ran off and caught a dog which he presented to them as a substitute. The animal was roasted and eaten, and the dream-god propitiated. The Iroquois were supposed to have thus vicariously swallowed a Huron.

During all this commotion, none of the Fathers were ill-treated except poor Chaumonot, whose head was badly battered by a stone in the hands of a young reprobate who really intended murder, and would have succeeded had not Daniel and some Indians rushed in between him and his victim. It may be noted that the medical treatment which Chaumonot received was of a kind not known to the modern profession. The doctor scarified the bruise with a hot stone, then spat on the spot and applied a poultice of roots; and the patient was well next day from the blow, if not from the burn. The punishment of the culprit was in accordance with accepted views of justice. The only penalty imposed

was to tell him that he had no sense, and even that mild suggestion had to be made by his next of kin.

In 1641, St. John the Baptist's and St. Joseph's were made one mission, and entrusted to Fathers Daniel and Le Moyne. It was a very considerable increase of labor and danger for them, for the places were far apart, and there was always a chance of meeting the Iroquois on the road in going from one post to the other, but we are assured that the more their trouble increased the happier they were. It was in St. John the Baptist's that Daniel found one of his former seminarists, who had been at Quebec for six months, but had never really got rid of his paganism. Indeed on his return to Huronia, he had every mark of ultimate reprobation stamped on him. But down deep in his heart the good seed had been sprouting. He fell ill, and clamored for the priest. His pagan brother had to tramp off thirty-six miles to get Father Daniel, who found the poor wretch heart-broken over his bad life. He was baptized before he expired, giving the Father one more consolation for his Quebec experiment.

Perhaps the reader may remember the Indian boy who was homesick, and who on the way back to Huronia was nearly caught by the Iroquois but succeeded in making his escape and arriving at Three Rivers. He had returned home with Father Daniel and Armand in 1638, but the evil surroundings were too much for him, and over and over again he fell into grievous disorders. He was finally saved yet "so as by fire," for he was nearly burned to death. Later he expired in the most pious dispositions.

St. Joseph's or Tenaustayé had been always a hard place to manage. It was one of the great Huron towns, and had a population of fifteen or sixteen hundred Indians, or, to be more exact, four hundred families, a census, it may be remarked in passing, which would go to show that the Hurons were not a prolific race. However, many of the children of the tribe died because of the ignorance of their

mothers in taking care of them. They were, indeed, easy victims of disease, want and exposure. Unhappily the size of the town increased the difficulty of its conversion, because of the influential pagan element that had to be dealt with. Nevertheless conversions began to multiply, piety increased, and in 1646 a regular chapel was established, in which the ceremonies of the church were carried out with all the solemnity possible, the Christians having become courageous enough to go through the streets in procession to the cemetery which they insisted on having apart from the common burial ground of the town. Sunday was always a great day there; and many went to Holy Communion, preparing for it two or three days ahead. Weekly confession was common among them. At mid-day on festivals the bell summoned all to the sermon or catechism, and the recitation of the rosary, and the greater part of the afternoon was spent in various exercises of devotion.

In the interests of truth it must be remarked here that the bell which summoned the faithful to prayers must have often made these holy missionaries smile when they heard its clangor. It was not the carillon or *gros bourdon* they had been accustomed to in their native country; nor did it send its loud peal over the village and to the country beyond. It was often only a discarded pot; but the people had great reverence for it; and it is recorded that an old Indian stood at the risk of his life to defend one of these bells which a furious savage was going to tear down from the tree on which it was hung. The massacre of Deerfield, which happened much later on in Connecticut, was said to have been caused in great part because the New Englanders had carried off a bell from an Indian settlement.

St. Joseph's produced some wonderful Christians, two of whom at least deserve recognition here. One of them was Etienne Totiri, who had been with Father Jogues in the fatal meeting near Three Rivers. Though he escaped capture he lost everything he had. When he returned home the

first news he received was that his mother had died in his absence. "Tell me," he said, "did she die a Christian?" When assured that she had expired in the most pious and holy sentiments, he did not want to hear another word. He was perfectly happy. He not only professed his faith openly, but he fenced off a part of his lodge to afford a chapel for the Fathers, though it brought upon him no end of persecution. He went about preaching Christianity, and he dared to do what no other Indian would have attempted.

One day he happened to be in the village of St. Ignatius, just as an Iroquois was being burned to death. In spite of every effort to stop him, he went up to the stake where the victim was writhing and succeeded not only in instructing him, but in inducing him to ask for baptism. As soon as he got the Indian's consent he started like a flash for some water. When he came back with a basin the savages tried to dash it from his hands, but he fought his way fiercely through the crowds, flinging his opponents right and left until he reached the dying Iroquois and forthwith made him a Christian.

On another occasion, when the Christian cemetery was desecrated, Totiri mounted the roof of his cabin and began to shout in a loud voice as was the custom when summoning the tribe to war. Every one seized his weapons and rushed to the scene to find out on what side the enemy was approaching. They saw only Totiri shouting and gesticulating: "The enemy is not outside," he said, "but here in our town. You have dared to desecrate the cemetery of the Christians. God will avenge the insult, for the dead are sacred. Even you pagans will not allow anything you have hung over a grave to be touched. Destroy my lodge if you will; ill-treat me; I will stand it; but as long as I live I will make you know the enormity of your crime and what a terrible thing it is to make God your enemy." His words had their effect and ever afterwards the cemetery was respected.

Ahitsasteari was another Christian of St. Joseph's who, like Totiri, had gone with Father Jogues, but who, unlike his fellow tribesman, had been unable to escape. He ended his life in torture on the Mohawk. He was a great loss, for among the Hurons there was no chief like him. In 1641 he, with only fifty warriors, withstood and put to flight a body of three hundred Iroquois, and in the summer before he set out with Jogues, he gave a wonderful exhibition of daring. It was his greatest exploit. He happened to be out on Lake Ontario with a few braves, when they saw a great number of Iroquois swooping down on them. His companions wanted to take to flight, but he cried out: "No, no, let us attack them," and he made straight for the Iroquois. Naked as he was he leaped into their largest canoe, and with his tomahawk he smashed the head of the first Indian he met. Flinging the two others into the lake he sprang after them, upsetting the canoe as he left it and swimming with one one hand and wielding the axe with the other, he killed everyone he could reach. Even the Iroquois had never seen anything like it, and they turned their canoes and fled. Ahitsasteari then got into his own canoe, pursued the Indians whom he had thrown into the lake and brought them all back as prisoners to his village.

He was not then a Christian, but had always been friendly to the missionaries, and at last asked for baptism. It was in the winter of 1641. "Two days from now," he said, "I am going out on the war-path. Tell me where shall my soul go if I die without being baptized. If you saw my heart as clearly as does the Great Master of life, I would already be ranked among the Christians, and the fear of hell would not be in my soul when I am face to face with death. I cannot baptize myself. I can only tell you sincerely what I desire. After that, if I go to hell you will be the cause of it. But in any case I will pray to God and perhaps He will have mercy on me, for you say He is better than you."

"But what makes you want to be baptized?" he was asked. "Before you were in the country," he replied, "I saw myself escaping a thousand dangers in which my companions perished. I thought there was some spirit that was protecting me. I did not attribute it to the dream superstition. I knew the stupidity and nonsense of that; and when I heard you preach of the greatness of God, and of what Jesus Christ did when He was on earth, I recognized that it was He who had protected me, and I resolved to honor Him all my life. When going to war I prayed to Him morning and night, and it is He who has given me all my victories. I believe in Him and ask for baptism, so that after my death He will have pity on me."

Of course he was baptized. It was then Holy Saturday, and after the Easter devotions he assembled his braves and addressed them: "We are Christians. Let us be of one heart and one soul. On our way let us stop only at the lodges of Christians, and let us help one another, so that our friends may see what bond unites us; and let us warn our people that if we die we are not to be buried with pagans. If our souls are separate so must our bodies be." For an Indian to make such a declaration was to tear asunder the strongest ties that bound parents and children together. But those savage converts did not believe in half-measures. Ahitsasteari was in Father Jogues' party and had made his escape. Seeing, however, that the priest was in the hands of the enemy, he deliberately returned and went to a terrible death on the Mohawk.

But the tragic crisis was now rapidly coming on in Huronia. One dark night at the beginning of the spring of 1646, a band of Iroquois crept stealthily towards one of the villages, and hiding themselves in the woods waited for morning. At early dawn the squaws as usual went out to work in the fields. No one dreamed of danger, when suddenly a great number of Iroquois braves started, it would almost seem, from the ground, and dragged them to the

canoes that were near by. The wild shrieks of the women startled the village, and two hundred warriors hurried to their rescue. But it was too late; not one was saved. The Iroquois had already disappeared and it was hopeless to pursue them. The presence of canoes in this raid almost certainly identifies the place as being near Lake Simcoe.

Another disaster followed at the end of summer. The Iroquois and Hurons were out for each other's scalps, and met in the woods. With something like their old courage the Hurons had beaten the enemy back and the Iroquois remained behind the stockade all night, but when morning came they asked for a parley, and with their usual skill persuaded the Hurons that they had only come with thoughts of peace. By dint of presents which dazzled the eyes of the chiefs, and supplies of food which whetted the appetites of the braves, they convinced the Hurons that a mistake had been made, and that a council should be called to reconcile existing differences. Meantime an Iroquois who had formerly lived among the Hurons went around among his old friends, and skilfully fomented the discontent which he saw had begun to develop among some of the chiefs who had not been invited to the conference. He succeeded so well that some of them deserted; others followed, and then when the numbers had diminished sufficiently, the Iroquois proceeded to murder those who remained.

This characteristic bit of trickery was a prelude to a descent on St. Joseph's, but the Hurons determined not to be taken by surprise, and resorted to more than usual precautions. Braves were posted on look-outs in the trees, and during the night they made the forests resound with shouts and yells to warn the Iroquois that every one was in readiness to receive them. It seemed like a very silly proceeding, for as day approached the shouting grew feeble and finally ceased. Then something happened. To the foot of one of the trees in which two sentries had taken their place crept a party of Iroquois. The men above made no sound; they

were asleep. The enemy saw it, and quick as a squirrel an Iroquois sped up the tree, split the head of one of the sleepers, and then hurled the other to the savages below, who quickly scalped him and then vanished in the woods.

It was a daring affront and had to be avenged, and for that purpose three Huron braves travelled for twenty days till they reached the nearest Seneca village, into which they crept under the cover of the night. Every wigwam was shut, but they cut their way into one and found themselves in utter darkness. Coolly stirring the smouldering embers of the fires they discovered where the braves were sleeping. Each Huron picked out his man, killed and scalped him, and then set fire to the village. The flames aroused the nine hundred warriors who were there, but the Hurons escaped in the confusion. Such was the story they told when they returned to St. Joseph's. The Hurons, however, were not conspicuous for their devotion to truth.

On the 2d of July, 1648, a happy meeting of missionaries occurred in St. Mary's on the Wye. Daniel was there with the rest, and had just finished his annual retreat. Always a very fascinating man, he was particularly attractive that morning. Ragueneau, who knew him well, says that wherever he went he carried every heart with him. His Indians almost adored him. As the little party sat chatting over their plans and prospects and telling of their trials and adventures, Daniel arose to go. Every one implored him to take at least one day's rest, as it would be a long time before they would all meet again, but no one dreamed how long that time would be. He started off for his beloved mission, and the next morning he was preaching to his Indians who had been looking eagerly for his return. In the afternoon he heard the confessions of most of them, and the burden of his advice was to prepare for death. That night the Iroquois were prowling around the village.

The sun was rising in the morning of the 4th of July, when Father Daniel began the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

When he had finished he turned to speak to the people. In the midst of his discourse a wild warwhoop curdled the blood of everyone present. "The Iroquois! to arms!" The warriors hurried out to seize their weapons. The women and children sought protection in flight; but the priest ran towards the place where most of the warriors were gathered, and urged them to fight for their lives. His words won the hearts of all, even of those who had been thus far opposed to him, and many of them asked for baptism then and there. The crowd was so great that there was no time for anything but baptism by aspersion, for the battle was already begun. It raged furiously on both sides. As yet the Iroquois had not penetrated the palisade, but they were steadily gaining ground. Daniel might have saved himself by flight even then, but he never thought of it. There were old and sick people in the cabins who could not rise from their mats, in spite of the horrible death by fire which was before them, and he sought for them anxiously. He baptized and absolved and exhorted them, consoling them over and over again with the words: "Brothers, to-day we shall be in heaven."

By this time many of the people, seeing that all hope of defending themselves was lost, crowded into the church as the best place to die. Daniel followed them and advised them to escape from the village, for it yet seemed possible. "I shall remain here," he said, "while there is a soul to save. My life is of no account if I can help you."

But the Iroquois were at their heels. Seeing them coming Daniel advanced to the chapel door and forbade them to enter. For a moment they paused in amazement, and then a shower of arrows rained on every part of his body. A musket shot rang out; a bullet pierced his heart and he fell with the name of Jesus on his lips. Like wild beasts the savages sprang upon his prostrate form. They tore off his garments and perpetrated every kind of indignity on his corpse, each one vying with the other in rage against it.

Finally, when the flames from the burning cabins had leaped over to the church, which soon became a blazing furnace, they tossed the body into the fiercest part of the fire, and there near the altar the holocaust was completed. No more glorious place could have been chosen for the bones of the great missionary to return to dust. Not a vestige of his remains was ever found.

"He had labored fourteen years in the Huron missions," says the writer of the "Relation," "and had displayed heroic courage, indomitable patience, unalterable sweetness, and inexhaustible love for his people. His humility was without guile, his obedience absolute, and his readiness to suffer and to labor was always to be relied upon. His zeal continued till his last breath, and though his death was sudden it did not find him unprepared. For he always bore his life in his hands. He had passed more than nine years on the frontiers of the country, in the part of the missions most exposed to the enemy, and was ever awaiting with hope and love the death which God had appointed."

He was the first Jesuit to die in the Huron missions. Visions of him were reported to have occurred after his death; one to all the Fathers who were assembled in council, who saw his sweet face looking down upon them, and heard him bid them to be of good heart in the work upon which they had entered. Each one felt as if the light of heaven was beaming down upon them. Another apparition occurred later, and though Ragueneau is cautious about vouching for either, he adds: "it does not matter, for the sweet memory of this man who has ravished our hearts, will always abide with us."

How many were murdered on that fatal 4th of July, 1648, we do not know, but the Iroquois led out of the burning village about seven hundred captives, mostly women and children. Those who escaped saw Tenaustaye disappear in flames, its ashes forming a shroud for the bodies that littered the streets of the village.

CHARLES LALEMANT

CHAPTER I.

Two Attempts.

It is with some reluctance that we present here the life of Charles Lalemant. Though he was one of the first to come out to labor in the Huron missions, and was superior until the fall of Quebec, yet as a matter of fact he never lived among the Indians. Indeed, he seemed to have mistaken his vocation as regards that particular kind of apostolic work, but as he was one of the conspicuous figures in early Canadian history, and is the hero of many picturesque adventures in founding and sustaining the missions, we may admit him into this gallery of great men.

He was the uncle of the martyr, Gabriel Lalemant, who died at the side of de Brébeuf, and the brother of the famous Jerome Lalemant, who was for many years superior at Quebec. There was another brother named Pierre, older than either, but who entered the Society later. He never came to America. As far as we can make out now, they were not related to the ascetic writer, Louis Lalemant, the well-known author of "La Doctrine Spirituelle." He was from Chalons-sur-Marne, and all the other Lalemants belonged to Paris.

Charles Lalemant was born on November 17, 1587, and entered the Novitiate at Rouen, July 29, 1607. By some unexplainable error, which many other writers have copied, the erudite Dr. O'Callaghan associates him with La Saussaye in the expedition to Mount Desert in 1613. That would have been impossible, for he was then only a scholastic, and could not have been engaged in the missions. Moreover, Father Biard, who wrote the "Relation" of that year, gives the names of those who accompanied La Saussaye, and Lalemant does not appear on the list. After his

novitiate he went to the College of La Flèche, which Descartes, who had been a student there, used to say " was the best place to study philosophy." Of course it was not Cartesianism. Subsequently we find him as Professor at Nevers, the picturesque town which was built like an amphitheatre on the hill side, just where the Nievre flows into the Loire, and whose principal street long after Lalemant's time was spanned by a triumphal arch which others besides Frenchmen will be pleased to know was erected to honor the victor of Fontenoy.

Henry IV wanted to have a Jesuit College in all of the principal cities of France, but as Nevers could scarcely have entered into that category, curiosity is excited to know how that relatively inconspicuous place could have been so favored. Was it a fancy of the monarch? Probably not, and the explanation may be found in the fact that the Duke of Nevers was none other than Louis de Gonzague, a relative of St. Aloysius. The ducal tomb is still pointed out as one of the sights of the city, and the guide books will tell you that " the chapel of the former Jesuit College, but now the Parish church of St. Père is a small but elegant structure, built in exquisite taste, with frescoes recalling the pretty oratories of Italy." Very likely the Gonzagas were the founders of the college where Lalemant first labored as a regent.

After leaving Nevers he followed a four years' course of theology at Paris. He was given a fifth year afterwards, which would imply that hopes were entertained of his future greatness in that particular study. He made his Third Year of Probation under the guidance of one of the Society's great ascetic writers, Le Gaudier. He then went to Bourges, where Petavius, not yet a Jesuit, had begun his splendid career as a professor of philosophy. Finally from 1622 to 1625 he was what was called Principal of the Interns at Clermont; a position which was equivalent to that of rector for the students who lived at the college. Such an appoint-

ment was of special importance, as Clermont was just then recovering from a catastrophe that had completely overwhelmed it, and was entering on a career of triumph that made it eclipse all other educational institutions of the country. The man who was chosen for such a responsible position as Principal of the Interns, had to be intellectually and morally a great personality. To appreciate this a sketch of Clermont may be helpful.

It was established in 1550, by the Bishop of Clermont, who had known the Jesuits at the Council of Trent, and who, with Cardinal de Guise, had obtained letters patent from the King of France to found the College. It was begun on the Rue de la Harpe, near the Collège de Justice, in a house belonging to the bishop. The religious of the nearby abbey allowed them the use of the chapel, but in 1563, another place was bought on the Rue St. Jacques, in an establishment known as "l'hôtel de Langres." The college, however, continued to be called Clermont. The names of the most illustrious families of France were found on its roster of students; men with world-wide reputations were among its professors, and it attained such prominence that the University of Paris, jealous of its success, vowed its destruction. Many excellent Catholics were bitterly opposed to it, for the reason that the University, which was a papal foundation, had proclaimed that it was a sin to send students to Clermont, and as an instance of this popular prejudice it is narrated that when young Pierre Coton was pushed from the street into its courtyard by some of his companions, he hurried off to confession. If he had not committed sin he had been in danger of it. And yet this same Pierre Coton became subsequently one of the conspicuous Jesuits of France, and it is just possible that one of the boys he ran up against in that courtyard of Clermont was young Francis de Sales, who was there at the time.

It was not long before the University had the opportunity it was looking for. On December 27, 1594, Jean Châtel

attempted to assassinate the king. He had once been a student of Clermont. He had also been at the University, but the latter fact did not matter. He was tried, put to the torture and executed in two days, and meantime a squad of soldiers had descended on the college, seized all the books and papers, and imprisoned the professors. One was even tortured and put to death, and a decree was issued banishing every Jesuit from France. Of this decree Sismondi wrote: "One does not know which to regard as more deplorable; the fanaticism of the assassin, or the cruelty, precipitation, and base servility of the chief magistracy of the realm, which was not satisfied with inflicting atrocious torments on the young criminal, but in punishing the innocent without taking time to investigate the truth, and in throwing wholesale into infamous exile within forty-eight hours, a great religious society which had not been heard or listened to, on account of an attempt at regicide in which none of them had any part."

Meantime the college had been looted, and its splendid library of twenty or thirty thousand volumes seized and scattered. To inspire public detestation of the deed, Châtel's house was razed to the ground, and on its site a pyramid was built displaying defamatory inscriptions to perpetuate the ignominy of the Society of Jesus, which had participated in the crime. Finally, to emulate what was being done in England and Ireland, a decree was issued forbidding parents to send their sons to be educated by Jesuit teachers outside of France, and ordering them under pain of fines and confiscation of goods to recall those who had been already sent.

As soon as Henry was the acknowledged King of France, he recalled the Jesuits, reminding Queen Elizabeth who advised him against it, that she had a kingdom of her own to rule. He restored all the property rights that had been forfeited, but on account of the establishment of La Flèche, in which he was then engrossed, Clermont's opening was delayed. Indeed it did not take place until February 20,

1618, under Louis XIII. He, in spite of the opposition of the university, and to give splendor to the event sent royal commissioners who, in the presence of the Papal Nuncio, the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, and many other illustrious prelates, empowered the institution to again receive pupils. The college was once more on its feet after lying in the dust for twenty-two years. Lalemant was one of those who were chosen to revive its ancient glory. Four years after it was opened he was the acting rector of its principal department.

Just at that time there was great excitement about the Canadian missions. Champlain had established Quebec, and Biard and Massé, after their romantic wanderings over sea and land, had reached France and told the story of their expulsion from Mount Desert. Missionaries were needed on the St. Lawrence, and Champlain asked for the Jesuits. But the strong Calvinistic element in the Company of Traders at Quebec made the offer unacceptable, and the Recollects undertook the work. Those religious were then very popular in France. They were Franciscans of the Strict Observance, a name given to them in Spain in the year 1484 by the Count of Belalcazar. In 1502, under the direction of Martiale Bouliers, they invited all the fervent members of the Franciscan Rule to join them, and they then adopted the name of "Fratres Recollecti." A Bull of Julius II approved of that designation, but in 1525 the Italian Franciscans, while accepting the strict observance called themselves the Reformed, while those in Spain abandoned the name Recollect and were known as the Discalced. In 1595 the strict French Franciscans assumed the name Recollect, and in 1597, the Duke of Nevers, Louis de Gonzague, invited them to his city. In the same year Sixtus V gave the name Recollect exclusively to the French branch, but later on Clement VIII brought back the Italian and Spanish friars to their former alliance with the French. They came to Paris in 1603, and Henry IV, who was their

zealous protector and visited them often, gave them an establishment on the Faubourg St. Martin.

With the approval of the Pope and the King, and assured of aid by the Company of Traders, four Recollects started for America on April 24, 1615. They were Fathers Jamay, d'Olbeau, Le Caron, and Brother Pacificus. Others followed and they built a convent on the River St. Charles, which they called Notre Dame des Anges. By 1624 five Recollect missions had been established, viz.: at Tadoussac, Quebec and Three Rivers, while Carhagoua is said to have been begun among the Hurons, and another among the Nippissings. There had been one on the St. John's River in 1619, but it was abandoned in 1624.

In spite of all these efforts, however, nothing had been accomplished. Nothwithstanding the solemn engagement of the trading company to assist the missionaries, they not only gave no help but thwarted every effort of the friars to gather the Indians together. "If you put them in villages we will drive them out with clubs; we want them to be hunters," was all the satisfaction received when these devoted men saw all their labor thus frustrated. Finding themselves powerless, they appealed to the Jesuits to come to their aid.

The appeal was heeded, but although the difficulty with the Trading Company was diminished by eliminating to a great extent the Huguenot influence that dictated its policy, trouble arose with the Recollects themselves. As the Company had guaranteed the support of six of the missionaries, the Jesuits asked that two of the allotted subsidies should be assigned to them, but the Friars resented the request, and the matter was dropped. Later, as Le Clercq says: "Charity scattered the gathering clouds." However, some overzealous friends assured the Recollects that now that the Jesuits were in possession, there would be no room for any one else in the missions. A great deal of acrimonious contention on this topic followed, but nevertheless, subsequently,

while the storm was raging, Fathers Lalemant, Massé, and de Brébeuf with the Coadjutor Brothers, Buret and Charton, sailed out of Dieppe on April 24, 1625, and on June 15 reached Quebec.

The difficulty they met with on arriving has been already told in the sketch of de Brébeuf, and the kindness of the Friars in sheltering them has been recorded. But, of course, a separate establishment had to be sought for the newcomers, and when the opposition of de Caen had been overcome, the Duc de Ventadour, who had the controlling influence in the Company, gave them a tract of territory lying between Beauport River and the Creek St. Michel. The deed was signed and the seal attached on March 10, 1626, ceding to the Jesuits in perpetuity a stretch of land one league in length and four in depth, to serve as a source of revenue for the missions. It was only a wilderness, but they immediately set about cultivating it in view of the future, for except the two communities and a few families no one thought of the soil as a means of support. Every one was looking for furs. The ships from Europe would supply them with provisions.

That land has long since passed to others. It is the old story of state appropriation. The original proprietors kept it only forty years, for when the enterprising Intendant Talon arrived, his eye fell upon it and his hand seized it. He took it, he said, for the benefit of the crown, and incidentally for himself, for he divided it up into the Bourg Talon, the Bourg Royal, and the Bourg-la-Reine, settling colonists first on the Bourg Talon and letting the other two sections develop themselves. No compensation was offered, and beyond a mild protest no opposition was made.

When Lalemant accepted the grant, of course, he never dreamed that such would be the fate of the establishment which he began there in 1626, and possibly if he had foreseen the heart burnings that ensued because he dedicated

his little chapel to the Notre Dame des Anges, he would have chosen another title. Unfortunately it was the same name as that given by the Recollects to their convent, and there has been much writing since then as to who could claim priority in chosing this particular designation. At this distance it would seem as if Our Lady would have been more pleased if these holy men had concerned themselves less with such trifles.

As the ships arrived only once a year and sometimes less frequently, Lalemant informed his superiors in France that he had plenty of time to write, and accordingly, in a letter, dated August 1, 1626, he gives his impressions of America. It appeared first in the "Mercure Français." The Recollect Le Clercq questions its authenticity, but unreasonably so. Rochemonteix has a lengthy disquisition about the matter, which one may read if he so fancies. Lalemant had already written another account for 1625, but it has been lost.

He begins with some geographical data, and then discusses the climate. "The winters are very long," he says, "but the excellence of the crops is quite remarkable." Very little land is under cultivation, though he had been told that there are Indians farther up who have great fortified villages and who till the soil with some appearance of skill, though their knowledge of farming does not appear to have helped their morals. Speaking of the difficulties in navigating the rivers, he refers to the death of the Recollect Father Viel, which had just occurred, though he does not tell us that he had been killed by the Indians. Possibly definite information had not yet arrived, or he was not sure of it. He merely says that in passing the last Sault, he was drowned.

He is troubled about the *voyageurs* who live among the savages. As it was impossible for these adventurers to make their Easter duty, he is anxious to know if one is permitted to engage in that kind of business. He

proposes it as a case of conscience to be decided in France. With regard to the Indians themselves he finds that they are shameless and persistent beggars. They never come near you except to get something to eat, and if you refuse them they go away angry. They are excessively haughty, and consider themselves vastly superior to the whites. They are polygamists, and very immoral. They are not only voracious gluttons, but are at times cannibals; they are filthy in the extreme, and are covered with vermin. They kill their aged or helpless parents, and expect to be treated in the same manner by their own offspring. They never fight fair, but creep up behind their enemies. If they have a spite against a Frenchman, they will wreak their vengeance on the first pale-face they meet. They have a vague idea of a Supreme Being, and believe that the soul lives after death, but have a fancy that the pots and kettles which they place in the grave, have spirits which go with the departed. There are medicine men among them who profess to hold converse with the devil and to cure every ill. The savages in the vicinity of Quebec are nomads. With regard to their dress, he says, "they wear their furs as an ecclesiastic wears a cope." In their apparel they are decent, and their bodies are painted in the most grotesque fashions, according to the fancy of their women, whose pleasure it is to decorate their lords and masters. He is under the impression that the dark color of their skins is due more to bear and elk grease than to nature; an opinion shared by others. Their riches are the skins of animals, chiefly beavers; the annual exportation of this commodity running up in one year to 22,000; and as each skin is worth a pistole, the traffic evidently is very lucrative. Of course the outlay is great, for the Company employs about one hundred and fifty men, whose wages amount on the average to one hundred and six livres; Each skin is worth ten livres, on which the Company realized about forty per cent. Formerly there were as many as

twenty vessels at one time at Tadoussac, but the Company's monopoly has put an end to that. Now there are only two vessels a year, and they arrive about the beginning of June. They are loaded with all sorts of merchandise on the out voyage, and return packed with furs.

On the first of June, the cross was planted on the grounds where the new residence was to be built. The Recollects and the most conspicuous of the colonists took part in the ceremony, and helped a little in clearing the ground. Meantime, Lalemant had been going every Sunday to Quebec, and had so dispelled the prejudices against the Jesuits that the obnoxious pamphlet which had been circulated about them was publicly burned. He even ingratiated himself to such an extent with de Caen, the business manager of the Company, as to get him to send a number of carpenters to help to build the new house, which, for want of hands, was going on very slowly. In the letter which records all this, one cannot help noticing the somewhat boyish exultation with which Lalemant tells how the Indian interpreter or *truchement* was kinder to him than to any one else. It did not result, however, in his acquiring much knowledge of the language.

Work went on more expeditiously when, later on, Fathers de Nouë and Noyrot arrived with twenty workmen. In a short time they made more improvements than the colony had seen since the first white man landed. "If," said Champlain, "that had been done for the last twenty-three or twenty-four years, we should have many dwellings and houses, and not be in the constant terror and fear that now beset us." But the object lesson had no effect on the obstinate Trading Company. It was impossible to get food to support the laborers, and hence Lalemant sent Noyrot back again to Europe to complain.

Noyrot was a timid, slow-going man, but once in France he worked with a feverish activity, going everywhere night and day, till he at last secured an audience with Richelieu

CARTIER MONUMENT, QUEBEC.
(Site of First Jesuit Residence.)

himself. The result was that the cardinal dissolved the old Company, and established a new one, known as the Society of the One Hundred Associates, whose membership should be exclusively French and Catholic; and should be obligated first—to send over two hundred colonists in 1628, and four thousand within fifteen years; secondly—to support three priests at their various posts for fifteen years, and thirdly—to make all converted Indians *ipso facto* French subjects; a concession to the inferior races, which, it is claimed, has no parallel in the history of colonization.

Unfortunately, on the ship with Noyrot were Guillaume de Caen and the Admiral of the Fleet, de la Ralde. They suspected the purpose of the priest's sudden return to France, and when they succeeded in ascertaining it, they determined to thwart him by starving the colony, and for that purpose actually held up at Harfleur the supply of provisions that were sent over to the Jesuit establishment. These provisions were anxiously expected at Quebec, and when they did not arrive, Lalemant took his twenty laborers, put them on board the first ship he could get, and started for France, arriving there in November, 1627. It was not until May 8 of the following year, that the Company of the One Hundred Associates was able to send out its first ships. On one of them was the indefatigable Lalemant and another Jesuit, Francis Ragueneau, the brother of Paul Ragueneau. Francis never reached the shores of the New World, for he and Lalemant were captured by Kirke in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and were sent as prisoners to England, and later on to Belgium. They were subsequently liberated and restored to France, at the request of Queen Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I of England. About this English imprisonment we have no details.

CHAPTER II.

The Shipwrecks.

Lalemant would not admit defeat, and on June 16, 1629, he again endeavored to cross the Atlantic. He and Father Noyrot had succeeded in provisioning a ship and they joined the expedition of Captain Daniel. Their vessel went to pieces on the rocks of Cape Breton. We find no record of this mishap in the "Relation," but fortunately Champlain has embodied in the account of his Voyages, a letter of Lalemant, which gives us all the details, and describes a scene which is, perhaps, the most romantic in the missionary's career. Champlain prefaces it by the following note:

"After having sojourned two days at Dieppe, I journeyed to Rouen, where I remained two days more. There I learned that the ship of the Reverend Fathers Lalemant and Noyrot had been wrecked on the Canseau Islands. I was shown a letter from the Reverend Father Lalemant, Superior of the Missions of the Jesuit Fathers in New France, sent from Bordeaux to the Reverend Father Superior of the Jesuit College at Paris, and dated November 22, 1629. It runs as follows:

"Reverend Father, P.C.

"*Castigans castigavit me Dominus et morti non tradidit me;* a chastisement which I feel all the more keenly, as besides the loss of our ship, death has taken from us Father Noyrot and Brother Louis, both of whom I think would have been of the greatest service in our seminary. But nevertheless, since God has so ordained, we must seek our consolation in His holy will. Without that there never was a peaceful or contented mind; and I feel sure that experience will have shown your Reverence that the bitterness

of grief tempered with the sweetness of doing the will of God, to whom the soul is inseparably attached, loses either all or the greater part of its sting. Yet, if we still sigh over our sufferings, either past or present, it only prompts us to long the more for heaven, and to deserve to grow more perfect in that conformity in which our soul has resolved to remain till life draws to its close.

"Of the four of us who were on the ship, God has made an equal division. He has taken two and left two. These two good Religious who were well prepared and resigned to die, will serve as victims to appease the wrath of God, who is justly irritated against us for our shortcomings, and will make His goodness favorable to us henceforward for the success of our enterprises.

"Our wreck was caused by a fierce squall from the southeast, which arose when we were off shore. It was so violent that the care and promptness of our pilot were of no avail. We offered our prayers and vows to avoid the disaster, but there was no help for us; we were going to be dashed against the rocks. It was nine o'clock at night on St. Bartholomew's day, twenty-six days after we had set sail. Only ten of the twenty-four on board escaped. Father Noyrot's two nephews perished with him. We buried them and the Brother. The other bodies we never found.

"It would be very hard to explain how Father Vieuxpont and I escaped. God alone knows. It was in accordance with His Providence, for I felt so convinced that it was impossible to be saved, that I had resolved to stay in the cabin with Brother Louis to prepare for death, which seemed to be distant only about as long as one would take to say three *misereres*. Suddenly I heard some one calling me on deck. I imagined it was about a means of safety, and I went up and found it was Father Noyrot asking for a second absolution. I gave it to him and then we all sang the *Salve Regina*. I could not get back to the cabin for the sea was high and the gale furious. Then, in less than

no time, the side towards the shore began to go to pieces on the rocks. I was standing near Father Noyrot when a wave struck our part of the ship with such violence that it shattered everything and tore Father Noyrot away from my grasp. As he disappeared, I heard him say: '*In manus tuas, Domine.*' I was caught by four planks, two of which struck me violently in the chest, while the other two fell on my back with such force that I thought I should die in that way before being swallowed up by the waves. Then another wave came down on me, and carried me off the ship minus my hat and slippers. The ship keeled over and we were at the mercy of the waves, and they were pitiless. They rose I don't know how many cubits above us, and then crashed down on our heads. After keeping myself afloat a long time in the dark, I began to peer around and made out a circle of pine trees, on the shore of what seemed to be a bay. Then I discovered some people not far away shouting to me to do all I could to get near them. But I was so bruised with the wreckage of the vessel, that I felt unable to make any effort. Soon, however, by means of the planks to which I was clinging, I reached them, and with some help got up on the main mast, which was still fast to the ship. I was not long there, for when we got near the shore some of our sailors swam out to us, and with their aid we joined the others who had landed. I was hatless and shoeless; my soutane and clothes were in rags, and I had been so battered that I could not stand, and had to be carried to the woods nearby. I had received two heavy blows on the legs, especially the right one, which is still sore. My hands were split by something I had struck, my hip was skinned, and my chest felt as if it were crushed in.

"Seven of us reached the woods, but the place was as reeking wet as ourselves, though we had just come out of the sea. The first thing we did was to fall on our knees to thank God for saving us, and then to pray for those who

were drowned. To keep warm we lay down close to each other, but the ground was so soaked with the rain of the day before, that there was no possibility of our getting dry. Thus we passed the night, but Father Vieuxpont, who, thank God, had not been injured, slept soundly.

"Next morning, at day break, we went to reconnoitre. We found we were on an island from which it was easy to reach the mainland. On the shore there was a great number of articles, which had been cast up by the sea. I secured two slippers, a biretta, a cap, a soutane and several other necessary things. We were especially grateful to God for sending us food; for there were five barrels of wine, ten pieces of pork, casks of oil, cakes of cheese, and an arquebus and powder, which came in handy for making a fire. It was St. Louis's Day, and when we had gathered up everything, we set about making a boat from the debris of the ship, so as to go out and hunt for some fishermen who might be on the coast. We worked as well as we could with the poor tools at hand, and on the fourth day the boat was nearly finished, when the look-out announced a vessel making in our direction. One of the sailors went to a point which the vessel had to pass, to hail the vessel. They took him aboard, and when the captain heard of our mishap, he got into his shallop and came ashore to encourage us. That night we felt safe, for we slept on board his boat. It was a Basque fishing smack, and was coasting around three or four miles from where we struck. We remained on that place during the month of August and all of September.

"On the first of October, an Indian appeared and told the captain that if he did not leave soon he would be captured by the English. That was sufficient, and orders were given to hoist sail, but we were also told that Captain Daniel was twenty-five leagues away, and had built a fort and was going to leave one of our Fathers there. As Father Vieuxpont asked to be allowed to go with the Indian,

who seemed to be one of the best men you could meet, I said: 'It is an excellent chance. Father Vimont will be glad to have you as a companion. The Indian will lead you there, and if you want to remain some months with the savages to learn their language, you may. Both you and Father Vimont will be happy.'

"The good Father was delighted with the chance that so unexpectedly presented itself, and he got into the canoe with the guide. I gave him everything we had saved, except the large painting, which the Captain would not give up. I intended to compel him to do so later, if another misfortune had not overtaken us. We set sail on October 6th, and after encountering the most furious storms that I have ever seen, we arrived after a voyage of forty days, at a port near San Sebastian. But there we were shipwrecked again. Our vessel was shattered to splinters, and the whole cargo of cod lost. I was able to get into a small boat, and having obtained a pair of slippers and a night cap, presented myself in that dress to our Fathers at San Sebastian. I left there eight days ago, and reached Bordeac, near Bordeaux, on the 20th of this month. Such is the result of our expedition, from which your Reverence may judge how much I am indebted to Almighty God."

This disaster at Canso, was one of the incidents of the struggle between the French and English for the control of Canada. The English prevailed for a time, and apparently the work of evangelizing the Indians was now at an end. Hence we find Lalemant appointed to the rectorship of the college of Eu, a little town on the Bresle, about twenty-nine kilometres from Dieppe. There was nothing remarkable about the place except, perhaps, that the patron of the parish church was St. Lawrence of Dublin, who died there in 1181. We know it in modern times because of the great Chateau d'Eu, which was made over by the Comte de Paris to the French Government. The college to which Lalemant was assigned had been founded by the Duke de

Guise in 1582. Its chapel, which is still pointed out as one of the sights of the city, was built a few years after Lalemant started on his fourth journey to America. He was at Rouen when the news came of the restoration of Quebec to the French, and he appears to have known of it before it really took place, for he wrote to the Provincial in December, 1631, informing him of what was to be done, and entreating him to have missionaries ready to start as soon as they were asked for. Possibly the request was superfluous, for Masses were being offered constantly by the Fathers, and communions were being made by the Ursulines and Carmelites for the reinauguration of the work of evangelizing the savages.

On April 18, 1632, Fathers Le Jeune and de Nouë were on board one of Emery de Caen's ships at Harfleur, ready to sail. There was no Recollect Friar with them this time, and that has been ascribed to the machinations of the Jesuits; Father Lalemant being regarded as the chief offender. But the Friars themselves did not appear to think so, and only complained that the notice to depart was given to them too late, and that they were not ready. Faillon, who cannot be accused of fondness for the Society, declares the accusation of exclusion to be without foundation. It was simply the desire of Richelieu, and that was all there was to it. The Friars made a formal request subsequently, but without success which was all the more galling, as their friend, Governor de Lauson, kept putting them off from year to year with excuses that were more or less futile. The Recollect, Le Tac, says: "the Jesuits, mindful of their old friendship for us, wanted the Recollects," and Le Clercq admits, though somewhat unwillingly, that Lalemant really desired to have the friars as co-workers, but both writers subsequently modified their admission, and accused Lalemant of double dealing and bad faith. There are two letters of Lalemant to prove the contrary, one to the Recollect Guardian at Paris, and the other to the Secretary of

the Recollect Provincial, but his assailants found something between the lines which is not in the written text. It is one of those ugly clouds which have so often obscured the glory of good works.

In the following year, when de Brébeuf and Massé were setting out with Champlain, Lalemant asked to join them. His superiors did not think they could spare him, and he therefore did not leave France until 1634, when we find him with Le Jeune at his old place of Notre Dame des Anges, but apparently not with the same energy as in the early days. Possibly the prisons of England and Belgium, the storm beaten rocks of Canso and San Sebastian, and the seven journeys he had made across the Atlantic, one of which was enough to sap the strength of the most vigorous, had weakened him physically. He had attempted, like Le Jeune, to winter with the Algonquins, but his party came back to civilization after ten days to save themselves from starvation, and ever after that Lalemant had no craving for life in the wigwam. The filth and indecencies of the Indians filled him with loathing, nor did he apply himself with excessive zeal to learn their language. Indeed, when there was question of founding a new mission at Three Rivers, and Lalemant was thought of for the work, he professed his willingness to go, but his superior went instead. Thus a little shadow crosses the heroism in this great man's life, but weak mortals will not condemn him.

Champlain had made a vow when leaving Quebec, to build a church in honor of the Blessed Virgin, if the colony was ever restored. When he found himself on the great Rock once again, he set to work immediately to fulfil his vow. It was a slight change in his plans, for in the beginning he had dreamed of a splendid basilica under the invocation of the Holy Redeemer, but possibly he fancied that would be built later. At all events he erected the chapel of Notre Dame de Recouvrance, which was practically the first parish church of Quebec. Its site was near that of the

present gloomy-looking Protestant Cathedral. Lalemant was given charge of it.

To be parish priest at Quebec in those days was idyllic. The city was growing out of its poverty and littleness, and its piety was keeping pace with its material progress. "When we arrived," says Le Jeune, "there was only one family, and they were about to return to France, but now multitudes of excellent people are arriving. We know nothing of all the horrors and crimes of France except what we see in the paper, which comes here once a year." There were no lawsuits of any consequence, and the governor or his lieutenant settled all disputes with the greatest expedition. Laws were made against drunkenness, blasphemy and absence from Mass; and they were promulgated by simply affixing them to a post in front of the church. Of course, that was not enough to have them observed, and the stocks were soon placed next to the post. Three punishments are recorded as having been publicly inflicted on January 6, 1636, for drunkenness, blasphemy, and selling liquor to the savages.

For attendance at church, there was no difficulty. At each Mass the chapel was crowded to the very altar rail, "and all the services were as fine," says the "Relation," "as in any church in France;" a bit of boasting which, of course, calls for some qualification. There were sermons and catechism, and Vespers and Solemn Mass; the *prône* was read, and the *pain bénit* distributed. "I felt my heart melt within me," writes Le Jeune, "when I saw all this. I fancied I was back in France again, after having passed some years with the savages." It is even recorded that one pious Christian walked in the snow barefooted, bareheaded, and fasting, for a distance of half a league, to atone for the offences against God which were being committed in France at that time. Not only was Lent rigidly kept, but it is said that some of the soldiers at the garrison scourged themselves in church as a penance for their sins.

The happy condition of Quebec must, of course, be ascribed to the fact that Champlain was Governor, for it can scarcely be questioned that he was one of the most remarkable men that the New World ever saw. He was a soldier in his youth, but as the salt was in his blood, for his people were all sea-faring folk, we find him while yet a young man threading the mazes of the still unexplored West Indies, travelling overland through Mexico, and standing on the Isthmus of Panama, which even then, in 1603, he proposed to cut through, for a passage to the Pacific. He explored and mapped out all of the New England coast, was associated with de Monts in the establishment of Acadia, and in 1608 founded Quebec. We find him then with the Iroquois near the lake which bears his name, and subsequently far up in the northwest among the Hurons, and leading them across Lake Ontario to fight their hereditary foes. In this effort he failed, and was carried wounded from the field of battle. He held his citadel of Quebec against the English though his men were starving, and when it was finally surrendered, it was his entreaties that induced Richelieu to demand the restoration of Canada. Soldier, sailor, explorer, legislator, ruler, battling against civilized and savage foes, living in barracks and between decks, in forests and wigwams, in fortresses and palaces, he was not only a practical Christian, but an extraordinarily devout and earnest Catholic; so pure in his life that the Indians spoke of him twenty years after he was dead with reverence and wonder. His "habitation" at Quebec was like a religious house, and he made laws for his rough and reckless soldiers and sailors, that read almost like the rules of a monastery. His motto was that the conquest of a kingdom was not worth a single mortal sin, and when he died he gave all his possessions as a tribute of his love to the Mother of the Redeemer. With such a ruler Quebec could not help being a godly city.

He died on Christmas Day, 1636. "On the birthday of

CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT, QUEBEC.

Our Saviour," says the "Relation," "our Governor was born again in heaven. It is true that he lived a life of great justice and equity, but at his death his virtue was so perfect and his piety so great that he amazed us all. How his eyes streamed with tears! and how his lips uttered words burning with desire of the service of God! What love he had for his people, and how he hoped that they would not be left unprotected; promising meanwhile to do all that lay in his power for their good, if God restored him to health. He was not taken unaware in having to render an account to God. A long time before, he had made a general confession of his whole life to Father Lalemant, who was his friend and confessor, and who was always at his side during the two months and a half that he was sick. It was Father Lalemant who received his last sigh."

The great man's obsequies were all that the people and soldiers and clergy could make them. Lalemant officiated, and Le Jeune preached the panegyric. As Le Jeune was said to be "a man of steel with a heart of fire," it is a pity that his discourse has not come down to us.

A short time after this we find Lalemant back in Europe. It was the eighth time he had crossed the Atlantic, and as ocean trips in those days meant two and sometimes three months of intolerable hardship in the fetid holds of crazy vessels, we can reckon up about two years of life which he spent on the deep, diversified in his case with two shipwrecks, a sea fight, and imprisonment in foreign dungeons. He is entitled to a brilliant place on the scroll of fame.

CHAPTER III.

Procurator of the Missions.

In France, Father Lalemant's long acquaintance with the important personages of the realm, and also the enthusiastic admiration which his romantic adventures had thrown around his name, naturally made him the director of the benefactions which were pouring out of the mother-country, in support of the national enterprise in America. The Duchesse d'Aiguillon, Richelieu's niece, constituted him her almoner, and many others followed her example, and it was he who became the chief instrument in the foundation of Montreal. D'Ollier de Casson says the work could never have been accomplished without his consent.

A distinguished and unusually pious gentleman named Jerome Le Royer de la Dauversière, like so many Frenchmen of that period, had been wrought up to a state of intense excitement about the propagation of the Faith in New France. He had been a student of the Jesuit college at La Flèche, and at the end of his studies had succeeded to his father's wealth and worldly honors, married and was the father of a large family. He led a very devout life, and was guided in his piety by Father Chauveau, of La Flèche. His scheme of founding a community of nuns for hospital work at La Flèche, in connection with a colony on the Island of Montreal was, for a time, regarded by his spiritual guide as a mere fancy or delusion, but as the hospital was finally established, contrary to all expectations, the idea of a colony at Montreal began to be taken more seriously.

The main difficulty was to get a concession of the Island, which was then the property of M. de Lauson, but who abruptly and peremptorily dismissed the proposal to part with it. He wanted it for his sons. As Father Lalemant

DAUVERSIERE, FOUNDER OF MONTREAL.

(Old Print.)

was a friend of de Lauson's, he took the matter in hand, and without difficulty obtained the grant. Nevertheless, M. l'Abbé Bertrand de la Tour, in his "Memoirs sur la Vie de M. de Laval," informs us that Dauversière and his friends "bought the island for twenty casks of merchandise, and that the contract was duly made in the name of the little Society of the M.M. de Montreal in the month of August, 1642."

One naturally stands aghast at such an assertion. We can admit regretfully that the white men made purchases of that kind from the savages, and can be amused at Washington Irving's description of Ten Broeck's purchase of Manhattan Island, but that de Lauson should have given up his claim to this vast possession of the Island of Montreal for *"20 tonneaux d'effets,"* which were not even given to him, but were sent to Father Le Jeune, Rector of the College of Quebec, *"pour faire l'acquisition de l'Isle,"* is simply incomprehensible. Fortunately, we have in our hands a very valuable Ms. of Mr. Jacques Viger, the first Mayor of Montreal, in which this absurdity is very emphatically denied. He says: "the Island of Montreal was not purchased by this Society, by means of those '20 *tonneaux d'effets*' above mentioned, nor for any other consideration. M. de Lauson had received the Island as a gift from the Company of the One Hundred Associates, on condition of establishing a colony there, and on the 17th of August substituted the name of M. Olier and his associates for his own, and thus, with the approbation of the Company to which he formerly belonged, transferred the Island to the Company of Montreal. But not only did Father Lalemant secure for the new company the grant of the Island of Montreal; he also gave it the heroic Maisonneuve, the first Governor.

Maisonneuve had been reading the "Relations," and came to consult Lalemant about the manner in which he, as a man of the world, could co-operate with the work of establishing Christianity in Canada. He had been in the army from

boyhood, and had kept his soul untainted by the corruption around him. He was now in the full vigor of life, and as there was no war in which his country was engaged for the moment, he, like many another soldier of those days, began to dream of New France. Hearing that Lalemant was in Paris as Procurator of the Missions, he presented himself at the Jesuit house and asked if he could be of service. The priest and the soldier talked the matter over, and when Dauversière came in a few days later, and was at his wit's end to find somebody to do the fighting in the new colony, Lalemant put him in communication with Maisonneuve, and that part of the programme was quickly settled. But another gap had to be filled. In the spring of 1641, when the first batch of colonists were gathering at La Rochelle, it suddenly dawned upon the promoters of the project, that there was an absolute need of a wise and courageous woman to look after the household effects they were bringing over, and to nurse the sick and wounded on the journey and in the colony. Naturally Dauversière was expected to supply some such aid from his Hospital nuns at La Flèche, but that could not be done, for his Institute had not been officially approved. Why it should have interfered is hard for the average man to understand, but the difficulty was met by the Jesuits who presented the heroic Jeanne Mance, whom they induced to accept the task.

Jeanne was then about thirty-five years of age. For many years she had been thinking of devoting herself to the work of assisting the missions in the New World, and her confessor sent her to Paris to see Father Lalemant. After one or two conversations, he made up his mind that she was the woman for the situation. Father St. Jure, the famous ascetical writer, who had already induced the Baron de Renty to join M. Olier and his friends, undertook her spiritual direction, and it was he who finally fixed her in her vocation. None of the Associates of the Montreal Company knew her, and she was totally unaware of their existence,

until Father de la Place, a missionary who had temporarily returned to France, spoke to her of the Dauversière's enterprise. The result was that in the month of August, she was on the vessel with Father Vimont, the Superior of the Jesuit Missions.

" Thus," says the Sulpitian Faillon, " the Jesuits had been so far the instruments of all the success which the Association had succeeded in obtaining. These Fathers had approved of the scheme of establishing Montreal, had sent Dauversière to Paris to make the arrangements;"—indeed they had ordered him to go,—" had determined M. de Lauson to make the concession of the island, and had contributed to induce the Company of Quebec to approve of the grant. Finally they had procured for the Associates, who were then in the greatest embarrassment, the help of M. de Maisonneuve and Mlle. Mance." " It may be added also," says Rochemonteix, " that they secured another member for the Association in the person of M. d'Ailleboust, who succeeded Maisonneuve as Governor of Montreal, and who later became Governor of all Canada when Montmagny was recalled." Evidently Montreal owes much to the Jesuits.

M. Dollier de Casson in his " Histoire de Montreal," does not see anything suggestive of divine inspiration in all these business transactions which set the new Company on its feet, but the author of the " Memoires Particuliers pour servir à l'histoire de l'Eglise de l'Amerique du Nord," regards the establishment of the colony as something little short of miraculous. M. de la Dauversière is alleged to have had a vision of the place of the new settlement. Nevertheless, it had been known ever since the time of Cartier; many living in France had seen it, and it had already been granted to de Lauson for colonization. In the same strain the pious author grows enthusiastic over the meeting of Dauversière and Olier, when they recognize each other by some inward prompting of the spirit, and he finds it extra-

ordinary that a man who was in many respects so unfitted to carry out the enterprise as Dauversière should have succeeded. As a matter of fact his friends had to come to his rescue. Finally it is unnecessary to accept as history that an order was given him by the Holy Family to establish the Hospital nuns in Montreal. The whole affair is romantic enough without indulging in such fancies.

The voyage over was tolerably pleasant for those who were on the ship in which Mlle. Mance embarked, but de Maisonneuve had a hard time of it, and arrived at Quebec much later than the others. The exact dates of their arrival seem to be uncertain, nor is it sure that on reaching Quebec, de Maisonneuve made haste to visit the place of the new settlement. However, in the month of May, 1642, he, along with Fathers Vimont and Poncet, and accompanied by Mme. de la Peltrie, Mlle. Mance and some others, landed on the island, and on the 17th or 18th, Father Vimont, after celebrating Mass in a little wooden hut hastily constructed, blessed the ground of the new colony. All the details of the notable event may be found in the writings of Sœur Bourgeois: "Les Annales manuscrites de l'Hôtel Dieu par la Sœur Marie," and in the histories of Charlevoix, and M. l'Abbé de la Tour.

For the first fifteen years the Jesuits ministered to the spiritual needs of the colonists. The list of those distinguished men is given to us in the precious manuscript of M. Viger, and deserves to be reproduced. The names are as follows:

Joseph Poncet	Adrien Daran
Joseph-Imbert Duperon	Georges d'Eudemare
Ambroise Davost	Pierre Bailloquet
Gabriel Druillettes	Charles Abanel
Isaac Jogues	André Richard
Jacques Buteux	Simon Le Moyne
Paul Le Jeune	Claude Pijart

MAISONNEUVE.

Two martyrs, and all the rest heroes, thus head the list of the clergy of Montreal. The Sulpitian de Queylus was there for a few months in 1642, but he withdrew to France, and returned only in 1657 to begin the seminary. The first parish church was built in Montreal as late as 1679. Up to that time, according to M. Viger, the chapel of the Hospital was used as a church. The Jesuits withdrew from the care of the island in 1657.

The wisdom of Maisonneuve's undertaking to establish a new colony at a time when Quebec was struggling for existence, which would necessarily mean many years of fighting and the loss of many valuable lives, was questioned at the time of his arrival from France, and has since then been frequently discussed. Lalemant could have prevented it if he wished. The praise or blame is his. But possibly as he knew that de Lauson might attempt it, he concluded that it was better to let it go to Maisonneuve.

After having been Procurator of the Missions he became vice-provincial, and while in that office he received a letter addressed to him by Father Jogues, describing the occurrences on the Mohawk. The last office of any prominence held by him was that of Superior of the Professed House at Paris. That famous establishment had been founded in 1588 by the Cardinal de Bourbon, the uncle of Henry IV, and we find in a curious old book, by Germain Brice, that it stood in the widest part of the Rue St. Antoine, just opposite the Rue de la Couture de Ste. Catherine. It had no chapel for two years, and then a small one was built. It was there that Petavius pronounced his solemn vows in 1618. It disappeared in 1627 to make place for a large church which Louis XIII erected, and which furnished the first example of an edifice of its size with a dome spanning the intersection of nave and transept. The royal funds must have been low, for although His Majesty laid the corner stone in 1627, the church was not opened until 1641. Lalemant arrived some time after that event.

Brice tells us that the church was built in very bad taste. "Its general style is Corinthian. It is very gorgeous interiorly, but very badly lighted, the reason of its failure being that the plans of the Lay Brother, Martel Ange, who was an excellent architect, and wanted to make St. Louis of Paris like St. Peter's of Rome, were set aside for the plans of a Reverend Father who arrived from Lorraine. The Brother had his revenge by being left alone when he built the chapel for the novitiate, on the Faubourg St. Germain, which was as much of a success as the other was a failure."

While there, Lalemant became very intimate with the Prince de Conti, the younger brother of the more famous Prince de Condé, but the friendship caused him no end of trouble. Both Condé and Conti, though continually changing from one party to the other in the strife that was wrecking France, were most frequently in opposition both to Mazarin and Queen Anne of Austria. Lalemant was associated with Conti, not for politics but for piety, though the Queen did not think so, and as a natural consequence he was in great disfavor at Court. The Queen Regent feared him, Colbert suspected him and Mazarin set spies to watch him. Sad to say, also, some of his brethren uttered hard things about him.

Towards the end of the forties the question of a bishopric for Quebec was mooted. The Queen mother wanted Le Jeune; Ragueneau was thought of because of his "exceptional abilities," to use Le Jeune's expression, and besides he had been Condé's preceptor. But while the excitement was at its height and the General of the Society had forbidden the mention of the names of either Ragueneau or Le Jeune, a letter came from the Company of the One Hundred Associates at Quebec, asking for Lalemant. To this request Father General Nickel answered immediately, on July 31, 1651, refusing the request of "the distinguished gentlemen of the Canadian Society."

"There is need," he says, "not only of large minded generosity, but also of Christian piety, when there is a question of what is greatest in heaven and on earth, viz: the glory of God and the salvation of souls; in this case of the souls of the savages. If our Fathers have done anything to that end by their labors and, as you say, at the constant peril of their life, they have merely fulfilled their duty and have shown that they were worthy of their calling. They have paid their homage to their Creator, for whom to die is gain. But when actuated by love for them you ask the appointment to the new see by royal warrant of a member of the Society, namely Father Charles Lalemant, who is Rector of the Professed House of Paris, I must say, while recognizing the request as a mark of very great consideration in our regard, that such an appointment, on account of the strict rule of our Institute in that matter, is impossible. You will therefore easily see that it would neither be grateful to God nor good to your distinguished Association."

It will be noted that this occurred eight years before the nomination of Laval. All three Jesuits were debarred by the rule of their Order, and Lalemant had the additional impediment of the Queen's opposition. He was, besides, sixty-four years of age, and could never have endured the hardships which would have to be undergone by the first Bishop of Quebec. He lived twenty-three years after that, however, and would possibly have disappeared from public life entirely were it not that his old age was glorified by a book. He is the author of "La Vie Cachée de Jesus Christ en l'Eucharistie."

Naturally the question arises: Is there not some confusion with his namesake, Louis Lalemant? None whatever. Louis Lalemant died at Bourges in 1635, when Charles Lalemant was still at Quebec. The first edition of the "Vie Cachée" is, according to de Backer, in "La Bibliotheque des Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jesus," is 1660. Permission to print it, however, was given in 1657, by the

Provincial Father Cellot. Three editions of it were published in our own time; one in 1835, a second in 1857, and a third in 1888. The book we have before us has the date of 1857. The editor, Father Cadrès, after giving us a sketch of Lalemant's career in America, considers it an excellent work, and regrets that it had been so long out of print. It had been published three times before the author's death, but Father Cadrès found that many liberties had been taken with the text, though he himself makes divers and sundry corrections, especially with "certain phrases that might hurt delicate ears." Perhaps the old missionary talked too plainly at times. In any case the language in Europe was far more direct in 1660 than it is in our times. But we are told that the "unction which constituted the charm of Father Lalemant is carefully preserved." Father Southwell attributes also to Lalemant a book entitled: "Exercises de St. Ignace de huit jours, an. 1661." The last years of the old missionary were passed in great bodily pain. He was afflicted with paralysis, and died November 18, 1674, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. His brother Jerome had gone to heaven one year before him.

JEROME LALEMANT

CHAPTER I.

First Experiences.

Jerome or Hierosme Lalemant, as he used to write his name, was six years younger than his brother Charles, and became a Jesuit three years after him. He entered the novitiate in his native city, and not at Rouen. He was born in Paris, April 27, 1593, and became a novice October 20, 1610; consequently when he was seventeen years of age. The novitiate had just been established, and its foundation was due to a single sermon; not that the preacher had pleaded for it, but he had produced such an impression by a discourse before the King, that Madame de Sainte-Beuve immediately made up her mind to found a house in Paris which might produce other men like the preacher, Father Gonterey. She therefore addressed herself to some friends, and they bought the Hôtel de Mezière, in the Faubourg St. Germain. "It had a fine garden," the account informs us, "and a spacious stable." What use the Jesuits made of that part of the establishment is not recorded, but the pious benefactress seemed to have been particularly pleased to have it, in her gift for the reason that Our Lord was born in a stable.

Knowing nothing of all this, the Marquise de Maignelais, had also made an offer to build a novitiate on one of her estates, proposing at the same time to furnish ample funds to support it. Father Coton made haste to communicate with the General Aquaviva, "who, however," says Prat, "was of the opinion that a novitiate should be in a city where hospitals and schools would give the candidates for an apostolic life, an opportunity to exercise their zeal. Nevertheless, for want of something better, it was decided to accept the establishment in the country." Meantime

Madame de Sainte-Beuve had been going on with her city plans, and had even succeeded in installing the novices at Paris, March 25, 1610.

It is all a pretty story, but how the Father General could have been in such ignorance about the successful competitor's work, is hard to imagine. At all events, Henry IV was glad to have it in Paris, and the benevolent Marquise, whose plans had been so unceremoniously set aside, is reported to have remained as friendly as ever. Jerome Lalemant was one of the first novices to enter the new foundation.

After his novitiate we find him a student of philosophy at Pont-au-Mousson; then Prefect in the boarding school at Verdun, and Professor in the lower classes at Amiens. From 1619 to 1623 he was studying theology in the College of Clermont, and after that he taught philosophy and the sciences there for three years. He then went to Rouen for his Third Year of Probation, and after having filled the post of Minister and Principal of the Interns at Clermont, he was sent to be Rector at Blois, where he remained from 1632 to 1636. He went back to Clermont, where he was appointed Spiritual Father, and after two years in that office set out for Canada. To have been engaged in such duties makes it clear that he was not an ordinary man.

Arriving at Quebec, he started almost immediately for the Huron Missions, and on the way up he was the hero of what he called a tragi-comedy. The scene was in an old hut, on the Isle des Allumettes. The Hurons took possession of it while he remained outside to recite his breviary. After a little while he was summoned to enter, and ordered to sit down beside a particularly surly-looking Algonquin. The Indian stared at him and immediately grew furious. It appears that a Frenchman in a party which had gone ahead, had undertaken to bleed one of the Algonquin's relatives to relieve him of a fever, but the patient died. "You must pay for that," cried the savage, scowling at Lalemant, and holding an axe over his head. The expected blow,

LAC DES ALLUMETTES.

(From Tuttle's "History of Canada.")

however, was not given, for the Indian suddenly changed his mind, and began to dance wildly around the cabin. Then another fancy moved him, and seizing a bow string he attempted to choke his victim. Here Lalemant concluded it was proper to do something in self-defence, and he held the crazy fellow off at arm's length, remonstrating with him meanwhile; but his words only increased the fury of his assailant, who, after making another effort at strangulation, a result which the priest's collar interfered with, because the hooks baffled the Indian's ingenuity to unfasten them, again took up his tomahawk and resumed his dance. The friendly Hurons meantime smoked their pipes and looked on placidly at the performance.

At last the Frenchmen outside hearing the uproar, seized their weapons and rushed in. They were upon the point of killing the Algonquin, but fortunately Lalemant stopped them; for such an act might have brought on a war. "Ask these Hurons what they mean," he said, "after promising to protect us." The Hurons remonstrated feebly, but the Algonquin drove them out, and then seizing the priest by the foot sat glaring at him considering what was best to be done. From time to time the Hurons looked in at the door. "Finally," says Lalemant, "they succeeded in assuring the crazy fellow that they would be responsible for my safe keeping. Whereupon he let go his grip, and I went out to say my breviary." Evidently he did not propose to let a trifle like strangulation interfere with his piety.

Then the Hurons called a meeting and resolved to give the Algonquin some presents to soothe him. So they went to see him, and laid before him three hatchets and the blade of an old sword. After the usual preliminaries the senior Huron solemnly rose, and taking the deadly implements up one by one said pompously: "These are to free the Frenchman whom you hold." The Algonquin examined the hatchet very critically, and with equal pomposity replied: 'The desire to kill the Frenchman is now leaving my

head, but in order that it may get out completely I want a pot.' There was no pot available, so they gave him a shirt, with which he professed himself satisfied. Then telling some one to fetch him a dish of water, he washed his face and particularly his eyes, and drank what was left. Those sons of the forest were not over delicate. "Behold," he says, "this is to dry my eyes, and change my face; it is to swallow all the bitterness of my wrath;" after which unburdening of his heart, he trotted off to get some presents and returned in a few minutes with a beaver skin, as a sign of reconciliation.

Now it was the Hurons' turn. When the storm was over they began to protest their love for the priest, and urged him to write a full account of the incident to the Governor, and to say in the letter that one of the Hurons was so angry that he thought of tomahawking the Algonquin next morning. Lalemant did not trouble the Governor with any communication, nor did the Huron disturb the Algonquin with a tomahawk. "The mosquitoes are eating me up so rapidly," writes the light-hearted missionary to his Superior at Quebec, "that there is not enough left of me to put down another word."

He finally reached de Brébeuf and his friends at Ihonitiria. He came as Superior of the Missions, and as he was pre-eminently an organizer, the first thing he did was to take a census of the population. He ordered the Fathers to put their packs on their backs, and tramp off in the snow of winter from village to village, and count the number of individuals they had charge of. By the spring of 1639, all had returned from north, east, south and west, and reported that they had found thirty-two villages or towns, with a population of 12,000 souls. An estimate had already been made by de Brébeuf four years before, which gave only twenty villages, but with 35,000 inhabitants. It is not possible to ascertain how exact the first figures were, but famine, pestilence and war had ravaged these unfor-

tunate tribes meantime, and it is quite likely that the decrease of one third of the population was correct.

In connection with the census, a map of the territory was also made. Unfortunately it has not come down to us, but very likely the map of Du Creux is a modified form of it, and it was inserted with some alterations in Father Du Creux's works, bearing the date of 1660. It has no scale, and there are some variations in the names employed as well as certain hap-hazard drawings, as, for instance, where Lake Simcoe by being made almost circular, projects into territory which in reality projects into it, but on the whole it is extremely valuable in helping us to understand the relative positions of the various villages.

Another matter that engaged his attention was the solution of the problem of how to secure lay assistance for the missions; which was very much needed. For when the priests first went to Huronia, they slept in the wigwams with the savages, eat out of the same filthy dish, patched their tattered garments as best they could, etc. In such surroundings and because of the shocking immorality always before their eyes, it was impossible to think of placing a layman. But later, when they possessed lodges of their own, and were compelled to provide for their own sustenance, help was needed. There had to be some one not only to serve them at Mass, but also to guard the house when they were away on long missionary excursions. It was absolutely out of the question to employ lay-brothers for such work, for they might have to use a gun to defend themselves in case of an attack; they would have to hunt and fish and plant corn to provide the daily food; and besides would be brought into daily contact with the shameless licentiousness of both the men and women of the tribe. It would be impossible to induce any ordinary brother to adopt a life of such isolation and suffering. What was to be done?

Lalemant had discussed the matter with the provincial

in France, and they had agreed that the only feasible thing was to adopt a system which had proved a success in one of the French provinces, when brothers were scarce. Laymen had been accepted, who without belonging to the Society had, because of a life-contract and the permission to bind themselves by what are called vows of devotion, taken upon themselves the care of the temporal concerns of the religious houses in which they lived. This seemed to be a solution of the problem, and so the system of *donnés* or *oblates* was established. In 1639 six or seven domestics, who were already working with the Fathers, and who were recognized as men of solid piety and well-tried virtue, were permitted to pronounce conditional vows whose wording was somewhat like the formula of the vows of the Society. They were to renew these vows twice a year, to wear the religious habit, and the Society bound itself to take care of them for life.

Evidently the General had not been consulted about all this, and as soon as the scheme was presented to him it was found to labor under serious objections. First, it had been tried in the East Indies with deplorable results, and besides, it was nothing else than a Third Order which the Society has never admitted. Consequently Father Vitelleschi condemned it, objecting also to the habit, the vows, and the contract for life support. It was quite a shock for Father Lalemant, so he summoned his council and recast the whole plan. In the new arrangement the *donnés* were not to take vows, nor wear the habit. The life-contract was so modified that they were to agree to accept no salary, on condition of life-sustenance, but with the understanding that the agreement was not made with the whole Society, but with the Superior of Canada. Finally, it was stipulated that there would be no exterior distinction between the *donnés* and the hired men, and that they could be dismissed at any time if found unworthy of their vocation. On April 2, 1643, this arrangement, signed by Lalemant, Le Mercier,

Pijart, Ragueneau and Chastelain, was forwarded to Rome and accepted.

Some of these *donnés* have become immortal. "Without being members of the Society of Jesus," says Bancroft, "they were exceptional men who were ready to shed their blood for the Faith." The most illustrious of all are, of course, Goupil and Lalande, who were the associates of Father Jogues. Not very far from them in greatness was William Couture, who, on the occasion of the capture of Jogues, after succeeding in getting well out of the hands of the savages, deliberately and fiercely fought his way back, till he stood all reeking with blood at the side of Jogues, and quite ready to die with him. He was not killed however, but was adopted by the tribe, and when two years later the Indians assembled at Three Rivers for a treaty of peace, Couture, dressed as an Indian, appeared as one of their principal delegates. He did not return again to this savage life, but remained in the colony. He married, after being duly released from his vows, became the father of a large family, and lived till the age of ninety. His descendants to-day dwell mostly around Pointe Levis, opposite Quebec.

Guerin, who accompanied Ménard to the Far West was also a *donné,* and perhaps Chouart, who subsequently became an associate of the famous Radisson, and is known as le Sieur de Groselier. He and Radisson, whose sister he married, are the founders of the Hudson Bay Company. He was, at least, one of the domestics, who even though they had not assumed the obligation of *donnés* were unusual men; and there is a passage in the "Relations" which records the great purity of their lives and the immense services they rendered to the mission. Among them we find one who is registered as "a boy." He was more than likely the "petit garçon" whom Jogues carried on his shoulders on the first painful journey to Huronia. He had fallen sick, and the priest toiled along with him over the difficult portages until finally an Indian had to come to the

relief of both, by volunteering to carry the child the rest of the way.

What this boy was doing in the wilderness or to whom he belonged we do not know, but he was probably the Jean Amiot whom the Indians called Antaiok. Later on he became a daring fighter but withal extremely prudent, always escaping any serious injury, and always attributing his protection to his patron St. Joseph. It is told of him that on one occasion when he was out hunting, he found himself incapable of making a single step in advance. He prayed for a moment and then said to the Huron along side of him: "Something is wrong here; let us return." He found later that they had been going right into an Iroquois ambuscade. He was noted also for putting a stop to bad conversations and profanity—his irreproachable life and his admitted valor as a warrior giving authority to his words. He was as pure as an angel, and in one instance he had to imitate Joseph of Egypt in his flight from danger. As he was always among the first to seize his weapons and hurry to the thickest of the fight, in the constant alarms of those days, he said to one of the Fathers: "In case I am killed I have a lot of wood and other things to build a house. I want you to take whatever there is, for a chapel in honor of St. Joseph." The same devotion prompted him to organize a flying troop of Indians to be ready for every attack, and he proposed to call it "the army of St. Joseph." He did not die in war however, but in 1647 he went down to Quebec to get a commission from the Governor to lead a squad of Frenchmen against the Iroquois. He had reached Three Rivers and there he won every heart by his bright and joyous disposition, as well as by his physical prowess. He was a great athlete, and could beat every one, white men and Indians alike, at racing with raquettes or without them, but no one begrudged him his victories, so much was he beloved. Unfortunately while out on the river, and in full view of all his friends, he and his companion, Francis Marguerie, were

caught in a squall and drowned before help could be given them. In the curious language of the "Relations" we are told that "this brave soldier of St. Joseph made a journey of twenty-five or thirty leagues to be interred in the residence of St. Joseph," which means that they brought his body to Quebec to be buried.

When Lalemant arrived in Huronia, the arrangement of the various sites did not please him. A system of residences in the principal centres had been planned, and besides the two already established at Ossossané and Tenaustaye, two more were contemplated. He changed all that, and set about founding a central house as a basis of operations from which the Fathers could go to the different parts of the country. He was dreaming of a Paraguay on Lake Huron. The building was to be a parallelogram seventy-five by ninety feet, protected by a ditch and palisades on the sides facing the River Wye, near where that stream runs into Georgian Bay. On the other two sides there was to be a wall of masonry supporting a palisade, and provided with bastions. Within the inclosure were to be the house of the missionaries, the chapel, servants' quarters and two houses of retreat, one for Indians who came for instruction, the other for passers by who stayed for a day or so. Outside the walls were two great lodges built in Indian fashion, one for an hospital, the other a shelter for wandering Hurons. There was also a cemetery, and beyond that the farm. The entire settlement was to be enclosed by a stockade. Richelieu approved the plans and promised funds and soldiers, but we have no record of what he contributed in the way of money. The military force was scarcely ever more than a corporal's guard.

These great plans were carried out, but the scheme of having all the Fathers together was found after a few years not to be workable, and when Lalemant went down to Quebec in 1645, he informed the Provincial that there were six residences where the Fathers lived, namely: the principal

one which he had built at St. Mary's; the Immaculate Conception at Ossossané; St. Joseph's at Tenaustaye; St. Michael's, St. Ignatius', and St. John the Baptist. There was even a seventh one, but it was only temporary. It was for the Algonquins who wintered in the Huron territory, and was under the invocation of the Holy Ghost.

CHAPTER II.

Sketches of the Hurons.

It is to be regretted that we have no more of the personal adventures of Father Lalemant, but as he was always Superior, and wrote the account of what was happening, he effaces himself completely. No doubt he had many an experience like the one that occurred down at Allumettes; but instead of that he gives us some valuable information about the people he was laboring with. It will serve as a supplement of what we have from de Brébeuf

One of the most striking of these pen-pictures is the account of one of their superstitious practices. Possibly when he was a professor at college in France, he had charge of the dramatic representations, for just as he called his struggle with the crazy Algonquin a tragi-comedy, he describes the events he is now narrating as a drama in five acts. He begins by telling us that a woman of the village went out of her cabin one night with her child in her arms. Immediately, she fancied that the moon fell on her head and then transformed itself into a beautiful woman holding in her arms a child like her own.

"I," said the spectre, "am the immortal ruler of these countries and its inhabitants. Therefore I wish you to go everywhere to compel the people to give you presents. Go to the Petuns for tobacco, to the sorcerers for porcupine belts, etc. As I am all fire I order you to be dressed entirely in red; a red hat, red feather, red cincture, etc."

In consequence of her order the squaw started like a flash for her cabin, and forthwith went into convulsions, possibly out of delight at her prospective adornments. She straightway began to clamor for the satisfaction of her dream, and crowds rushed in to see what they could do for her.

As usual, it became a national affair; a council was summoned, and the sages determined that the lady must be gratified in getting whatever she asked. Consequently next morning criers went through the village ordering preparations for the feast, and instantaneously, as if there were a conflagration, people were seen hurrying to and fro to gather what was necessary for the event. A council was again summoned, and Lalemant and the Fathers were invited.

"What do you think of it?" they were asked. "It is all craziness or deviltry," was the answer; whereupon a cunning old chief pretending that the priests had given their assent, cried out to the mob: "Courage men; courage women; courage brothers; perform the ceremony now, that is necessary for our country and is in keeping with the customs of our ancestors." Then in a stage whisper to those near him he added: "I told these Frenchmen that they were going to see things that would astonish them, but that they should not mind, for I heard at Quebec and Three Rivers that if we were Christians in four or five years that would be soon enough."

While this by-play was going on, delegates from the squaw came in, and asked for two men and two girls to be sent to her, in order to learn what she wanted. The persons designated withdrew; and at mid-day, the lady in red, seated on a sort of a hod and carried on the shoulders of the braves in the midst of a mob that was howling its lungs out, entered the lodge. Her four coryphaei were attired pretty nearly in nature's garb, having left their garments as a tribute to the ruling spirit of the revels, and they declared that six dogs of a certain color which they described were required, and also six rolls of tobacco, a quantity of other things besides, and finally a blue dress, which the French must give her.

Great excitement followed, and before the Fathers could escape from the crowd, fifteen of the presents were laid at the feet of the thrifty squaw. "What are you going to do

about the blue dress?" the missionaries were asked. "You are laughing at us," was the answer; whereat the whole assembly was scandalized. "If that is the reason you called us here you can tell her to go home without a present from us," said the priests, and they vanished from the scene, only to be followed by the chief, who begged them not to break the spell. "Such," says Lalemant, "was the first act of the drama."

The second consisted in every one going to the squaw's lodge, whither she had meantime been transported with great solemnity. No one was empty-handed, and the presents were literally rained on her. She was kept busy avoiding the missiles. At sunset, the chiefs were out on the streets again, shouting to everyone to stir up the fires and to make them as hot as possible, for such was the dreamer's command. The fires were soon ready, and two braves took her by the hand and led her from house to house. To the astonishment of every one, though her feet and her legs were bare, she walked through two or three hundred fires, not only without being burned, but complaining that the fire was not hot enough. Was it a trick or deviltry?

The third act consisted in a general outbreak of insanity. Every one except a few old and decrepit Indians, began to run over the course the woman had followed. They were all painted and bedaubed and wore ridiculous and hideous masks, and kept up such a din and committed such wild acts that "they seemed," says the "Relation," "like the bacchantees of old or like the devils in hell." The laws of the feast gave them full license to do and say what they liked with impunity. They upset the pots on the fires; they smashed the earthenware; they killed the dogs; they scattered fire brands in every direction at the risk of burning the lodge or the whole village, and no one dared to interfere with them; the idea being that the more riot there was, the quicker the sick person would recover.

The fourth act was the "solving of the riddles." Every one ran around proposing them. The answer was given not in words, but by throwing some object at the questioner. Thus, for instance, one would say: "I want a lake," and would be answered by a kettle of water being flung at him. The one who propounded the riddle kept the kettle in any case, but if the answer to his conundrum was correct there was great rejoicing, and every one began to beat the sides of the wigwam to show their joy, and also to console the patient who, perhaps, was then at the other end of the village, but who was supposed to be comforted by this absent treatment. Covetous persons could thus acquire considerable property. It is needless to say, some of the requests were gross and indecent. No one was idle, but all were running like mad from house to house proposing and solving the riddles, hammering on the sides of the lodges, and carrying off other people's household effects. The act concluded by a general meeting in the lodge of the troublesome female who had caused all this disturbance, for they had to answer her riddles. If she was skilful she could keep them busy throwing things at her all night. Finally, when everyone was worn out, a council was summoned and the number of successful answers was counted. On this occasion it was ascertained that one hundred correct guesses were made, and the vilage plumed itself that night on its marvellous cleverness.

Two days and nights were spent in this folly. On the third day, her ladyship began the fifth and last act. She was conducted to every house in the village. After and before her, was a long line of mourners in single file, crawling alone in solemn silence, with bowed heads and dismal faces. While the procession was passing, no one dared appear on the streets. When it entered a house, the woman recited in doleful tones all her woes, and explained the purposes of her enigmas. Presents were again hurled at her. She went to the next cabin and the next, her at-

tendants meantime gathering up the pots, and coats, and hats and shoes, and whatever she was thus vigorously presented with. She made the round of the village three times, and while the presents were accumulating and the riddles read, the battering of the lodges continued, the yells grew louder, the congratulations on her recovered health became more vociferous, she meantime keeping up her piteous wail of thanks for their kindness, and conveying her assurance that she was feeling somewhat better. "It is a comedy so far," says Lalemant, "but the child upon whom the moon had fallen, sickened and died meantime. However while the mother was engaged in public affairs, one of the missionaries baptized the poor little fellow and sent him to heaven."

This is only one of the endless varieties of "omens, dreams and such like fooleries," which these degraded savages indulged in. There was no end to them; the reason of their multiplicity being that the Hurons were not a homogeneous people, but an agglomeration of all sorts of exiles and fugitives who had agreed to live together for mutual defense. Hence each section contributed its special superstition with its own fixed and unalterable ritual, every detail of which had to be rigorously observed. To ensure their perpetuity, a great number of societies had been formed, which were to prevent any infraction or neglect, and in that way to secure the success of the incantation. Membership in such associations was very much coveted, and in some instances was hereditary. One can understand the difficulty of converting such people.

A glance at a gambling scene may also help us to appreciate another of the trials of the missionary life among the Hurons. Like all gambling, even among civilized people, there was superstition connected with it. The favorite game consisted in throwing plum-stones in a wooden dish. Before it began, nights were passed in consultation in order to choose the best player, and the braves fasted and abstained most austerely, so as to obtain favorable dreams, carefully

carrying all the objects they had dreamed about to the gambling hell. The men who were known to have especially lucky charms on their person were placed near the players. If there was any old Indian whose presence might give good luck, he was carried in on the shoulders of the braves and given a seat of honor. Even the Fathers, because of their dignity as sorcerers, were invariably asked to pray for a happy result. Finally, the two chosen gamblers face each other. Above them, a long platform has been built, and stretched out on it, where they can follow every move of the game are lines of men, who are instructed to invoke their demons during the play, and to make menacing gestures and hurl imprecations at the demons of the opposite side so as to frighten them off. The play begins, growing wilder and wilder as it proceeds, amid the shouts and yells of the spectators and the excitement of the gamblers themselves. Bags of tobacco, robes, shoes, weapons, everything is staked and lost, and often the loser goes back to his lodge in the snow, "as naked as a worm." Unfortunately for the missionaries, it was conceded that their presence in the country brought bad luck, for the people of Ossossané, where conversions were multiplying, invariably lost the game. Over and over again, the missionaries asked the most serious men in the village to summon the demon of the gambling dish or the dream ceremonies to appear openly for a talk; but they never succeeded in seeing his Satanic Majesty or any of his imps.

In 1645, Lalemant resigned his superiorship into the hands of Ragueneau; and without knowing if he would ever reach Quebec, for the Iroquois were all along the river, he wrote to the provincial what he thought about the condition of things in Huronia, affixing it to his descriptions of their funerals and gambling. Fortunately he is very chatty, and is always excusing himself for being prolix, but his fondness for writing furnishes us with excellent sketches of men and things in the land to which

he had given seven years of his life, and which he was leaving only in obedience to the summons of his superiors. We shall give only a digest of the long account.

"When I arrived in Huronia," he says, "the pestilence was at its height, and many people were baptized in their last moments. It was fortunate for them, but hard on those who survived, for the one or two Christian families who were left after the sickness had ceased, scarcely dared lift their heads. In the popular estimation, they were the cause of the misfortune. They were also the chief victims; for pestilence, famine and war always cut a wider swath among them than among the pagans. In a single instance, one hundred picked warriors, all of them Christians, were cut off to a man by the Iroquois; and disease would pass by the huts where the missionaries were scoffed at and ill-treated, and leave the homes of fervent Christians desolate. They were generally also the poorest. And yet in spite of all this, the little flock grew amazingly both in numbers and sanctity.

"I know no people on earth who have so many obstacles between them and the Faith. Apart from the fact that they have no writings, and no traditions, and no idea of God as a Creator, and no conception of a Divine Providence, they will absolutely not submit to any restraint upon their conduct. A father has no control over his children, nor a chief over his warriors. There are no laws in the country, except those you choose to accept. A wretch who is red with a score of murders is unmolested. There is even no punishment for a man who betrays his country, and he will actually boast of having instigated the most disastrous wars in which his own people have suffered defeat. Punishments for crime are inflicted on the public, and not on the culprit. If a Huron kills an Algonquin or one of his own tribe, the whole nation meets and discusses the amount and character of the presents to be given to the family of the sufferer, but there is no public authority to enforce

such contributions from individuals. Only the praise accorded to them for their generosity and public spirit urges them to pay their quota.

"Moreover, what seems to the savage to be just and equitable, runs directly counter to the teachings of Christianity. Thus they think it eminently proper to dismiss their wives, as they would their slaves, and the women also withdraw if the fancy seizes them, and in any case they are at liberty to consort with any number of the braves before their marriage without any detriment to their reputation. But possibly the greatest obstacle to their conversion lies in the fact that all their remedies against illness, all their recreations, their hunting and fishing, their business and banquets, are involved in some way or other in diabolical rites and ceremonies. The consequence is an absolute exclusion from trade, pleasure, and public life of all those who profess to be Christians.

"It is true that after having examined all their superstitions, we cannot find any of the assistance which the devil is supposed to give them which may not be explained by natural agencies, but nevertheless they firmly believe in the Prince of Darkness; they have recourse to him, they invoke him, and are sure he speaks to them in dreams and omens; they sacrifice to him and offer him presents, and refer to him all the temporal things of life. They do not get much in return, but it does not shake their belief.

"If lesser difficulties than these thwart the missionaries of civilized races, if the gospel is accepted by people only because of miracles, the gift of tongues, prophecies and the like, what can we do here where God has not deigned to work miracles to advance the faith? If, at least, we had some temporal aid; if the French would only establish their authority to repress the outrages against common decency which go on before our eyes, the difficulty would be considerably diminished. But in spite of all this," he says in conclusion, "I must testify, now that I am going away,

after seven years work among them, that I have seen as much accomplished in that short period as I could not have dared to hope for at the end of a long life, and, perhaps, I would not have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes."

CHAPTER III.

Superior in Quebec.

Although Lalemant returned to Quebec in 1645, he should have been there the year before, but the first letter appointing him superior never reached him. It fell into the hands of the Indians, who, possibly puzzled over its hieroglyphics, which were always a profound mystery for them, or perhaps made use of the paper in their incantations. When the summons at last came, Achiendasé, as Lalemant was called, put the last touch to the Huron Catechism, which we are told was drawn from the "Summa" of St. Thomas, and started down the river. Whether he took his manuscript with him or not, we do not know. In fact, we were unaware that his name was on the long list of missionaries who have left literary monuments, until we saw it set down in the Mss. of Father Martin. De Backer credits him with writing, also, "Les Principes de la langue Huronne."

He arrived at Three Rivers in time for the great conference with the Mohawks, at which Montmagny presided. He met there his two brethren, Jogues and Bressani, who had returned from Europe after their captivity, and saw Couture enter the assembly as an Iroquois delegate. When the proceedings ended, he went down to Quebec, and began his long superiorship, the first five years of which were one continual agony. For it was he who sent Jogues down to the Mohawk, and only a few months elapsed when the news came of the hero's death. At the same time the Iroquois were drawing their lines closer around the upper missions, and utter ruin seemed inevitable. In 1646 he wrote these memorable words: "We shall be taken; we shall be burned; we shall be massacred. But that is a

trifle. One s bed is not always the best place to die in. I do not see a single one here who does not hold his head high. They are all begging to be sent to the Hurons, and some protest that it is the fire of the Iroquois that they covet." In 1648 came the news of Daniel's bloody death, and then the tragedies of de Brébeuf, Lalemant, Garnier and Chabanel were announced. The crash came in 1650, and when he held in his hands the bones of his nephew, Gabriel, and of his beloved de Brébeuf, we may well imagine, but may not attempt to describe his feelings. He had not time to weep, for the seven hundred Huron fugitives, who came down with Ragueneau had to be provided for, and he went around to the convents and the houses of the colonists to beg for food and clothes. The Indians were saved from starvation, and were given shelter on the Jesuit farms at Beauport.

As soon as he returned from Huronia he began the famous "Journal des Jésuites," which has become one of the curiosities of historical literature. It is nothing but the ordinary diary of events that is kept in every Jesuit house, but for that very reason it is of the greatest interest and value. This particular "Journal" has on its title page: "Journal commencé 1645," and is therefore thought to be the first of its kind. But that is incorrect. Vimont, Lalemant's predecessor, in all likelihood kept a similar "Journal," but unfortunately, like many other precious documents, it has been lost.

This diary of course was never intended for publication, for it is always a private and personal record whose contents are not even known by the members of the community. It is intended as a guide for future superiors, and often contains impressions that may have been formed about individuals as well as about public policies. As this particular *Journal* was for a long time in the hands of others who might not have been friendly, interpolations and marginal notes might have been made which would not be pleasant to have

ascribed to those who never wrote them. On this account it would naturally have to be submitted for revision before giving it to the public. Possibly that was done, but the distinguished editors, Laverdière and Casgrain, do not assure us on that point. On the contrary they seem somewhat apprehensive of unpleasant consequences, and warn their readers "not to be unjust to the estimable authors of the manuscript or the persons or institutions of which they speak, and to be careful not to take too seriously what was written under the form of *badinage* and without *mauvaise intention.*"

There is necessarily a personal note throughout the "Journal." Thus, for instance, Lalemant writes: "When I was in Montreal, the resolution had been taken to build a wooden house for a residence and all the timber was ready, but the ship arrived with orders from France to build the hospital. Maisonneuve found it difficult to explain the situation to the Fathers, so I took it upon myself. But now they are throwing the cat at my legs as if I had prevented the work."

We have sometimes apparently trivial details, as for instance:

"About the end of the month there were great complaints about certain Hurons wintering at Sillery, for having crept into the windows of Gadois' house and taken some pieces of salt pork in retaliation for his having robbed them of some old rags. They were threatened with the Governor's wrath when he returned, but were also promised satisfaction for their loss."

In another note we read: "Madame Giffard took some black cloth of an old soutane to line the sleeves of another not so bad, etc. We got a man for the kitchen to day to help the Brother, who had too much to do."

"To-day Pierre Goudron arrived. He is a miller or thinks he is."

There are items also about the unhappiness of the nuns,

who did not get as many benedictions as they wanted; the hopelessness of appointing Father Dablon for High Mass, for he could not sing; the tricks of a sharper who swindled the Fathers out of a good deal of money; the arrival of a quack doctor, etc. Among other records we have an account of the midnight Mass on Christmas of 1645, which is worth quoting, as it gives us an idea of the musical conditions that prevailed at that time in Quebec.

"The first bell for midnight Mass," we are told, "rang at 11 o'clock; the second a little before half past eleven, and then they began to sing two airs: 'Venez mon Dieu' and 'Chantons Noël.' Mons. de la Ferté took the bass, and St. Martin played the violin. There was also a German flute, which was out of tune, when they reached the church. A little before midnight we sang the *Te Deum,* and a little after, a signal gun was fired, and Mass began. The *pain bénit* was distributed just as the priest was opening the book. It was the first time in many years, because of the quarrels about it.

This trouble about the *pain bénit* which was made use of as in the *agapes* or love feasts of the early Christians, forms a curious story about early Quebec. In spite of the name, there was not much brotherly love lost in this recrudescence of primitive piety, and one is amazed to find the people who were fighting for their life on that desolate rock, squabbling like children about a gift that should have been a symbol of union and peace.

The quarrel was revived on this particular Christmas, in order to satisfy the devotion of the *taillandiers,* or tool makers. Mons. le Gouverneur was going to give the *pain bénit* on the following Sunday, and in order to avoid hurting any one's feelings it was to be offered first to the priest, and then to the governor, and afterwards to every one indiscriminately; the distribution taking place sometimes at the altar and sometimes at the end of the church. The Christmas ceremony seemed to have passed off smootly.

but on New Year's Day, when the governor received his portion, the question arose: Who's next? It was decided to give it to the two principal trustees, and then to begin on the side of St. Geneviève, as if going up one street first, and returning by another. There was no disturbance then, but before Septuagesima, Mme. Marsolet, whose turn had come for the *pain bénit,* sent it in, all wrapped in gauze with candles around it on which small coins were hanging, but, says the writer, " before blessing it I had all that taken off so as to prevent it from being the cause of jealousy and vanity."

There is one entry which somewhat takes the glow off Montmagny's glory, great as he was in other respects. It is recorded on the 8th of January that the Iroquois had been telling how an arrangement had been made with the governor, who agreed that the Mohawks could make war on the Algonquins, provided they did not touch the Hurons and French. No one believed it, but " unfortunately," says the chronicler, who forthwith begins to write in Latin, " there is a foundation for it. When I heard it I went to the governor, and he said to Father de Quen and myself that in the preceding summer, when the Mohawk envoys came to Three Rivers with Couture, one of their chiefs, named Crochet, asked for a private interview, which was granted. The chief said that he had a splendid present to offer, and wanted to make an arrangement about fighting the Algonquins. The governor refused to look at the present, and told the Indian that such a thing was impossible. Crochet was very angry, and the peace which had just been made seemed to be on the point of being broken, whereupon Montmagny compromised, and agreed, on condition that they would not attack the Christian Algonquins."

How Christian Algonquins could be distinguished in a fight from their pagan relatives is hard to understand, and the concession looks like a deplorable weakness in the great

man. For a similar desertion of the allies, de Denonville, at a much later period, was cashiered and recalled to France. However, remote as we are from those occurrences, it is perhaps not fair to judge the governor as guilty of cowardice. The fate of the colony was then hanging in the balance.

There is one ugly item which is not usually found in general history; and very likely it is a solitary instance in the annals of Canada. We are told that in March, 1646, "Chrestionnot, a cook at Three Rivers, left our service and was put in the fort, but he behaved himself so badly there that *'on le mit sur le chevalet ou il se rompit;'* that is to say, he was broken on the rack. Of course that punishment was in vogue in Europe at the time, and the New Englanders used it much later in Salem, but one is not prepared for it in Quebec.

In this very interesting book we find also valuable records of Government acts, accounts of massacres, notes about journeys, the departure of ships, etc., all carefully put down, day by day. On that score alone the "Journal" is of inestimable value, for the "Relations" very often leave us without dates, and even omit the names of Fathers who are sent upon missions of great importance; and in these gaps, the "Journal" comes to our help, and guides us through what would otherwise be an inextricable tangle, while at the same time it supplies us with an excellent picture of the social life of Quebec as it was two hundred and fifty years ago.

Lalemant kept the record until 1650. He then went to Europe, and Ragueneau took his place; but in 1651, Lalemant's handwriting appears again in the books. In 1656 he was a second time called abroad, but returning with Laval, in 1659, he resumed the "Journal" until 1665. Here and there, however, the entries are in the handwriting of de Quen and Druillettes. There are also some blank pages from time to time, which may be accounted for by the

records having been written on other paper, with the intention of transcribing them later.

This interesting book was found after the death of Father Cazot, the last Jesuit in Quebec. It then disappeared in the general scattering of the papers, and was discovered only in 1815, by Mr. A. W. Cochran, the Secretary of Governor Sherbrooke, in some out of the way corner of the office. Cochran kept it until 1849, and his widow then gave it to M. Faribault, who bequeathed it in his will to the Seminary of Quebec. In 1871 it was published in its present form, and with its elaborate Index forms a large quarto of 400 pages.

Besides this diary, which ends in June, 1668, we discover in the inventory of Father Cazot's papers that there were three other copy books, in which the "Journal" was continued up to the year 1750. The first of these books goes as far as 1710, and we are told it had the following title: "The Continuation of the Registers which all the Rectors of the College have written about important events that have happened in the country during their term of office, except Father Bigot, who during six years wrote nothing, so that Father Bouvart, who immediately succeeded him, wrote his records in the book bound in red. We are now about to resume it in the one bound in parchment, in 1710." By reference to the catalogues we find that the Rector in 1710 was Father Germain. But how do we know that the diary was continued after that year?. Because Smith, in his "History of Canada" quotes from it, with regard to events which occurred in 1755. Faribault gives us this information, and tells us that the copy-books formed two large volumes. Where they are nobody knows. Their discovery would be of great historical value.

A short time after Lalemant's arrival at Quebec, the famous Trading Company of the One Hundred Associates began to show signs of dissolution. Its monopoly had naturally provoked a great deal of discontent, and finally, on

March 6, 1645, it yielded all its right in furs to an association whose headquarters were in Montreal, which styled itself the "Compagnie des Habitants." With what appears to be amazing generosity to itself, the One Hundred retained the trade of Acadia, Cape Breton, and Miscou; kept its hold on all its great *Seigneuries,* and also maintained its exclusive right to name the governor and lieutenant governor, as well as the judges of whatever courts might in course of time be established. It also saddled on the new company the obligation of paying the salaries of the Government officials, supplying ammunitions of war, keeping the forts in repair, maintaining at least one hundred men in the various posts, assuming all the debts of the General Company, bringing over at the lowest twenty colonists every year from Europe, supporting the missions, and giving a thousand weight of beaver skins to the General Company yearly.

We do not know whether the rival organization acquitted itself of all these obligations, but as a matter of fact it coined so much money that the officers immediately voted to increase their own salaries; a proposal which was estopped by Maisonneuve's refusal to approve of it. When two companies at the same time could make such profit as the meeting of all these obligations implies, it is comprehensible that they did their best to prevent the settlement of Indians on reservations where they could be civilized.

The quarrel in the new company, and the dissatisfaction with the old, resulted in the appointment of a Royal Council, which was to govern the colony, and thus prevent those two great moneyed interests from exercising a dangerous political control. This Council was to consist of first, the Governor of the entire country; second, the Superior of the Jesuits until the arrival of a bishop; third, the Governor of Montreal. In the "Journal des Jésuites," there is a record of a domestic consultation to determine whether the Superior of the Jesuits should accept the place. It was

finally decided in the affirmative, and Lalemant entered upon its duties. The obligations of the office might draw on him a great deal of odium, but he displayed such skill and prudence in the performance of his work that not a word was ever said against him, whereas his successor, Ragueneau, who was undoubtedly a man of great parts, was removed at the request of the Jesuits themselves.

In 1648, the French Government gave another example of the fatuousness which almost invariably prompted its direction of its colony in the New World. It recalled Montmagny.

After Champlain, there was no greater ruler of New France than Montmagny. His name *mons magnus,* or Onontio, as the Indians called him, was the title given to all subsequent governors. He was a man of unusually devout life, and being a Knight of Malta, he had made a vow of celibacy. He was an extremely prudent and wise ruler, and kept his balance perfectly between the contending factions of those early days. He was a valiant soldier, and had the reputation among the Indians not only of always keeping his word, but of never being deceived by the promises of the politicians. He had just reached a period in his administration when the colony was face to face with its greatest crisis. Daniel had been slain; the Iroquois were closing in on the missions, and the great tribe, which had been allied with the French from the beginning was on the point of being exterminated. Yet, merely because it was not considered good policy to leave any one too long in office, he was recalled. The great man sailed for France and then disappeared from view. It is amazing how complete the oblivion is that shrouds the last days of Onontio.

Shortly after he departed, the crash came. Six of the missionaries were killed, and the scattered remnants of the once powerful Hurons drifted down to Quebec and had to be saved from starvation by the colonists, who themselves were in woeful straits for want of provisions. The

Iroquois were so successful that the abandonment of the colony was seriously contemplated. It could not hold out much longer unless help arrived, and in order to obtain it, Lalemant, after sending back to France the missionaries for whom there was no longer any possibility of employment among the Indians, embarked on the last vessel that left Quebec in 1650. It is lugubriously noted in the "Journal" that it was November 2, *le jour des morts*. Reading further, we find that he was not able to return until October 24 of the following year. When he came back, the new Governor, de Lauson, was on the ship with him.

During the next six years of his Superiorship tragic events followed quickly on each other. Father Buteux was killed by the savages on the St. Maurice in 1652. On the 19th of August of the same year, Du Plessis, the Commandant of Three Rivers and thirteen of his men were massacred. At Montreal, only the heroism of Lambert Closse, who, with a handful of men beat back two hundred Iroquois, saved that colony from annihilation. In May of the following year, the Mohawks beset Three Rivers and would have taken it, but for the timely arrival of a detachment of men from Quebec, who were pursuing the Indians who had come up to the very walls of Quebec and had carried off Father Poncet into captivity. There was some relief when Maisonneuve arrived with one hundred soldiers, most of whom, however, lost their lives subsequently in fighting the savages, and finally a plot was discovered to detach the remnants of the Hurons from their ancient allegiance to the French. The prospects were never darker in New France.

Just then, however, for reasons which no one could understand, the most powerful of the Iroquois Federation, the Onondagas, not only asked for peace, but also for the establishment of a French colony in their territory. There was every reason for fearing it was only a ruse, but Father

Le Moyne went down among them, and returned with the report that the proposition was sincere. Dablon and Chaumonot followed him, and in 1656, fifty Frenchmen established a post on Lake Ganentaa, near the site of the present city of Syracuse.

In that year Lalemant was recalled to France ostensibly for family matters, but probably to let his superiors study him more closely in view of another appointment. He knew nothing of their intentions, and it must have caused him no little astonishment when, in 1658, he was made Rector of the Royal College of La Flèche. He had been seven years among the savages of Lake Huron; he had suffered ten years of agony as superior at Quebec, at a period when the whole structure, which had been reared with such an awful expenditure of labor and blood, was falling about his ears, and he was now summoned to preside over one of the greatest educational establishments in France. His American experience had evidently not diminished either his refinement of manner or the strictness of his religious observance.

La Flèche was established by Henry IV, in one of his ancestral chateaux, and as it had been the home of his boyhood, he was much attached to it. The old wood-cuts, of it remind one of Versailles, with its park, its elaborate gardens and stately avenues. Before it is the placid Loire, while another stream runs along the right of the domain. The chateau itself was about the only building of importance, for in the seventeenth century, La Flèche was only a village, and even to-day, if you took away some of the dwellings of the rich that have clustered there, and the college, which is now no longer a Jesuit establishment, and also the religious institutions, you would have scarcely anything left. It could not have ever been very populous, but in that secluded place the King resolved to establish a great university; and for that end poured out his treasures so lavishly that the Royal Treasurer protested. Indeed, the monarch spent so

much on the structure, that in order to get money for its upkeep, he had to apply to the Pope to employ the revenues of an old Priory nearby which had been founded by Geoffrey Plantagenet in 1130; and also of a somewhat disused monastery which was then inhabited by a few monks of St. Bernard.

As a matter of fact it was the only college in France, except Louis le Grand, that ever had sufficient revenues to support it. The Jesuits had educational institutes all over the country, but with the exception of these two, none were adequately endowed; and it comes as a surprise to hear that in those golden days, which are so much extolled, a school like Toulouse, for instance, which needed 20,000 livres a year, had in reality only 5,800; that Bordeaux, which called for the same amount had no more than 9,000, and so on through the list. They were all in debt, badly furnished, and ill-suited for educational requirements. Even the community was often poorly clothed, and in some cases the brethren had to borrow each other's clothes to go out. It is a good commentary on the Society's alleged wealth. But it would never do to have the royal college of La Flèche in such straits, even if the Pope had to pay for it by sacrificing other foundations; and so the necessary 20,000 livres were annually paid into its exchequer. We find these interesting facts in the " Récherches Historiques " of Father Prat.

A glimpse of what was done at La Flèche may be of interest. It opened with nineteen professors in 1603, and had forty-two in 1611. From that out, till the suppression of the Society in France in 1762, the number varied from eighty to one hundred and ten. This, of course, included tutors or *répétiteurs,* among whom were men like Noël, the intimate friend of Descartes; de Rienne, the famous physicist of those days; Vavassour, whose name looms large in French Belles Lettres; Gresset, already famous for his *Vert vert,* Jouvency, Charlevoix, and others equally famous. Among

its surveillants we find the names of Pierre Pijart, Gabriel Lalemant, René de Gamache, the founder of the College of Quebec; Claude Dablon; de la Place; Bonin; Simon Le Moyne and others.

There were usually about five hundred pupils in the college, representing the greatest families in the realm; dukes and counts and princes. There were La Valettes, de Rohans, d'Armagnacs, de la Rochefoucaulds, and notable on the list because of what is now going to enter into the life of Lalemant there was the future Bishop of Quebec, François de Montmorency Laval-de Montigny. The new rector was installed in September, 1658. He was then more than sixty-three years of age.

CHAPTER IV.

Vicar General.

Scarcely had Lalemant entered upon his duties as Rector of La Flèche, than he was asked for as Vicar General by Laval, who had just been assigned to the Bishopric of Quebec. To that request Father Nickel, the General of the Society strenuously objected: "His Illustrious Lordship de Laval de Montigny, the future Bishop of Canada, he said, "must bear with us, if we cannot comply with his desire. There are others who can be of help to him in the office to which he refers. He is unaware that Father Lalemant has just been appointed Rector of La Flèche."

The answer did not satisfy Laval. He urgently requested the Provincial, Father Renault, to insist upon it, and before the answer came he himself had appealed to the General, and Father Nickel finally consented to grant what Laval assured him would be a great favor. He had met Lalemant in Paris, and fully agreed with Father Le Jeune, who had written to the General in October as follows: "I say very frankly that there is no one better suited for the office, especially in the actual conditions of the colony. He is strong, strenuous, prudent and pious. Whether we consider the Abbé de Queylus, or the Governor, or the Bishop, there is no one who can manage matters with greater prudence than Father Lalemant."

Lalemant was delighted to return to America, especially with Laval, whom he described as "one who had the appearance and at the same time the power of an angel." But doubtless, if the choice were given him, he would have preferred to go out among the Indians than to remain at Quebec. He was fully aware of the trouble in store for him, but he hastened to obey. "I left La Flèche on the

10th of April," he wrote the General, "and I was at Rochelle the next day, which was Easter Sunday; and on the same day I was on board the ship with the Illustrious Bishop of Petrœa. We reached Quebec on the 16th of June after a prosperous voyage. There the Bishop was received as an angel of God."

His judgment of the Bishop was shared by all the Fathers at Quebec. Le Mercier, writing to the General, calls Laval "a man of thorough sanctity." Ragueneau styles him "an apostolic man, after God's own heart, who is not seeking self but Jesus Christ;" and de Quen declares that "he fills all our hopes and longings." The public reception given to the Bishop was as splendid as the circumstances would allow, but he must have already perceived an under current of opposition which was to give him no end of trouble.

Lalemant's own return was a cause of great rejoicing. Marie de l'Incarnation, writes that it was a blessing for the whole country. His absence in Europe had left a void which no one was able to fill, and Ragueneau found that "no one possesses to an equal degree the gift of governing; especially as experience and sanctity has softened the asperity which was remarked in him when he was younger." The observation is valuable as an explanation of the suddenness with which he set about revolutionizing everything in the missions in the early years before he had scarcely time to look around, and making arrangements which were subsequently abandoned. Dablon, Druillettes, Pijart, Le Mercier and others all wrote to thank the General for sending him back. Great as his energy and influence might have been, however, it can scarcely be admitted, as a recent writer declares, that from that out, on account of Lalemant's withdrawal from the post of Superior, the work of the missions languished. The fact is that they were never in a worse condition than when he was in charge, though the fault should not be ascribed to him. A dozen Lalemants could not have restored them to their former

vigor, nor could he have inaugurated new enterprises. What was needed was not a priest, but a Governor with some sense and plenty of soldiers. The Indians themselves saw that, and at the very first reception given to Lalemant and Laval, an old chief said to both of the dignitaries: "You will never reach the other Indians until you crush the Iroquois." Nor did this crushing process mean that indiscriminate slaughter had to be resorted to; for nine years afterwards, de Tracy merely burned a few old villages on the Mohawk, without killing a single Indian, and there was an uninterrupted peace of fifteen years.

Lalemant's office of vicar general launched him on a sea of troubles, but he himself to a certain extent was responsible for some of it. A course of action which had to be adopted six years before caused the first storm. It was about the matter of episcopal jurisdiction. From the beginning of the missions the Jesuits derived their ecclesiastical faculties from Rome, but about the year 1640, the Bishop of Rouen got it into his head that Quebec was part of his diocese, for the reason that a certain number of ships left from the port of that city for Canada. It might have belonged to many other cities for a similar reason, but nevertheless, he was sustained in his contention by substantially the whole episcopate of France. It followed as a necessary consequence, if the claim was well founded, that the Jesuits of Canada, not having faculties from him, were unlawfully administering the sacraments.

Indeed, acting on that presumption, the Abbé de Queylus, a distinguished Sulpitian, had fifteen years previously presented himself in Quebec as the vicar general of the Bishop of Rouen. As his claims were not allowed, he naturally returned home very much chagrined; but his visit had the effect of disturbing the consciences of the Jesuits, and it was determined to send Vimont to consult the theologians of France. He started in 1647, merely informing the General that he was returning to Europe upon matters of

importance. Doubtless there were other things that required his personal attention, but one is prompted to inquire why this matter of jurisdiction was not set at rest by a simple letter to his Paternity. As far as we can make out, that was not done. Arriving in France, Vimont put the matter before his brethren, and it was decided that if it did not do any good it would not do any harm to ask, in addition to their papal faculties, authorization from the Bishop of Rouen, who was immensely pleased to grant them, and made the Superior of the Jesuits of Quebec *ipso facto* his vicar general. But when the general was informed of it, he sent a tart letter to Father Lalemant telling him that the claims of the Bishop were without foundation. The receipt of this communication may explain the subsequent silence of the Fathers about their faculties.

Unfortunately, in 1653, when Lalemant was still in charge, an order came from the Bishop of Rouen to proclaim the Jubilee of Innocent X. To do so was to admit the Bishop's jurisdiction. Lalemant however, obeyed, and announced that "the Bishop of Rouen had full authority in the French Colony." He was evidently taken to task for this action also, and in the "Journal des Jésuites" we find him giving his reasons for so doing. They are: "First—The Bishop had sent letters patent to the French Assistant of the Society in Rome, which were forwarded to Quebec by episcopal order. Second—The Bishop had ordained a young man who had lived ten years in Canada, on the ground that Canada was in his jurisdiction. Third—He had ordered an inquiry into the life and virtues of the missionaries who had been killed. Fourth—The Governor had been consulted, and was of the opinion that the proclamation of the Jubilee should be made. Fifth—There were grave doubts about the right of the missionaries to receive the religious professions of the nuns without the Bishop's authorization." So that if a mistake was made, it was not due to levity or precipitation.

During all this time, a movement had been going on to provide Quebec with a bishop of its own; an arrangement which would have solved the difficulty altogether. But the Bishop of Rouen protested against any such division of his diocese. While the battle was in progress, M. de Queylus arrived in Quebec with the appointment as vicar general in his hand. That was two years before the coming of Laval. De Queylus, as he had been directed, presented his papers to Father de Quen, who was then superior, but who, instead of asking if his own appointment had been revoked, and falling back in case it was on his faculties from the Pope, very unwisely said nothing. Indeed, it does not appear that de Queylus was aware of the appointment of de Quen by the Bishop of Rouen, and he forthwith began to exercise his powers with his accustomed vigor, and appointed the Jesuit Father Poncet, parish priest of Quebec, with instructions, however, to administer the parish with due subjection to his religious superior. This Poncet did not do, and was consequently summarily removed by de Quen. Whereupon de Queylus hurried back from Montreal whither he had gone with some other Sulpitians to found the Seminary; and began what Father Pijart describes as "an Iroquois war against the Jesuits." He withdrew from them all faculties in the parish church, questioned the validity of the marriages they had performed, accused them of trafficking in peltries, denounced them for not living as religiously as in France, and sent his complaints to the Father General, who returned them to de Quen and asked for information.

Meantime de Quen had written to Rouen, and was told that he was still vicar general at Quebec, while the jurisdiction of de Queylus was restricted to Montreal. This brought peace for a time. Finally in 1659 Laval arrived, and de Queylus hurried down to make his submission. But he was unaware that the Bishop of Rouen was still thundering against Laval, and had on May 11, 1659, received

a decree from Louis XIV, in virtue of which de Queylus was to be Vicar of Montreal, and that such instructions were being forwarded to him personally. But as some one had made haste to explain to His Majesty that he had committed a grievous blunder by his interference, the first letter was revoked, and Laval was advised of the royal change of heart. Not knowing this, de Queylus, on receiving his letter, hurried again to Quebec to claim his rights, but to his amazement was confronted with the second letter to Laval. In disgust he started for France on October 22d, and in the interest of peace a royal order was procured prohibiting the Abbé's return to America.

But the merry war still continued. In spite of episcopal and royal injunctions, de Queylus obtained a decree from the Dataria in Rome, authorizing him to establish an independent parish in Montreal. Armed with this document, he presented himself at Quebec in 1661, and at the same time handed to Laval an order from the Bishop of Rouen directing his Lordship to betake himself to Montreal and inaugurate the parish. Rouen still claimed Quebec, and even the nuns were wondering if the Grand Vicaire of Rouen was not a greater personage than a mere Vicar Apostolic, whose diocese was *in partibus infidelium;* for Laval was not yet Bishop of Quebec, but only of Petrœa, and nobody knew where that was. Laval, however, was sure of his position and excommunicated de Queylus, who, instead of submitting, slipped off in a canoe that night for Montreal. He remained there until the Governor himself had to go after him and order him to return to Europe; all of which was very edifying for the laity.

Seven years after that, namely, in 1668, de Queylus again appeared in America, this time as Superior of the Sulpitians, who were desirous of undertaking missionary work among the Indians. Laval, to efface the memory of the past, received him with benignity, but unfortunately made him Vicar General of Montreal. That meant ten years more

of turmoil, which ended only when the restless de Queylus returned to France and remained there. He was, nevertheless, regarded as a holy man.

Before Lalemant arrived in Quebec in 1659, the new Governor, d'Argenson, had been installed. He had been received with great honor by the Jesuits, had dined with the community, assisted at Vespers, and in the evening was led to the school hall where the students gave him a reception. The future looked bright, but alas! the hopes were not realized. However, if the great man was not pleased with his hosts, he must have been delighted with the efforts of the young collegians.

The academic exercises which they gave in his honor were, as far as we know, the first of their kind in this part of the New World, and they must have astonished his Excellency. Given the rawness of the scholars, the disturbed condition of the social, political, and even religious life of the colony, the results achieved are astonishing. They presented a drama which had been composed for the occasion, and which, though bearing the imprint of the Old World, was invested with all the local color that was obtainable with the scant means at their disposal.

One lad appeared costumed as the Genius of New France; another as the Genius of the Forest, and the rest as wild men of the woods. In a very complimentary discourse the Genius of New France presented his retinue of Indians to the Governor. Then four other actors in the rôle of French colonists unburdened their hearts in classic verse. When they had ended, a Huron chief appeared, deplored the ruin of his people, and appealed to d'Argenson for aid, while in opposition to him an Algonquin advanced on the stage, extolled his own courage, and in scornful tones protested that he would be ashamed to lament like a Huron. But here the Genius of the Forest bursts upon the scene, with his retinue of savages clamoring in their various languages for help; appeals which the Genius of the Forest

translated. Then two Indians who had just escaped from the Iroquois entered, and in piteous tones implored assistance in their troubles. Finally, all gathered around the great man, laid their bows and arrows at his feet, and proclaimed him chief.

The suggestion would have been enough for any ordinary man, yet d'Argenson never did anything for the natives. He was too busy with petty squabbles at Quebec. None of the Jesuits pleased him except Lalemant. To smooth matters Laval had a heart to heart talk with him which only irritated him the more. Thinking it would be of help, the bishop wrote to d'Argenson's brother asking his co-operation in removing the Governor's prejudice, but according to Tuttle, in his "History of the Dominion," d'Argenson wrote at the same time complaining of the bishop, and saying that Lalemant and Laval were at odds upon grave questions. It is not likely that so prudent a vicar general would quarrel with his ecclesiastical superior, and endanger his own head. Meantime the fight grew hot between the bishop and the governor; the churchman insisting on certain things that the soldiers should do in ecclesiastical processions, and the civilian demanding that his chair should be in a certain place in the church, that he should receive incense before the others, etc. All the while the Iroquois were prowling around the walls, and were so menacing that sentinels had to be posted in the convent grounds to prevent a raid.

Between his two friends, the bishop and the governor, Lalemant tried to keep his balance. He confesses that he was almost distracted; and things came to such a pass that he could not invite them simultaneously to the scholastic exercises of the college, or even to church functions. It looked like deserting the bishop, but the course was adopted with the prelate's approval. Added to his troubles in Quebec, the governor had others in Montreal. "The people there," he wrote, "want to monopolize the fur trade, and if the King does not intervene we shall have civil war."

Civil war between colonists who had all they could do to save their scalps from the Iroquois! If d'Argenson uttered such a sentiment, the only authority for which, as far as we can make out, is Tuttle, he was clearly not fitted for his position. At all events it was a great relief to everyone when he returned to France.

Ever since Champlain's time it had been a mooted question as to whether or not liquor should be given to the Indians. They had an inordinate thirst for it, and would hunt the continent for peltries, in order to be able to buy a flask of fire-water. Of course they had no idea of moderation, and when the casks were opened an Indian village was a hell. Men, women and children, stark naked and raving drunk, indulged in all sorts of excesses, set fire to their houses and murdered each other indiscriminately. Prohibition never had a better case and the ecclesiastics stood out for it, though one Protestant writer pharisaically accuses them of using wine at their own tables. The traders, of course, were for the open shop. The bishop explained, entreated, expostulated and finally resorted to censures and excommunications, and the Jesuits were accused of egging him on. Such was not the general impression, but it was easier to attack them than the bishop. Paris was in great excitement about it. Colbert, who had his boys at the Jesuit schools, and who thanked the General of the Society "passionately," as he said himself, "for the good that had been done to his sons," angrily protested that the bishop and the Jesuits were too severe in their exactions. France was flooded with pleas for both sides, and finally Laval crossed the Atlantic to explain the situation. The matter was finally submitted to the moralists to decide, and the action of the bishop in inflicting such grievous penalties for the sale of liquor was debated. Finally a compromise was arrived at, and it was decreed that no liquor could be carried out into the woods to be given or sold to the savages, but its sale was not prohibited in the settlements.

Such was the condition of public life when d'Avaugour arrived as governor. He was a stern, inflexible man, unduly conscious of his own rectitude, and a stern supporter of the bishop in enforcing the liquor law. Parkman says that a few weeks after his arrival, two men were shot and one was whipped for breaking the law. If such were the case it was not merely "good nature or humanity," as Parkman describes it, that induced Father Lalemant to seek out the governor, to plead for a poor woman who had been arrested for a similar offense. D'Avaugour could have simply told Lalemant that he had done his duty as a priest, but that the law must take its course. Unhappily, however, the governor entered into a towering rage, and thundered out: "You and your brethren were the first to cry out against the traffic, and now you want to save the traders from punishment. If it is not wrong for a woman, it is not wrong for a man to sell liquor, and henceforward I shall let everyone do as he likes."

Such an utterance from the ruler of a commonwealth was little short of insanity. The consequences were terrible. "My ink is not black enough to describe what is going on," writes Lalemant. "In one month we have lost all that the labors of ten or twenty years have accomplished." The Indians relapsed into former conditions, and ran amuck even in the streets of Quebec with tomahawks and firebrands. Laval hurried across the water to ask for another governor, and was permitted to choose the one he wished. He made the mistake of his life when he picked out the incompetent de Mésy, and started for America. Indeed, misfortune followed them all the way over. They were more than three months on the ocean, and ship-fever made terrible ravages among passengers and crew. More than forty bodies were thrown over to the sharks, and the ship was almost a pest house when it dropped anchor off Tadoussac. The bishop had labored night and day with the sick and dying but escaped the contagion, and the Lord gave

him another consolation when he came ashore. An earthquake had stopped the liquor traffic.

During the entire year there had been strange phenomena in the heavens. What seemed like fiery serents appeared in the air, and one night, a ball of fire, from which sparks shot out in all directions hovered above Quebec. At Montreal it seemed to issue from the moon, and as it sped through the air, reverberations of thunder like the roll of a park of artillery were heard until the meteor disappeared behind the mountains. Later on, at eight o'clock in the morning of a bright winter day, a slight mist was seen rising from the St. Lawrence. When it caught the first rays of the sun, two other suns appeared, not far from each other, with a rainbow above them, not, however, with the colors fixed, but fading gradually into a luminous white, as if behind it were a brilliant light. This was on the 7th of January, 1663, and lasted for two hours. It occurred again a week later. The color, however, did not grow white but merely faded away, while the suns on either side vanished simultaneously.

All this was considered as an admonition from heaven. In February, 1663, the earth began to speak. It was the day before Mardi Gras, when a good deal of revelry might have been expected; but at five o'clock in the afternoon a great rushing sound was heard, like the sweep of a mighty conflagration, and every one hurried into the streets. They saw the walls of their houses swaying to and fro. The bells began to ring of themselves. Beams and uprights, and rafters cracked, and the earth heaved and swelled in every direction. The people were in consternation; children were crying with terror, and men and women were on their knees praying for mercy. The animals broke loose and fled, and all night long the ground rose and fell like the sea, the great trees in the forest swayed and crashed into each other, or were torn from their roots; the ice in the river, though five or six feet thick cracked with a frightful noise,

and leaped into the air, flinging up great columns of vapor and mud. The springs dried up or became sulphurous, and the St. Lawrence turned white as far as Tadoussac. Meantime the sky was full of fiery forms; pikes and spears and fire brands were seen close to the roofs of the houses; dismal howlings added to the horrors of the night, and monsters of the deep, porpoises and sea cows were seen as far as Montreal bellowing with fear. At Three Rivers high bluffs were levelled, and two hills fell into the river and deflected the stream. For three months afterwards the St. Lawrence was brown with mud. Elsewhere mountains were razed, new lakes were formed, and well known rivers disappeared; what had been cataracts became smooth water, and thousands of acres which had shortly before been covered by forests were changed into level fields. Nature had become tipsy instead of the Indians, and this riot of the elements went on for six months, though the shocks were growing less and less violent on the plains, but near the mountains the rumblings were incessant. The disturbance extended down as far as Gaspé, New England and Acadia. Finally, on September 1, 1663, there was an eclipse of the sun which gave to the whole country a pale and sepulchral look. It began at twenty minutes and forty-two seconds past one, and ended at fifty-two minutes and forty-four seconds after three. Singularly enough, no lives were lost in these upheavals, but for some time there was no drinking in Canada.

There are various accounts of these cosmic disturbances, and no doubt there may have been unconscious exaggerations in the description of the events which in the midst of the solitudes of the New World the imagination would naturally color and intensify, but there is no doubt that in the main they were true. They are vouched for by the "Relations," the narrative of Marie de l'Incarnation, the history of l'Hôtel Dieu, the chronicles of events in New England, and they are generally accepted by historians.

On July 23, 1663, the Governor, d'Avaugour, set sail for France, and on September 15, as the "Journal des Jésuites" informs us, the new governor, de Mésy, the bishop and others came up in a shallop from Tadoussac. It was a consolation for them to hear that they would not be troubled for some time at least with the liquor traffic.

Bishop Laval could scarcely have been blamed for his selection of the new governor. He had known de Mésy, who though a layman, had been one of the *solitaires* with him and the other ecclesiastics at Caen. What more likely, than that this accomplished gentleman of the world, who was as devout as any priest, and apparently in pursuit of the loftiest ideals, would be an ideal governor and would work in absolute harmony with his friend the bishop. But the very reverse happened. He had all the defects of his two immediate predecessors, resented all interference on the part of the bishop, and displayed the most exaggerated ideas of his own importance. He was proud, sensitive, irascible, and was even suspected of having an itching palm. He lasted scarcely two years. He was preparing to leave, but died at Quebec on May 5, 1665. He was reconciled to Laval at the last moment. The end of de Mésy's career coincided with the withdrawal of Lalemant from public life. In the "Journal des Jésuites" the editors add a note, after the 3d of August, 1665, which reads: "Here ends the writing of Father Jerome Lalemant. The rest is in the hands of Father Le Mercier."

The new series of governors which was inaugurated by such men as de Courcelles, with helpers like de Tracy, Talon and others then began. They opened the way for the new missions in New York by chastising the Iroquois, and then Frémin, Lamberville, Millet, and others began their splendid careers. To that alone is to be ascribed the revival of apostolic work among the Indians. It was not Lalemant's work. It came after his time. In the precious Ms. of Father Martin we have a few facts about the last days of the

great man, which we do not find elsewhere, and we are told that although he was seventy-two years of age when he laid down the burden of superiorship, he taught theology in the College of Quebec. Afterwards the Ursulines wanted him to revise their constitutions and adapt them to the requirements of the times, but he left that work to other hands, and devoted himself to the task he liked best, of instructing the savages and teaching little children their catechism. He died on January 26, 1673.

We have no details of his last moments, nor do we need any. The end must have been in keeping with his life. He is one of the great figures in the history of New France. He had been a valiant missionary, who light-heartedly faced every danger; the beloved superior of heroes, saints and martyrs; the chosen ruler of one of the greatest educational institutions in Christiandom; the chief executive of the illustrious Laval in the stormy days of the inauguration of the hierarchy in Canada; the first vicar general of the Diocese of Quebec. He deserves a monument in the land he loved so much.

CHARLES GARNIER

CHAPTER I.

Missionary Longings.

Some of the devout clients of Father Charles Garnier have been shocked to find that he has been made the hero of a love-story. According to the author of "A l'Œuvre et à l'Epreuve," it was decided in the councils of the Garnier family to have him marry a fair maiden who had been educated at Port Royal, and whom the fascinating Mère Angélique had vainly endeavored to lure behind the convent grille. Mère Angélique, we are told, was pitted with small pox, was very austere but had wonderful azure eyes; all of which is valuable historical information. The religious vocation of Charles interfered with the family plans; the youth entered the novitiate; and the maid, after wilting for a while recovered, and when the news of the martyrdom arrived she was a holy nun, thanking God for not having interfered with such a glorious career.

It is a pleasant little romance, and plainly intended for nothing more than to weave a pretty thread of human interest in the wonderful story of the Huron Missions, and in that way to induce even languid novel readers to peruse the book. The elder Garnier did not, as the novelist tells us, balk at his son's vocation. On the contrary he was delighted by it, and, indeed, led him to the novitiate, where he bade him good-bye. Nor could it have been otherwise, because there was already martyr-blood in the Garnier family. For in the religious wars of France, the grandfather of Charles, who had been Commandant of the little town of Pithiviers, was hanged by the Prince de Condé for refusing to turn Protestant when the town surrendered.

From a military point of view such a death was accounted infamous, though as a matter of fact it was martyrdom for

the Faith. Later on, when his son, the father of Charles, became Secretary of the Council of Henry III and Treasurer of Normandy, he petitioned the King to have the supposed blot removed from his father's reputation. The king of course complied, and a proclamation was issued declaring that what had been regarded as a military reproach was, on the contrary, a national glory. A splendid mausoleum was built in the church of the Carmelites at Pithiviers, where the hero was entombed, and on it the record of his defence of the town was inscribed, besides his other glories. Evidently the son of such a father would not stand in the way of his own son's vocation to a religious life.

Charles was born in Paris May 25, 1605, though another authority puts it down as May 26, 1606. He got his schooling at Louis-le-Grand, along with the other scions of nobility, and was a clever lad who easily led in his studies. He was also one of a group whom the other students called the "*beati,*" either because of their happy disposition, or because they were almost good enough to be canonized. We are told that he practiced frightful mortifications at school, but while the precious "Manuscript Life," written by his brother, informs us of these pious excesses, it also gives us some other interesting pictures of this period of the future martyr's youth. For instance, the favorite game in the college was *jeu de paume,* a sort of field handball, which, like modern athletics, required expenditure of money. Charles's remittances, however, went to a Prisoners' Relief Society, and also for the purchase of bad books which he burned. He would need a fortune in our days for such *auto da fés.* Though he was not a player, he of course went to the games, and in connection with it, comes the revelation that though a saint, he was a genuine boy. "One day," says the manuscript, "he and his eldest brother were returning from a *jeu de paume;* and just for sport the brother and a companion named Denis went into an inn in the Faubourg St. Denis; "not a common resort," the

chronicler who was a Carmelite monk hastens to assure us, "but a famous establishment known as *le Riche Laboureur* (The Wealthy Plowman). Charles being a sodalist refused to enter. He waited outside, however, and with school-boy casuistry, when his friends smuggled out the half of a chicken, he enjoyed his share of the feast with all proper relish, and the surveillant was not informed of the breach of rules. After his college course, Charles applied for admission to the Society, his father consenting, as we have said, qualifying his generosity, however, with the assertion that "only his esteem for the Society reconciled him to parting with the boy who had never caused him a moment's pain." The novitiate was in his native city, and among the novices was the famous Julien Maunoir, whose missions and miracles were later on to be the wonder of France. There was also Ménard, who was to go farther west in search of souls than any missionary had yet done, and who left his bones in the swamps of Wisconsin. Another distinguished associate was Le Mercier, whose name is alongside of Garnier's in the famous death-letter which de Brébeuf wrote in the wigwam at Ossossané. Finally there was Chastelain, with whom he was forever afterwards united in the bonds of the most tender affection. "When you pray for me," Garnier wrote to his brother, "you pray for Chastelain, for we are one."

We have no details about those days except that his route on the usual novitiate pilgrimage, brought him through the town of Pithiviers, where his grand-father had given up his life for the Faith. It made him happy to find that his ancestor's memory was still devoutly cherished in the town, and possibly the desire of a similar immolation arose in his heart, as he knelt at the splendid tomb. His rhetoric, philosophy and theology were all made at Louis-le-Grand, where he had lived as a boy, but it is not pleasant to see on the records that while he was studying theology he was also a prefect. Perhaps his delicate health required that dis-

traction, or it may be that the great Petavius, who was a professor there, made theology easy.

It was while he was pursuing his course of theology that he was confronted with a family skeleton. His eldest brother, the same one who had figured in the escapade at the cabaret of *Le Riche Laboureur,* though occupying a distinguished position in the world after leaving school, had lapsed into a life of dissipation. Even his faith seemed to be shaking. The letters of Charles to a second brother, who later on became a Carmelite monk, furnish us with some information about this domestic sorrow. Writing in October, 1631, he says: "I saw him at Argenteuil on the 9th of this month, on my way to Paris. I found him much better than when I left home, but not what I wanted. I have prayed so much for him, that if my prayers were agreeable to God I cannot understand how he remains in the state in which he is."

Later on even the Carmelite began to give him some uneasiness, but possibly the good monk was piously exaggerating his own spiritual troubles and Charles was unduly solicitous. "Oh!" he exclaims to the newly made religious, "if I had but made my novitiate in the proper dispositions what a different man I should be now!" and he then proceeds to tell the monk how to profit by his opportunities. This hortatory tone continues year after year, even when the letters were coming from distant America, for the Carmelite is continually accusing himself of melancholy, depression of spirits, bodily ailments, unwillingness to accept the burdens put upon him, etc. Indeed, the communications sent year after year from one to the other might be made into a little treatise of exalted asceticism.

In 1633, there is again a reference to the prodigal of the family. He had shocked his people by saying when the conversation turned upon the Capuchins that if he had to choose between a Capuchin convent and hell he would prefer the latter, but the prayers of his friends were begin-

ning to prevail. He presented himself to the Capuchins whom he affected to despise, and asked to be admitted among them. As his reputation was not of the best, they naturally hesitated, but he protested that if they put him out he would lie on the door-step as a beggar till they let him in. They finally yielded, and he took the habit, so that the Garniers now had a Carmelite, a Jesuit and a Capuchin.

Whether there were any other sons in the family we do not know, but one can easily sympathize with the Father's impatience, holy old man though he was, when he heard of the desire of Charles to go out to America for the Indian Missions. He would not consent to it. He had done his share, he thought, in giving three sons to the Church, and the esteem in which he was held by the Jesuit superiors made them hesitate for a year or so. Finally when the father reluctantly desisted from direct opposition, Charles, with a sort of holy madness, started for Dieppe on foot. He would not wait for a companion. Unfortunately it was winter; the roads were bad; he had taken no provisions for the journey; and before he reached his destination he fell in a faint several times from sheer exhaustion. He had not dared to face his father before leaving home, fearing a change of mind. He was worried, however, at not receiving the paternal blessing, and we find him writing from America to the Carmelite to thank him for having obtained it for him.

He left Dieppe, April 5, 1636. He had glorious company on board, for with him were the new governor, Montmagny, Jogues, Daniel, and the beloved Chastelain. The "Relations" do not give us any details about the voyage, except that there was a very fierce individual among the passengers whom every body feared and shunned, but for whom the gentle Garnier always had an attraction, and whom he won over and made the delight of the ship for the rest of the journey. This gap in the "Relations," however, is filled up by a fragment of a letter which he wrote from

Quebec to his father. "Of course," he says, "there was many a hardship, but M. le General (Bouchard) made it as easy as possible. I missed Mass only twelve or thirteen times during the voyage, which lasted two months. Our chapel was in the cabin of M. le General. One part of the crew assisted at the first Mass, the rest at the second. At the Elevation there were two fusilades of musketry, and on Sundays and feast days two salvos of artillery. Our "parishioners" went to Communion, and M. de Montmagny set them the example, besides delighting every one with the care he took of a poor family on board who were all sick. Orders were posted up on the ship prohibiting profanity, stealing and quarreling. Everything, indeed, was so religiously conducted, that even the *pain bénit* was distributed on Sundays, as if the travellers had been at home in their own parish church. In the afternoon there was a sermon with vespers and complines. On week days besides daily prayers, catechism was taught to the children, and after supper a half hour's reading from the "Lives of the Saints," usually in the cabin of the general, but sometimes on deck for the sailors. It differs somewhat from modern methods of crossing the deep. Their arrival is thus described.

"On St. Barnabas' Night," says the "Relation," a vessel dropped anchor off Quebec. It had come up in the dark, and next morning we were told that M. de Montmagny was on board, and with him Fathers Garnier and Chastelain. We hurried down to receive them, and after the usual compliments of welcome we devoutly followed the governor to the church. When we passed the tree of our salvation, which is planted on the wayside, he said: 'Behold the first cross I have seen in this country. Let us adore the Crucified in His image,' and he knelt down on both knees. We all did the same, and then directed our steps to the church, where we sung a solemn *Te Deum,* and offered our prayers to God for our good king. Then, when our thanksgiving

was ended, M. de Chateaufort, who had been in command since Champlain's death, handed the new governor the keys of the fortress, while salvos of cannon and musketry shook the air.

"During these ceremonies, the governor had been asked if he would be god-father at the baptism of an Indian. 'Most willingly,' he replied; 'I am delighted to have the happiness at the beginning of my administration to open the door to a poor soul who wishes to enter heaven.' Whereupon preparations were quickly made, and to let the newcomers put their sickle in the harvest, Father Chastelain was asked if he would like to administer the sacrament. 'God!'" exclaimed the writer, who was not profane but pious, "you should have seen his joy when the offer was made to him. Immediately the governor, accompanied by all his dapper noblemen, and the rest of us, set out for the grimy Indian quarters, where the poor savages were startled at all this glitter of gold and scarlet flashing in the darkness of their miserable hut. The neophyte, who was very sick, answered all the questions very satisfactorily; the name of Joseph was given to him by the governor, and he was baptized.

At dinner, for all these happenings were in the forenoon, the governor declared that he had that day received the highest honor and had experienced the greatest happiness he could hope for in New France. It was very consoling, but in the afternoon, the general joy was increased for another ship arrived, and besides the two Jesuits who were on board, namely Father Adam and Brother Cauvet, several families, among others those of M. de Repentigny and M. de la Poterie, "excellent gentlemen both," came to swell the number of our colonists. There were forty-five persons in all. "It was a beautiful sight," says the "Relation," very naively, "to see these delicate damosels, and the tenderest babes come forth from that prison of wood as day issues from the darkness of night. Notwithstanding

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all the inconvenience they had to suffer in those floating dwellings, they arrived in as sweet a state of health as if they had been making a little *promenade en voiture.*"

The baptism in which Garnier participated gave him some new ideas of the moral and physical fibre of the people to whom he was going to devote his life. As the sick man had been ailing for a long time, the army surgeon had been induced to prescribe for him and the priest was acting as nurse, renewing the bandages, bathing the sores and supplying the patient with food and what little comforts were available. As he was growing worse he said: "Nikanis" —which means my beloved friend—"never mind the body now; it is dead; attend to the soul; baptize me." Evidently, the difference between matter and spirit was clear to him.

The priest thought proper to defer the ceremony for a while, and very wisely so. For the next time he entered the hut he found a medicine man blowing on the patient, howling and dancing and beating his drum. The priest was indignant. He berated both of them very roundly, bidding the sick man to pray to God, and not to the devil, and ordering the medicine man to stop his incantations over one who had already professed his belief in Christianity. The sorcerer stared, said not a word, and silently withdrew. But the invalid remonstrated. "What makes you angry, Nikanis? The medicine man only came to do what is usual among us. If it is wrong, of course it must be stopped. But we did not mean anything." Then some of the other Indians put in a word: "Nikanis, you have no sense. You are doing what you can for the sick man, but you have not succeeded. Help is offered, and you get angry. Two are not too many to handle such an illness. You do your part, and you should let him do his." "Like the Philistines," mused the priest, "they want to have the Ark of the Covenant and Dagon at the same time; and yet," he continued, "perhaps all these tomfooleries are more innocent than we imagine. It all depends on the

intention. The most stupid among the Indians think the music soothes them; others regard it as a medicine, and others again are quite convinced that the noise scares away the Manitou; while the medicine men themselves carry on their monkeyshines (*ces singeries*) to make money." The missionaries had begun to suspect that they saw more evil in the Indian practice of medicine than really existed.

However, the sick man promised to behave himself in future, and in course of time, when there was no longer any hope of his living, he was as we have seen baptized. But after the baptism he called the Father. "Nikanis," he said, "there is one thing more I want." "What is it?" "To go to Three Rivers." "But you will die on the way." "Not at all," he replied. "I shall reach it, live a little while and then die. I want to see my people, for the last time. You have brothers there also; write to them and tell them to take care of my soul as you have done."

He had to be humored. He was put in a canoe with his wife and children, and they paddled up the St. Lawrence. When he arrived at Three Rivers he sent for Father Buteux, and made him sit down and read the letter from Quebec. Finding that he was a Christian and the godson of the governor, Buteux embraced him effusively, much to the delight of the Indians who were not accustomed to such endearments. "Your brother," said the red man, "took care of me at Quebec." "We shall do the same here," was the reply; "let me see if you remember what my brother taught you." "Surely," he said, as he put down the bark dish he was holding, and began to count on his fingers, the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, and to recite the fundamental truths; his wife meantime jogging his memory when he forgot. "I could not help crying," writes Buteux, "when I saw this forty-year-old savage who had passed his life amid the horrors of paganism, reciting his catechism with the humility of a child, and the devotion of a grown person. He died on June 30, and

we obtained his corpse from the Indians for burial, but only after a long fight with the council which had to be convened to sit on the case."

After that another ceremony, which is both picturesque and illuminative of Indian habits took place. In it both Garnier and the governor participated. It was not a baptism but a funeral. A stalwart young savage named Echkanich, or Little Horn had fallen sick at Three Rivers, and then began to pine for his family who were coursing through the woods around Quebec. To satisfy him, one of his relatives put him on a sled, and dragged him over the snow and ice for the ninety miles that lie between the two places. "You can imagine," says the chronicle, "what kind of refreshment he had on the road, and at what kind of inns he put up at night. But these Indians have bodies of brass and can stand anything."

The poor wretch arrived in Quebec with some life yet in him, and one of the Fathers immediately hastened to see him. He admired the courage of the man who had dragged the sled, and who was not at all tired, but was dumbfounded at the will power of the sick man. After giving both of them something to eat, he began to talk to them about spiritual matters, and they both listened very eagerly. The invalid was especially consoled by what he heard about another life, which was so different from the one he was leading, but the other was disappointed at not finding his relations at Quebec. So leaving his friend in the miserable hut, he started for the woods. The Fathers then took charge of the invalid, provided for his bodily wants, and were in high hopes of making him a Christian when his relatives arrived. In spite of every remonstrance they immediately put his poor emaciated carcass on a sled, and dragged him off over the ice to the woods. Those who saw him going thought he would last about five days; but he passed the whole winter with his people, although he was hauled around starved and suffering over mountains

and valleys and lakes and rivers wherever they could find an Indian camp.

Spring came, and they returned to Quebec. The priest, who had been praying for the sufferer all the time, was filled with pity and amazement. The poor wretch had some of his faculties left, at least enough to grasp the fundamentals of the Faith. He could hear, but his eyes were gone. His body had scarcely a shred of flesh on it, and he was a skeleton rather than a man. But he listened very willingly to all that was said to him, the mother very gently suggesting what he could not grasp at first. In brief, he gave sufficient proofs of belief, and died five days after he was baptized. The mother immediately wrapped the body in furs, and without saying a word to anyone hurried away and placed it on a high platform after the fashion in which the Indians usually dispose of the dead.

When the priest learned this, he immediately returned to the cabin. "Where is the body?" he asked. No answer. He then posted off to the chief, and told him that the new governor would be shocked if the body were not buried in a Christian manner. The chief agreed to help him, and presenting himself to the old mother made a solemn speech at her, as if he were addressing a council of sachems, until she finally gave orders to some young braves to go and fetch the corpse to the cabin. As they were very slow about obeying, the priest urged them to make haste. "Why the soul may be yet in the body," they replied, "and yet," says the Father, "two days had already passed since the poor wretch had expired."

Finally the body was brought. The funeral was arranged and it was made as solemn as possible. The governor was asked to assist, and he consented most willingly, giving up for the day, his work of laying out the fortifications. He summoned his gentlemen and soldiers around him, and with a torch in hand followed the body of the poor Indian to the tomb. Fathers Garnier and Chastelain carried the

corpse, and the savages followed in profound silence. But they had their way at the grave. They began to throw into it blankets and coats, and among other things a sack holding the dead man's few effects, and a roll of bark. "What good is all that?" asked the priest. "It will be of no use in the other world." "It is our custom," was the answer. "We keep nothing that belongs to the dead." The body was finally lowered into its last resting place, and covered with earth; the French looking on and trying to console the family for its loss. Such were Garnier's first experiences with the Indians of the New World.

CHAPTER II.

Among the Savages.

"I am in a Paradise," he wrote to his brother about this time; meaning Canada, "and in a few days my happiness will be complete. We are to start for the Huron country." He set out for Three Rivers with Chastelain on the 1st of July. "*Monsieur notre gouverneur,*" we are told, "conducted them to the river side, *avec une courtoisie et une affection non pareille,*" and ordered three salutes from the cannon of the fort as the travellers paddled out in their canoes on the great river. They were a week at Three Rivers when Father Le Jeune, to whom they had bade good-bye at Quebec joined them. Word had come to him that some Hurons were expected, and he had to be on hand to arrange officially for the departure of the missionaries, and also to answer what letters might be brought down from Huronia.

He had started out in the ship which was anchored off Quebec, but as he had often had the experience of being becalmed in mid-stream, or being held back by adverse winds, he had left word with a party of Indians who were going up the river, to take him on board in case they overtook him. What was feared happened, and the ship was soon surrounded by a flotilla of canoes, crowded with Indians, all clamoring for Father Le Jeune. He got into one of the boats, and they soon left the great ship far behind.

They paddled steadily on till three in the afternoon, but as the wind was then sweeping down the river, lashing the waves into fury, the travellers made for the shore and hauled their canoes into the woods. A fire was started to smoke out the mosquitoes, and a few branches were flung on

the ground to serve as a bed for the night. If it rained, the travellers would crawl under their furs. While they were there, and Le Jeune was trying to say his breviary, at some distance from the rest of the party, an Indian, like Nicodemus of old, managed to get near him in a place where he could not be seen by the others, and asked for instruction in the Faith. Of course nothing serious could be done then, but the poor savage promised to pray to the God of the Christians when he found himself surrounded by enemies. The resolution was a practical one, for the Indians were then out on the warpath.

As night approached, a chief accosted him. "We approve of your way of praying," said he, "and now you ought to see what we do." Le Jeune willingly assented, and as they were already preparing a shelter for the sorcerer, who was going to consult the Manitou, he said: "Do you think it is the Manitou that shakes that cabin?" "Surely," they answered. "Very well, then. Now I will tell you what I shall do. I will give you a barrel of peas if, as soon as it shakes, you will let me go inside, and hold the medicine man's hands. I engage you it will not shake a second time." "Ho! Ho!" cried the young braves. "Let him do it. We'll not even ask for the peas; a barrel of bread will do." But the older men would not listen to the proposal. They silently slunk away, and there was no exhibition by the medicine man; though at midnight howls were heard in the woods. They were appeals to the Manitou to come, but the spirit failed to appear.

Next morning beaver tracks were discovered, and a certain kind of bark which was useful for shields was found in the woods, both of which determined the Indians not to move that day. Le Jeune was anxious to go, for it was Saturday, and he wanted to say Mass on Sunday at Three Rivers. "What is your hurry?" they said. "You would not have been as far as this, if you had remained on the ship, and yet you are not satisfied." "But I want to go and

pray that you may win the battle," he said. "Oh! you do. That is important," and they hustled him into a canoe, promising to follow immediately. But the weather was still very bad, and at night-fall he was eighteen miles from his destination. To add to his troubles, his Indians had a panic. They feared there were Iroquois near by. The enemy did not come, but the rain did, and it fell in torrents. "I was not very wet, however," writes Le Jeune; "I got under my blanket and at daybreak aroused the party, and promised them a fine present if they reached the fort before mid-day. Unhappily, just as they were about to embark, one of them fell into an epileptic fit, and there was no going out on the water till he revived. It was not an unhappy accident after all, for had it occurred in mid-stream, the frail canoe would have certainly capsized, and Le Jeune would never have reached Three Rivers.

They were in view of the fort before mid-day, when they were overtaken by the canoes which they had left down the river. As the flotilla approached, other boats put out from the shore to join them. It was a bright Sunday morning, and as Le Jeune left the canoe the Indians shouted with delight as the effusive Frenchmen fell on each other's necks and embraced. Buteux and Chastelain were the first to hasten to greet their Superior, and as all three walked together along the beach, the flotilla out in the stream paddled along at a respectful distance, never going ahead of the party on the shore. When Garnier and Quentin came along, there were more embraces and more shouts of Ho! Ho! But the next day filled the savage cup of joy to overflowing. A glorious banquet was spread for them, and they gorged themselves with the plentiful viands put at their disposal.

Before their arrival, a poor squaw with a baby in her arms had presented herself at the fort and asked to have the papoose baptized, promising to have it properly instructed when it grew up. It was now Garnier's turn, and he poured the water on the head of the little innocent with

at least as great joy as he did afterwards when baptizing some old man-eating savage, who could no longer flourish the torch or wield the tomahawk. His happiness was increased when he heard that in a few days he and Chastelain would be sailing up the Ottawa; for some Hurons who had just then come down the river asked to have them. The request was a startling one, from people who had hitherto been so averse to receiving the missionaries, especially as it came from Indians who had arrived almost accidentally and at the opportune moment. "Give us a canoe and we shall conduct them to our people," they said; but strange to say there was only one little battered boat available. Indeed, it was not only strange but deplorable, that at this stronghold of the French, where there should have been a fleet of canoes ready for all emergencies, such poverty should have been revealed to the savages. But the little craft was run into the water and a chief took his place at the paddle. In front of him was one of the missionaries. Whether it was Garnier or Chastelain we are not told; but seeing the disappointment of the priest who was left, the Indians said: "It would be a pity to disappoint him. There is also room for him in our canoe." So they made for the west; each Indian receiving presents, and the chiefs getting something else besides, on account of their official position. A barrel of peas, another of bread and a supply of prunes were also put aboard, as a reward for the generosity of the Hurons in taking the missionaries. But that meagre store was to feed the hungry savages and the two missionaries for an entire month. However, they were accustomed to starve, and with light hearts they paddled up the St. Lawrence to the terrible Ottawa.

On their way they met Daniel who was coming down with his young Indians to begin the school at Quebec. When Daniel saw them he was so delighted at the good treatment they were receiving, "for they had their shoes on and were not paddling," that he gave each of the Indians

a supply of tobacco. He himself had gone to Huronia in quite another fashion. Whether it was the bread and peas and prunes, and the unexpected supply of tobacco, or the good nature of the two missionaries that kept the Indians in such excellent humor we cannot say. Garnier, we know, was a very captivating personality.

He wrote a letter to Le Jeune from the Lake of the Sorcerers; and he tells his superior that "the Indians treated the baby like a baby." They would not even let him carry anything at the portages, not even his own traps. Finally, when one of the Indians fell sick, the "baby" was allowed to shoulder a burden, but "it was very light," he said. "Indeed, I feel quite depressed because the Lord has not let me bear even a little bit of the cross. We reached the Isle des Allumettes on the eve of St. Ignatius' day; our provisions had given out, and we bought some corn and reached Lake Nippissing on August 8th. There we expect Father Davost to meet us."

His companion also informed Le Jeune that in spite of all they had suffered, they were never in better health. "Even I, who could never rest on the ground for any length of time, now sleep through the coldest nights with nothing under me but a few pine branches. I say nothing about the heat of the sun in the day time, and the want of food. It is sufficient to assure you that in the midst of these bodily sufferings, God has given me much consolation, though it is not precisely sensible. Indeed, even if I were a thousand times more abandoned than I feel myself now, I would be happy to suffer for God, who has been so good and loving in my regard." Garnier does not appear to have remarked the hardships of the road.

On the 12th of August, Chastelain reached Ihonitiria, one day ahead of his companion. It was the quickest journey from below that had yet been made, for it took only three weeks in all. The joy of the old missionaries at this unexpected arrival was of course very great. "The

earliest fruits of the tree," wrote Le Mercier, " are naturally more delicious than those one gathers later. So we gave them a feast; but what a feast! A handful of dried fish and a little flour. I sent some one out to hunt for a few ears of corn, which we roasted in the fire. The newcomers said they never had a better meal. They declared they felt as if they had reached heaven. They were particularly happy that all along the frightful road they had been able to bunk together, and were only sorry they had been unable to say Mass. They told us all about M. de Champlain's death, of which we had heard some rumors, but which we could not trust. We grieve over the loss, for our Society is greatly indebted to him for the benevolence he has always shown us, both during his life and at his death. Our missions are the beneficiaries of his last will and testament." This voice from the woods in praise of the great Champlain is very pleasant to hear.

We get some ideas of how Garnier spent those first days from a number of letters which were carefully kept by his brother, the Carmelite. One is dated Ossossané 1637, and is addressed to his father. No mention is made of his having been at death's door shortly after arriving at the missions, for he caught the pestilence like the rest, but he says: " I am in God's hands and He takes care of me. Of course we have persecutions, calumnies, etc., but people of our vocation should never be happy till they hear the devil crying out against them. As far as I am concerned there is not a place on earth where I could be more joyous. You ought to know that we have a fortress here that has not its like in France; and our walls are quite different from those of the Bastille. Indeed, we have less fear of the Spanish cannon than you have in Paris. Of course, some wag may whisper to you that it is because the cannon cannot come within nine hundred miles of us, and hence we are safe. In fact our defenses consist only of stakes ten or twelve feet high, and half a foot thick; but we have

a tower made of thirty stakes at one corner of this inclosure and on two sides of it. We are going to have two more to protect the two other approaches. Our Hurons fancy that the French forts are built in that fashion. It is only a difference of opinion, and that is one of the reasons why I am glad I left France. You remember how you used to laugh at me, because I had no beard. Precisely on that account, the savages here think I am a handsome man. You recollect, also, what trouble you had to make me study surgery. Now that is one of my trades here at present, except that it does not go much further than preparing poultices and administering a few harmless drugs. Do not worry about my health. I never felt better in all my life, and, indeed, I am convinced that if our friends in France did not develop as much girth as they do, they would be free from many of their ailments. About learning the language I can assure you that I am making progress thank God! I jot down every word I hear. I have not the same chance to write as I might have in France, for I am busy from morning till night, instructing, visiting the sick, and receiving the savages in our hut. I am forging ahead, however, but it is hard work to get these poor brutalized people to understand the mysteries of the Faith. Remember your most loving son whenever you lift your heart to God."

About this time, the spiritual condition of his brother, the Carmelite, was filling him with alarm, but of course the good monk was continually practicing self-depreciation just as Charles himself was always wondering how God could have called such a wretch as himself to the divine work of the missions of Canada. Now that we are familiar with St. Francis de Sales, it is curious to find in these letters a recommendation to the Carmelite, to "read the beautiful books of M. de Sales." In the same communication we find a valuable topographical hint about Ossossané; it is called Rochelle, because it was situated on a hill.

He says *sur une montagne* but he was a Norman, and was accustomed to flatlands. It was also described as "surrounded by a ravine." He thus gives us two features of the place which are of great value for the purpose of identification. Also, by giving us the names of the Fathers who were there, namely himself or "Ouracha," as he was called, de Brébeuf, Le Mercier and Ragueneau, while Pijart, Jogues and Chastelain were at Ihonitiria, which was about to be abandoned, he fills up a gap that exists in the "Relation."

We may quote here also a letter which he sent much later, but which may be transcribed because it furnishes us with a psychological sketch of his people. "I want a picture of Christ," he says "without a beard or with very little, as for instance when he was about eighteen years old. On the cross the figure must be very distinct, and with no one near Him, so as not to distract the attention. Put a crown on the Blessed Virgin, a sceptre in her hand, and have Our Lord standing on her knee. That quite takes the Indians' fancy. Do not use a halo. They will mistake it for a hat; though rays will answer. In fact the head must always be uncovered. Send me pictures of the Resurrection, and make the souls of the blessed as happy looking as possible. Avoid confusion in representing the General Judgment. In the resurrection of the dead the figures must stand out, and, if possible, let them be illuminated. The faces should not be in profile, but full and with the eyes wide open. The bodies should not be completely draped; at least a part should be bare. There must be no curly hair, and no saint should be bald. Beards also should be debarred, and birds or animals should be kept out of the picture. Our Lord and the Blessed must be very white, and with vivid colored robes, red, blue, scarlet, but not green or brown. Let the saints coming down from heaven be as white as snow, with bright garments, and with a happy smiling countenance, looking affectionately on the

spectators and pointing to a motto above: 'The eye hath not seen,' etc."

It is somewhat startling to find the gentle Garnier describing a damned soul as follows: "Have it represented as roasted and black in the fire; put flames above the head, and fire behind it, with some in front here and there, but not so as to hide the sufferer. The eyes should be glittering, the mouth open as if screaming, and from it fire should issue and also from the nose, eyes and ears. The whole face should be pinched and wrinkled and the hair on end; the hands, feet, and waist bound with fiery iron chains. Put a frightful dragon squirming around the victim, and biting him near the ear. Remember to put horrible scales on the beast, and not a beautiful blue as I have seen. There may be two devils on either side tearing the body with iron hooks, and another above lifting the victim by the hair. Do this, dear Brother, and God will reward you." Evidently the sweet Father Garnier could have written a "Hell Opened for Christians," but his unimpressionable Hurons would not have been satisfied with any minor horrors.

Shortly after his arrival at Ossossané, a poor tribe called the Ouenrohrononnons, in the Neutral country, fled to the Hurons for protection. Their own people would give them no help, and so they miserably dragged themselves, sick and starving, a distance of one hundred and forty miles with their packs on their backs to Huronia, where they were welcomed, and distributed among the various hamlets. They were a god-send for the missionaries, because the poor exiles eagerly listened to the word of God. It was among them that Garnier first exercised his apostolic zeal. His knowledge of medicine, whatever it amounted to, came in handy, for there were many sufferers among the newcomers, and the skill of some of the mission servants was especially noticeable on this occasion. Indeed these helpers were such remarkable men that Father Lalemant thanks the governor for having sent

them. Not only did they render efficient service in caring for the bodily ills of the poor wretches around them, but they were very efficient in getting the Indians to understand the doctrines of the Church. It would have been an excellent opportunity, Lalemant wrote, for a regular practitioner who might want to devote himself to apostolic work, but needless to say, there were none to spare in Quebec. Indeed, much later on we find Lalemant himself when down in the city, victimized by a quack, the first Canadian practitioner.

Garnier was one of those who had to face the storm that broke out against the priests when they were accused of having brought the pestilence into Huronia, and his name appears among the signatures to the farewell letter which de Brébeuf wrote when the massacre of the missionaries seemed imminent. We have given elsewhere the description of that heroic assembly in the hut at Ossossané. When the storm had spent itself he began his labors with the others, and astonished de Brébeuf by the facility with which he learned the language of the Indians, but especially by the fascination which he exercised not only over his neophytes, but even over the savages who remained pagans. For him their good qualities alone seemed to be in evidence, and he appeared to forget their hideous vices and brutality. He always found excuses for the worst of them, and no one ever heard him speak harshly of their shortcomings. He was a persistent optimist in that, as in almost everything else, and it may explain how it is, that we meet in his life and letters frequent examples of nobility in the savage, which come as a relief in the midst of the horrors with which the story of the missions abounds. The Indian was, indeed, very far from being the noble creature such as romances describe him, but he was nevertheless capable of splendid human actions, even before his regeneration by the Faith, but, of course, more than ever when assisted by divine grace.

We have a striking instance of this in an act of brotherly

love by which one of them distinguished himself. He was a young brave in all the vigor of manhood, and gave every promise of being in the future an efficient worker in the conversion of his people. He was out fishing with a party of Ossossané Indians, when they were suddenly attacked by a number of savages coming no one knew whence. The young Huron fought like a tiger in defence of his fellow tribesmen, but his solicitude was exerted chiefly in protecting his little brother, whom the enemy were trying to kill or capture. He kept the boy close to him and took every blow of the knife or tomahawk of the assailants. He succeeded in saving the boy, but finally fell in a heap, all mangled and bloody over the body of the boy, and the enemy thinking them both dead withdrew. Garnier found them lying together on the river bank, the boy comparatively unhurt, but the young brave gasping in death. By a prayer that seemed almost miraculous in its power, he restored him to consciousness, and baptized him before he expired.

There must have been a strain of nobility in that Indian family, at least in a portion of it. The young sister of the brave was dying, and the priest hurried to see her; but her father, a fierce old sorcerer, endeavored to drive him out of the lodge, while her harridan of a mother screamed maledictions against the black robe. But although in her agony, the girl found voice enough to exclaim: "I will obey neither of you; I will not be lost; I must be baptized." They pleaded with her and threatened her, but she persisted, and in spite of the menaces of the parents, Garnier baptized her, and she went to heaven to join her noble brother. But it was a hard thing for the missionary to explain how both of these chosen souls should have been taken, while the other occupants of the lodge remained immune from the pestilence.

He tells us of another instance of fraternal affection among his Indians. A little child fell into a hole in the ice, and with-

out a moment's hesitation his brother plunged after him into the black and rapid current below. No one ever expected to see them again, but in a few moments they emerged from an opening further down the stream, the young fellow holding the rescued child in his arms. All of which is comforting, but one cannot help recalling how the very reverse of this occurred to Jogues among the Mohawks. Though he could not swim, he plunged into the rapids to save a poor squaw with a child in her arms, while the Indians looked stolidly on as all three were struggling with death. No help at all was proffered. But perhaps the poor squaw had no brother, and had not the good fortune of the young woman whom Garnier met on his expedition among the Petuns. She was one of a band that was trudging with the missionary amid the driving snow over a frozen lake. The cold was intense and the girl began to show signs of numbness, and was about to sink in her tracks, when her brother instantly stripped the heavy furs from his own shoulders and wrapping her in them forced her to run with all speed to her destination. She reached the village, but he fell dead in the snow. Garnier seems to have met with many such acts of devotion. They are very welcome amid the recurrent horrors that make up the ordinary history of those savage tribes.

CHAPTER III.

Chiwatenwa.

In 1640 Garnier was sent with Jogues among the Petun or Tobacco Indians, so-called because of their love for the weed which they cultivated extensively. One is almost tempted to call their country Petunia as a companion-designation for that of Huronia, but that name has been preempted by a beautiful flower and of course is not available. It lay west of Huronia on what are called the Blue Hills. Because of the name of the mission which Garnier established, the country was also called "The Mountains of St. John."

If we scan the map, we shall see that Ossossané, the village of Huronia from which Garnier and Jogues set out is on Nottawasaga Bay. Letting the eye travel along the southern rim of that expanse of water, we find the town of Collingwood. Going northwest from there and continuing up past the inlet, know as Owen Sound as far as the end of the Peninsula which shuts off Georgian Bay from Lake Huron, we have traversed one of the boundaries of the Petun country. Then proceeding south along the shores of the great lake itself, past the present town of Southampton, and keeping on until we reach Goderich, we have arrived at what was probably the southern limit of the territory on the west. From that by running a line eastward to a point perhaps a little below Barrie on Lake Simcoe, we have the frontier between the Petuns and their neighbors, the Neutrals, on the south.

The name Petuns was not the only one by which the inhabitants of that tract were known. Their appellatives are bewildering for any one but an expert, who may find them if he wishes in the "Relations." They appear first

as the "Khiomontaterronnons" and from that the name runs through a figure of eleven or twelve variations, such as "Etionontatehronnons," "Tionontateheronnons," etc., ending finally in what is declared to be "corrupt English," but which has a paternal look about it, namely "Diondadies."

On the first apostolic expedition the missionaries visited nine villages, to each of which they gave the name of an apostle. With the exception of St. John and St. Barnabas, which are below Collingwood, and consequently near the Huron frontier, the sites of these villages have not yet been determined. "It is the richest mission of all," Garnier wrote to his superior, "because of the crosses and sufferings you meet here." If it was more abundantly supplied in that respect than Huronia, the missionaries must have abounded in opportunities for penance.

They could not induce any Indian at Ossossané to show them the way, "so we took the Angels for our guides," which everyone will admit was better. "We reached the principal village, which was called St. Peter and Paul, over roads that were altogether too bad for any one who was not seeking God. Unfortunately about midway in our journey, we missed a little path which would have led us to some cabins near the main trail, so we had to pass the night in a pine wood. It was a damp place, but we could do no better just then; and with some difficulty we found a few bits of dried wood to make a fire, and some branches to sleep on. There was danger for a time of the snow putting out our fire, but fortunately the storm subsided and, thanks be to God, we passed the night very comfortably." They were easily pleased.

"Next morning we found the cabins that we were looking for, but could not get any corn in the place. However, we had the good fortune to meet a party that was setting out, so we joined them. We were glad to do so for the snow had covered all the trails, and such was the condition of the country all day long that towards night we had to

walk a full league by the glitter or glare of the snow, and we reached the village, which we called St. Thomas, at eight o'clock. We had a good appetite, for we had eaten only a crust of bread that day. While we were wondering if there were any sick people in the neighborhood, a young brave invited us to his cabin and to our delight we found there an old squaw who was at the point of death, and who seemed to be only waiting for our coming. She received us gladly, and we instructed and baptized her." Garnier did not plead that he was too tired to see her.

Other apostolic discoveries of like nature are duly recorded, but the whole country looked at them askance, and angry comments were heard every where about their purpose. The women gathered up their children and fled, screaming out at the top of their voices that the black-robes were bringing pestilence and famine in the land; the men scowled at them and every door was shut in their faces—an outrageous breach of hospitality, for the stranger is always free to enter a wigwam. One chief admitted them, but became frightened when he saw them on their knees late in the night. "Now I know you are sorcerers," he cried. "What do you mean by these postures that we have never seen in this country before?" He drove them out by dint of ill treatment, and when they started for the next village, runners preceded them to warn the people of their coming. It was a hungry and a weary day for the poor wayfarers. They could get no food in the place they left, and not a morsel passed their lips till nightfall. But they consoled themselves because they had baptized some "little monster" of a baby whom a band of refugee Neutrals had with them. "The poor little misshapen thing became an angel."

They found a shelter in the village, but there was a feast of the devil going on that night in the cabin, and incantations and dances, and the throwing of tobacco and fat in the fire went on hour after hour. It was all to cure

a sick person who had not fulfilled the injunctions imposed by a dream. But even that shelter was only temporary; so they resumed their tramp, never passing two days in one place, and finding the country more disturbed as they advanced. Mobs would gather outside the lodge at midnight ordering them to be off, and in one instance a savage started up from his sleep and drove them out into the dark. They could do nothing but plod along through snow, and rain, and cold, and ice only to find some angry savage at the entrance of the next village, with an uplifted tomahawk, threatening to brain them if they approached.

It is somewhat amusing to be told in the story that at this juncture one of the Fathers fell sick. It was not surprising; but we regret not to know whether it was Garnier or Jogues. The sufferer recovered shortly, and his treatment in the time of convalescence was on the same heroic lines as those that led him into sickness. At three o'clock in the morning, he and his companion were driven out of the wigwam without a bit to eat, and were compelled to tramp off to another place thirty-three or thirty-six miles away. They had nothing but a handful of bread, and "such bread," writes Le Mercier, "you would not give to a dog in France." But they did some good here and there among the stray Indians they met, and they thought that was worth a thousand times greater hardships.

They could not have held out much longer, and they themselves were convinced that they should die or be killed. Just then the heroic figure of the Huron, Joseph Chiwatenwa, appeared on the scene.

This wonderful Indian deserves more than a passing notice. He is continually to the fore in the records of those early days, and around his picturesque life an Indian drama might be easily constructed. He was baptized on the 15th of August, 1638, and received the name of Joseph. He was in danger of death at the time, but had been long under instruction, and was leading

meanwhile a wonderfully holy life. Anyone else but those too-exacting missionaries would have made him a Christian long before. Indeed, Jerome Lalemant, after seven years' experience, solemnly affirmed that they had been too timorous about the perseverance of their neophytes, and too exacting in the dispositions for baptism. Many a thing they thought to be sinful was only coarseness, simplicity or perhaps stupidity.

Chiwatenwa, at the time of his baptism, was thirty-five years old or thereabouts. There was nothing of the savage in him except his name. He belonged to one of the first families of Ossossané, for it must be borne in mind that social distinctions were observed among the aborigines. He was clever, not merely when compared with those around him, but the missionaries were of the opinion that he would be considered such even in France. He had a marvellous memory, and never forgot a word he was taught. He was a constant delight to the priests, as they listened to him explaining the mysteries of Christianity to the wondering red men. He married when he was very young, and never had but one wife—an extraordinary thing in such surroundings where wives were changed with the seasons, and when every one was an early profligate. He never gambled, and did not even know how to deal the cards, or rather the straws which the Indians made use of; and what will edify some modern white men he never used tobacco, which the good missionary informs us "was the wine and drunkenness of those parts." His spiritual guides were shocked, however, to find that he cultivated the weed in his garden, but he assured them it was only for pastime or to give to his friends, and also to help him to buy what he needed. The Fathers were very severe, and exacting, and Joseph was a casuist.

He also had in his possession a charm, a rabbit's foot or something of the kind, an *oki* in a word, which had been bequeathed to him by his deceased father, and was

considered to be a priceless treasure, for it had brought his progenitors much luck. But Joseph never used it; nor did he ever take part in any of the banquets where the devil was invoked. He was of a very kindly nature, wonderfully teachable, and, unlike the ordinary Indians, eager to learn. He succeeded even in being able to read and write, the former of which he found the more difficult. What first led him to the Faith was a discourse of de Brébeuf's in one of the preparatory councils of the Feast of the Dead, and he was also much touched when he heard the explanations given to the plague-stricken people about the way to profit by their affliction. Of his own accord he began to study the Commandments, and to ridicule the prevailing superstitions of the tribe. He often went to the priests' cabin, but only to discuss religious matters, never to beg like the other Indians. He had his own children baptized, and induced others to imitate his example. Finally, when he found that he was going to be taken down with the fever, he came to inquire how he should pray during his sickness.

When he fell ill he was very anxious that no superstitious remedy should be employed for his recovery. The priests saw to that, and took full charge of him corporally as well as spiritually. The poor patient observed the minutest directions even when blunders were made in caring for him. He sank rapidly, and at last baptism was suggested. "Baptism!" he exclaimed. "It is not for me to speak of that, but you. I have asked you a hundred times, and you never came into the cabin that I did not wonder if you were going to baptize me." Of course the sacrament could no longer be deferred, and after it, the sufferer showed not only Christian resignation, but the piety of an old monk. Even in his delirium he was speaking of God. Happily, he recovered two days after his baptism, and could never do enough to express his gratitude for the love that was shown him.

When he was sufficiently strong, he invited his friends

to a great banquet which he made as splendid as possible. He began it with asking a blessing, and then, as master of the feast, he made a great many speeches, in all of which he explained the mysteries of the Faith. Every one listened with astonishment at the amount of knowledge he displayed, and withdrew discussing all they had heard. A short time afterwards, he went to the chapel to make a public offer of his services to the Fathers. Nor did he ever fail to live up to his promise of leading a life of holiness. Indeed, extraordinary things are told about his piety, his delicacy of conscience and his courage in the midst of afflictions. His enthusiasm for the Faith was communicated to his pagan relatives; one of them, for instance, forbidding his sick wife the use of any superstitious practices for her cure. To conquer his natural affection he offered to God his youngest child, to whom he was very much attached, and repeated the offer a hundred times a day, if it were the Divine Will the boy should die. When the little one was taken, Chiwatenwa came before the Blessed Sacrament, and spoke like Abraham to God while the priest left him standing there, and hurried off to console the afflicted mother. His prayers for the tribe pronounced aloud in the chapel, the "Relation" assures us, would have melted the heart of a stone. He feared no one, and on all occasions gloried in the name they gave him of "The Believer," and he preached the Faith on every occasion; in the cabins, on the trail, in the councils, and always with an eloquence, a power of illustration, and a thoroughness and quickness in replying to objections that astonished everyone.

News had come of the dangers that threatened Jogues and Garnier among the Petuns. Immediately Chiwatenwa exclaimed, "I will go there." His wife entreated him not to leave her. The children were sick, and she feared he would never return, but he tenderly consoled her, and started out for what might be death in the wild storm that

was then raging. The weather was frightful. The cold was splitting the trees, and a biting wind was driving into his face as he hurried along. But his ardor in the work made his suffering seem a trifle. To his great delight he found them. Their joy must have been greater than his.

He went around with them from village to village. Cabin after cabin turned them away, and even his relations reproached him for going about with sorcerers, and did not hesitate to expel him as well as his companions. One night a Petun declared that he was going to kill the missionaries, and immediately seized his hatchet and started out to execute his threat. Luckily they had both changed their sleeping quarters that night, and while the crazy Indian was hunting for them Chiwatenwa came up and quickly disarmed him. Only one place received them well, and that bit of humanity was shown not by the Petuns, but by an old man belonging to another tribe.

When they attempted to go to the great town of Sts. Peter and Paul, where the missionaries had already been, they found every door shut, and heard the squaws screaming from the lodges: "where are the braves who said they would kill these men if they returned?" From one place they were driven away in the dead of night, and were then pursued by a party of savages armed with tomahawks. Luckily the pursuers missed the trail; and when the chief followed next day to express regret for what had happened, Chiwatenwa opened upon him with a fiery speech. "It is not these blackrobes who are disturbing the country, but you who will not listen to the important things they have to tell you. You laugh at me and call me 'The Believer.' That is my greatest glory. You know me, and you know my people. I am proud to follow the teachings of these great men. Our ancestors were excusable, for they never heard what you have heard, but you will be punished a thousand times worse than they, if you remain in the degradation from which the missionaries wish to

raise you," and so on. The old Petun listened in silence; grunted out "True," and then changed the subject, just like a civilized man.

Finally they gave up the work as hopeless, and returned to Ossossané, and Chiwatenwa was commissioned to go down to Quebec with a letter to Father Vimont. Alas! he never went. He was murdered. On the evening of the 2d of August, 1640, two Iroquois crept up stealthily behind him in the woods. They ran him through the body with a sword and crushed his skull with two blows of a tomahawk, and then tearing off his scalp disappeared. He had gone out in the forest to cut some saplings for the boat that was to carry him to Quebec. Three of his little nieces were with him, and while walking out to where he intended to work he spoke of God's goodness, and made them kneel down and pray. As they wanted to enter the woods, he sent them back telling them it was a dangerous place. After a while finding that he did not return, his people went out to look for him, and to their horror found his mangled remains. There was evidence of a fierce fight having taken place, and they noted what had caused his death; the thrust of the sword. If it had not been for that weapon, they felt sure that their valiant warrior would have won the victory. There was great mourning for him, but most of all among the missionaries, who felt as if one of themselves had been slain. So ended this glorious Christian, Joseph Chiwatenwa, who looks as if he might be one of America's uncanonized saints.

CHAPTER IV.

The Crash.

In the following year Garnier, accompanied by Pijart, made another attempt to evangelize these intractable Tobacco people. The results were only a little better, but the two easily satisfied missionaries were overjoyed because they succeeded in having a council assemble to discuss the question of admittance to the country. Opinion was divided; some of the chiefs clamoring for the death of the intruders, and others granting full permission for them to go wherever they wished. So the two brave men took their chances and started off. It was to a great extent a repetition of the previous year's experiences, with the exception of one village which received them with great enthusiasm, though the chief had declared that to go there meant death. They had an adventure, also, which always remained a puzzle for them, in spite of their knowledge of the native customs. Just as they were emerging from a wood, waist deep in the snow, and with their packs on their backs, they suddenly felt heavy hands on their shoulders; and a wild yell: "You are dead!" rent the air. They were flung on their backs in the snow, and they lay there expecting a blow of a tomahawk. But nothing happened. A deep silence ensued; and when they staggered to their feet, they saw a number of Indians, stark naked, scampering away in all directions over the snow. What it meant they never found out; but it is probable that they had accidently stumbled upon some incantation ceremony in the forest. If it were so, they thought that the devil was a hard taskmaster to exact such scant covering for his devotees in weather such as they were suffering from at the time.

We are unable to follow Garnier year by year after this

second expedition. We merely know that he labored in every one of the Huron missions, and every where was regarded with wonder by his brethren. For them he was an angel, forever walking in the presence of God. He thought of nothing else but his apostolic work. Even letters from France had no interest for him. But, on the other hand, there was nothing rude or repellant about him. On the contrary he was a most attractive man. His words, gestures, smile, all won the people to him; but it was more than a natural influence. Though brought up in all the refinements and delicacy of a noble family in France, he loved the savages; he preferred their food; and the dirt and loathsomeness of their cabins never seemed to shock him. He would nurse some poor sick creature for months, though the odor was insupportable for every one in the cabin. The "Relation" tells us, that he would plunge headlong into the midst of a wild fight that might be raging among the Indians, and in a few minutes, or sometimes by the first word he said, restore peace and tranquillity. He could even take hold of a raving maniac, and bring him to his senses. His bed was the bare ground; and he would chastise his emaciated body with iron disciplines, or with sharp pointed chains which cut into his flesh. He was always panting for martyrdom; and in a letter to his brother, about this time, he said he was confident he would soon be a victim. Whenever the Iroquois appeared he was hoping they would take him prisoner. "I might do some good to them," he said, "before they put me to death."

In 1648, he was sent back to the Petuns along with Father Garreau, but they were unable to penetrate very far into the country, and merely established two stations not far from the Huron border, which were called respectively St. Matthias and St. John, but were known as the Indian villages of Ekarreniondi and Etharita. Their exact location has not yet been positively verified, but if Ekarreniondi or Standing Rock is identical with

a weird place still in those parts, and which is now known as "Devil's Glen," it would not be hard to determine the exact location of Etarhita, and thus the holy place where the precious remains of Father Garnier have been slumbering for more than 260 years could be found. Such is the impression of the careful topographer whom we have often quoted, Father Arthur E. Jones, S.J.

Conditions in St. John's were at their worst. Chabanel had been sent down to help, but had been recalled by Ragueneau for the reason that it was easier to find food for one than two, so Garnier was left alone, with the prospect of dying of starvation, if he was not killed by a tomahawk. The superior wanted him to return, but he begged to remain, saying he did not wish to let the occasion slip by of losing himself for God. "I am taking good care of myself," he said, "and if I thought that my strength would give out, or if your Reverence really commanded me to leave, I am ready to give up everything in order to die in obedience wherever God wishes. But apart from that I will never come down from the cross where he has placed me."

One of the last letters we have from him was sent from that place, and is dated April 25, 1649. It is directed to his brother. He says he is "a victim that must be immolated," and he asks prayers that he may be faithful to the end. "Ask my brother, the Capuchin, and any one else you may think of, to excuse me for not writing. I do not know where I shall be next year, if I am alive." The next year never came; but a little later, namely on August 13, he was at St. Joseph's Island, and contrived to send a last word to his family. He wrote the reply to Ragueneau which we have given, only three days before he fell beneath the Indian tomahawk.

When the news came that the Iroquois were in the neighborhood, the over confident braves of Etarhita were delighted. It was an opportunity to wipe out many an old

score, and they prepared for the fight. They waited and waited, but no enemy came. Finally losing patience, they started out to find them. That was December 5th, but the wily Iroquois were approaching from another direction. On December 7 they were right near St. John's, and to add to their good luck captured a man and a woman who had just left the village, and from them heard of its defenceless condition. At three o'clock that afternoon their war-whoops were heard outside the palisades, and they were soon swarming through the gate. The massacre began immediately. Men, women and children were indiscriminately slaughtered, and the wigwams set on fire. Garnier ran hither and thither, absolving the dying Christians, dragging the children from the burning buildings and baptizing them, and everywhere exhorting the people to make their peace with God. Some few found safety in flight, and begged the priest to go with them, but he refused, though he might easily have escaped. He kept at his heroic work regardless of danger, but his dress easily distinguished him in the midst of the wild and shrieking mob, and a moment after, two musket balls pierced his breast. As he fell, a savage tore the soutane from his body, and then made after the fugitives. Garnier, lying in his blood, was seen to join his hands in prayer to prepare for death, when the moan of a dying Indian caught his ear, and he struggled to lift himself from the ground to crawl over to the sufferers, but he fell again with the blood streaming from his wounds. He made a second and third attempt. It was the last act of his apostolic life. An Indian tomahawk crushed his skull, and then stripping him stark naked, the savages proceeded to butcher the other victims. A poor squaw who was badly wounded, and who lived a short time after the massacre, gave the Fathers the precious details of the last moments of the martyr.

The work was soon over; the village was a heap of ashes, and the smoke of the burning wigwams told the sad tale

to the people of St. Mathias, twelve miles away. The Iroquois hurried in the direction of the Huron country where there were no longer any enemies. The Hurons had been extirpated. They dragged with them all the captives they could lay hands on, and those who were unable to walk were murdered where they lay.

It was a night of terror in the adjoining mission; but next morning the scouts announced that the enemy had departed, and Fathers Garreau and Greslon made their way to the scene of the disaster. The ghastly spectacle that met their gaze filled them with horror. Mangled corpses littered the blood-stained snow; bodies, charred and unrecognizable, lay amid the smouldering ruins of the lodges, and on every side were heard the moans of the dying. About the middle of the village they saw a naked corpse, all splashed with blood and blackened by the ashes of the burning buildings. They passed by. It was only one of many others. But the quick eye of the Indians recognized it. They called to the priests, who hurriedly retraced their steps. It was the beloved Garnier. They tore off their own garments to cover him, and with streaming eyes, and hearts broken with grief they buried him in the place where his chapel had once stood, but of which not a vestige remained. They could not take the body with them, for the Iroquois might return at any moment, and when the last sad rites were over they hurried back to St. Mathias. Two days afterwards the war party of the once jubilant Petuns returned home, and when they saw the tragedy which had occurred in their absence, and for which their foolish bravery was responsible, they sat down upon the ground among their dead, and with eyes fixed upon the ground remained without a sigh, without a moan, mourning for their wives and little ones who had been so ruthlessly slaughtered.

Father Garnier died at the age of 44, on the eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. If he had been asked, he would have chosen that day above all others to die.

NOEL CHABANEL

FIRST MASS IN MONTREAL.

NOEL CHABANEL.

Towards the end of his life Father Chabanel used to say very frequently: "Mine will be a martyrdom in the gloom." It was a curious utterance and its meaning was by no means clear, but it was verified in a very remarkable manner. Indeed there was a gloom hanging over Chabanel during all his missionary career, and for a long time after his death doubt and uncertainty remained about the place and manner in which he died. When he came to New France the whole colony was buried in gloom. The missions were perishing, and every effort to relieve them had been unsuccessful. The Iroquois were hovering around Montreal and Three Rivers, and even Quebec was in peril, and then the news came over the ocean that Louis XIII, who had the interests of the colony so much at heart was dead. All that was bad enough, but the regular vessels from the mother country no longer arrived. Had they been lost in the deep? Spring dragged into summer, and it was already the month of August. Still no vessel appeared. At last, just as the priest was about to begin Mass on the Feast of the Assumption, two sails were seen coming up the river. They dropped their anchors a league away from the fort and a shallop put off for the shore. On board the ships was the venerable Father Quentin. With him were two other missionaries, Garreau and Chabanel, both of whom were to be killed. They were welcomed with delight by Vimont, who wrote that they were apt at learning the Indian language, but it was a sad mistake in Chabanel's case. He never could utter a word of Indian speech. Not that he was dull. On the contrary he was a man of brilliant parts. He had taught Rhetoric and Poetry at Rhodez and Toulouse, and might have achieved fame if he had remained in France.

He tarried a year in Quebec, for it was impossible to ascend the river which was swarming with Iroquois, but at last the governor determined to force a passage at any cost, and with twenty soldiers, de Brébeuf, Garreau and Chabanel, made the attempt and succeeded. We are told that the soldiers who acted as an escort were sobered by the dangers of the expedition. There were several wild lads among them, who had need of something serious to steady them, and now they protested that they had embarked on the enterprise not in any spirit of adventure or to better their fortunes, but solely to atone for the past. How long the poor fellows persevered in their pious sentiments is not recorded.

Chabanel was employed at St. Mary's, and applied himself vigorously to the study of the language. He failed completely. Though of superior talents and possessed of an excellent memory, year after year passed by and he could not make himself understood in the most ordinary matters. Not only that, but there developed in his heart a loathing for the savages. He could scarcely look at them. Their grossness and filth revolted him, and he could never grow accustomed to the food which the other missionaries were compelled to eat. What was worst of all, the heroic sentiments with which he was formerly actuated vanished, and while his brethren were longing for martyrdom, he was in constant dread of being tortured and killed by the Iroquois. A good many people will sympathize with the poor man.

The consequence was that he fell into a deep depression of spirits. He had been convinced in France that he had a vocation for the missions, and now he found himself abhorring every thing connected with them. Even after three or four years application he could not say a word to the meanest Indian. Day after day, and year after year the temptation came to him: "Go back to France; you have been under a delusion; your Superiors have made a mis-

take; you have no vocation for this kind of work." But he never gave up. He kept doggedly at his task, and finally, to put an end to any more discussion about the propriety of his remaining, he wrote the following vow:

"O Lord Jesus Christ, who in the admirable disposition of Thy Fatherly Providence, hast deigned to call me though altogether unworthy to be a helper of the holy apostles who cultivate the vineyard of the Hurons, I, Noël Chabanel, impelled by the desire of serving the Holy Spirit in promoting the conversion of the savages of Huronia to the Faith, vow, in presence of the Most Holy Sacrament of Thy Body and Blood, God's testament with men, perpetual stability in this Huron Mission, understanding all this in accordance with the interpretations and arrangements of the Society and its Superiors. I beg Thee, therefore, to receive me as the perpetual servant of this mission, and to make me worthy of such an exalted ministry, Amen. June 21, 1647."

Even after this, the temptations did not cease, but he always conquered them, and God gave him the perseverance for which he prayed. He now even looked for martyrdom. We do not know in what missions he labored, but it is of no importance; for beyond baptizing and saying Mass, of course he did nothing. However, one very interesting appointment is revealed in a letter to his brother in France. "You came near having a martyr for your brother," he wrote. "I was with Father de Brébeuf at St. Ignatius, and was recalled, and Father Gabriel Lalemant took my place. In a month he was dead." It was certainly a narrow escape, especially as we learn from Father Chastelain, who was Chabanel's spiritual guide, that he was a completely transformed man when he started for that post. "I do not know what there is in me," he said, "or what God wishes, but I feel completely changed on one point. Now that I am going to face almost certain death, I feel no fear. This does not come from me."

Afterward depression came for a different reason, namely, that he had escaped death, which he ascribed to his own unworthiness. "Alas!" he says, "one must have a different kind of virtue than mine. Perhaps I shall be a *martyr in umbra,* and undergo a *martyrium sine sanguine.*" He was already suffering a bloodless martyrdom in the agony which his own disposition was inflicting on him. "But it may be," he continues, "that the ravages of the Iroquois will one day do the rest through the merits of so many saints with whom I have the consolation of living."

His time was approaching. After leaving de Brébeuf, he was sent to help Garnier among the Petuns. There, conditions were much worse than at St. Ignatius. The two priests were actually starving, and on December 6th Chabanel was called to St. Joseph's Island, to which the old mission of St. Mary's had been meantime transferred. As the order was peremptory he bade farewell to Garnier, and started for St. Mathias, twelve miles further north, where he found Fathers Garreau and Greslon, who were expecting to be killed in a disturbance which had just declared itself there. On the morning of December 7th he resumed his journey, taking with him seven or eight Indians as guides. His last words to his two Jesuit brethren were: "I am going where obedience summons me. I may never arrive there, but if I do I shall ask my Superior to send me back again to the mission which was my share of work, for I must serve God until I die." They were to go eastward from St. Mathias till they reached the Nottawasaga River, which they had to cross, and then proceed along the shore of Nottawasaga Bay up to the head of the Peninsula, and from there get over the best way they could to St. Joseph's Island. They made eighteen or nineteen miles that day, over a very difficult road, and arrived by nightfall at a place where the Nottawasaga makes a great bend before it empties into the Bay. They threw themselves down to rest in a dense wood, knowing nothing of the

tragedy that had occurred that very afternoon at St. John's, where Father Garnier and all the inhabitants of the village had been killed. But towards midnight, Chabanel heard a confused murmur in the distance. It was coming nearer, and he awoke the sleeping Indians. What could it be? Surely not the Petuns, who had left St. John's before the massacre. They had gone in another direction. It must be the Iroquois. There was an immediate flight, and as far as can be made out from the accounts, the fugitives ran towards their own country, and consequently in the direction of the approaching Iroquois, but, of course, to one side, so as to avoid meeting them. Exhausted with hunger and fatigue, Chabanel followed them a little while and then fell on his knees, saying to his companions: "It matters not if I die. Life is but a slight thing after all, and the Iroquois cannot rob me of Paradise." There the Indians left him. Meantime, unaware of the nearness of the Petuns, the Iroquois passed on, and crossed the frontiers of Huronia. No enemies were to be feared; for as we have already said, that territory was now deserted.

At day break, finding himself refreshed, Chabanel appears to have given up the idea of returning to St. Mathias, whither the others had fled; and resumed his journey to St. Joseph's Island. He soon reached the river. It was too wide to ford, and it was reported that an Indian found him there bareheaded, without any of the traps that are usually carried on such journeys, and took him across the river. He never reached St. Joseph's. For a long time the Fathers wondered what had become of him. Was he murdered by the Iroquois; had he died of starvation in the woods; or did the Indian who carried him across the river kill him? They strongly suspected that the last supposition was correct, though they had no proofs. But there was a strong presumption that such was his fate.

Just before Chabanel had passed through St. Mathias on the way from St. John's to St. Joseph's Island, a Huron

had made his appearance there, and told a number of his tribesmen who were fugitives among the Petuns that he had been down at Quebec and had seen valuable presents given to the Iroquois by Onontio, the governor; and had heard that a secret treaty had been made, in virtue of which the French were to keep up the semblance of opposition to the Iroquois, but were always to fight without bullets, so that no Iroquois would be killed, and that thus the destruction of the Hurons would be effected without openly involving the French.

This cock-and-bull story was immediately accepted by the Hurons as true, and the excitement became so intense that they succeeded in getting the Petuns to call a council in the absence of the two missionaries, Greslon and Garreau. In the council it was determined to kill them as soon as they returned to St. Mathias. Quite unaware of what had happened the two missionaries arrived. They saw an angry mob of Petuns and Hurons waiting to receive them, and they expected a blow of the tomahawk as they approached, but they coolly and even smilingly walked into the very midst of the throng, addressing a word here and there to friends as they passed along. The Indians gasped in amazement. Each one waited for the other to strike the blow, but no arm was lifted and the two priests quietly entered their lodge.

Among the Hurons who were thus stirring up the Petuns against the missionaries was Chabanel's boatman, and two years afterward he admitted that he had murdered the priest. He had once been a Christian, but on account of the misfortunes which befell him he left the Faith, and became very bitter in his hatred of the missionaries, announcing publicly that he intended to kill one of them. He did so, but his worldly condition was not improved as he expected. On the contrary all his people were either killed or led into captivity by the Mohawks. It was his apostacy that placed the crown on the head of Father Chabanel.

How the murder was committed was never known. Was Chabanel tomahawked and thrown into the river, or was he drowned? At all events he had verified the enigmatical utterance of the *martyrium sine sanguine*. He died in the shadow and gloom of the forest, where he was all alone with the assassin. Nor has the uncertainty ever been removed about the manner and the time of his death. About the cause there is no doubt. He was killed out of hatred for the Faith.

LEONARD GARREAU

LEONARD GARREAU.

We have seen how the column of smoke that rose over Etarhita on the afternoon of December 7, 1649, told Fathers Garreau and Greslon, who were at Ekareniondi that Father Garnier was dead. They awaited their own turn, and could not understand why the Iroquois did not come to complete the work of slaughter. They thought that probably it was a savage ruse, and that later on, when they least expected, the enemy would swoop down on them. Hence, after burying Father Garnier they quietly prepared for death, which might come as quickly from their own people as from outside. For they were fully aware that the plot which had miscarried a day or so before, might be organized again. Soon, however, Father Greslon fell sick, and was recalled to St. Joseph's Island, and Father Garreau was left all alone. He was thus the last priest outside of the general refuge on St. Joseph's Island. It is very singular how little has been ever published about this great man. There are valuable manuscripts in the archives of St. Mary's, which are of most absorbing interest in the revelations they give of him, but beyond a scant notice, here and there, very little of this material has found its way into print.

As often happens when a man achieves greatness, there is an attempt to discover some strain of noble blood in the family to which he belongs—a natural impulse which is not at all reprehensible even in our democratic days, and such may have been the motive that prompted two of the curious letters which we find in the folio labelled "Garrneau," in the musty archives of St. Mary's. One of them is from the *Office Héraldique et Historique de France,* a bureau which proclaims istelf as engaged in *"Recherches Généalogiques;"* gives *"consultations juridiques"* and engages in *"travaux*

héraldiques en style Moyen Age et Renaissance." It was this high sounding pronouncement of its purpose that no doubt induced some one in Montreal named Gareau to inquire if he was in any way connected with the martyr. He was answered by one of the principal officials of the Bureau—a Frenchman of course; but possessed of a name that comes almost with a shock. It is no less than "M. O'Kelly de Galway," who informs his correspondent that Mr. O'Kelly alone possesses the manuscript list of all the names cited in the condensed inventories of Charente Inferieur and of the civil list of La Rochelle.

One expects much from the prelude, but the inquirer is merely informed that the name properly spelled must have a double *r,* and that in 1660 there was a Pierre Garreau at La Rochelle who by *brevet royal* had been *courtier-juré,* which, as far as we can make out, is merely a duly accredited broker. It is edifying to note that M. O'Kelly advises M. Garreau that the laborious researches which were undertaken imply an honorary of one hundred francs.

Another communication is to the Archivist of St. Mary's College, and is from the Commandant *du Garreau,* of the 6th corps d'armée, 5th division de cavalerie Etat Mayor. This distinguished officer insists that Father Garreau was of his kin, for the reason that such has been always the family tradition, and also that the name Leonard is very frequently given at baptism. Whatever foundation there may be to his claim, the fact remains that the great missionary never called himself *du Garreau,* and his fellow Jesuits were unaware that he or his family ever employed the prefix. In a letter written by Father Ragueneau, shortly after the tragedy, the hero's brother is addressed as plain M. Garreau. It is true that in Father Martin's MSS. there is a reference to the *noblesse* of the family, and to the great number of its dependents, but that is all we know about the subject.

He was born on October 11, 1609, in the town of

Arédieux or Saint-Yriex, in the Diocese of Limoges. His mother had the very amiable name of Françoise de Gentil, and apparently deserved it. She is said to have been endowed with every womanly virtue, and devoted herself exclusively to the training of her numerous offspring. There was enough to do, for she was blessed with no less than ten children. Fortunately the other head of the house was all that she could have desired. He had served with distinction in the armies of Henry IV, and when the wars were over, he was often cited as the ideal Christian warrior. He was famous for his benevolence to the needy; never pressed his tenants when the harvests were poor, and when he was about to go to heaven, cancelled all the debts they had ever contracted against him. His alms always passed through the hands of his children, but that excellent custom developed into an extravagance in the case of the subject of this sketch. Young Leonard used to give to the poor everything he could lay his hands on in the house. When admonished that well ordered charity consisted in disposing of one's own and not of other people's property, he promptly changed his ways; but it was soon perceived that he was growing pale and sickly. Finally it was discovered that he was giving the greatest part of his meals to the people he thought were hungry. After that, other means had to be devised to let him indulge his benevolent inclinations.

The Garreaus must have been a very holy family. Besides the Jesuit, two of the boys became secular priests and another a Recollect friar, who was subsequently Master of Novices in his Order. Nor were they slow in making up their minds. Leonard's vocation was decided shortly after his birth. He was a sickly child and not expected to live, whereupon his mother offered him to God and promised to let him enter any religious order he chose if such were the Divine Will. She was rewarded by seeing the boy immediately develop into sturdy health. It is sin-

gular that the shadow of death always had a formative influence in the development of the sanctity of Leonard Garreau.

He went to school at Limoges and Bordeaux where he shone intellectually, and was never admonished for misbehavior except when he was caught keeping a rigorous Lent when he was only sixteen. But long before that he had been fasting every Saturday, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Of course there was no difficulty in accepting such a lad when he wanted to become a Jesuit, and on September 27, 1628 he entered the Novitiate at Bordeaux, which then belonged to the Province of Aquitaine. Now at that very time Quebec was being beseiged and the speculation naturally suggests itself: what would have been Garreau's subsequent career, if the English flag had continued to fly above the citadel on the St. Lawrence. He remained about eleven years in France, and was conspicuous both for his intellectual abilities and the holiness of his life, and for both reasons was sent to Rome to study theology. While there, the Father General, Mutius Vitelleschi, gave him permission to go to America for the Indian missions.

He left La Rochelle on May 18, 1643, and on that day he wrote to his beloved brother, the Recollect friar, to whom he was tenderly attached. The letter is valuable as a historical document, and furnishes us, at the same time, with an excellent picture of the young missionary's soul. It is as follows:

"He who writes to you is your brother whom you have not forgotten, and who will never forget you. He loves you and will always love you as himself, and will never cease to pray daily for you with all the fervor he possesses.

"You already know, I think, that when I was at Rome studying theology I obtained permission from Father General, after many efforts on my part, to go to New France, to devote the rest of my life in converting the poor savages, who have been so long under the thraldom of the evil one.

As such a vocation is somewhat out of the ordinary, and entails great labor and suffering, I studied it according to all the rules of prudence left us by the saints. Being finally persuaded that it came from God, and that it was an extraordinary privilege to be called to such a mission, I took the resolution to employ whatever means were in my power to obtain it. God has blessed me with success, and I am now about to realize my ambition. In four hours I shall leave France.

"I must bid you a long farewell, my dear brother in Jesus Christ, and it is not without the deepest emotion that I find myself leaving one whom I love so much. We have not been able to see each other for a moment and embrace each other in the Lord, but let us be submissive to the will of God, and console ourselves with the thought of meeting in heaven, where there shall be no parting.

"I beg and implore you, O, my brother, if you still keep some remembrance and love for him who loves you more than anyone else, to ask God to give me the necessary virtue for the new work which I now undertake.

"I set out full of joy, and so happy that I would not change my lot for all the kingdoms of the earth. The only thing that would complete my happiness is a little half-hour's talk with you, to receive your counsel on the kind of life that I am embracing. But let us learn to suffer the privation willingly. We must begin to renounce all human and even heavenly consolation if such is the good pleasure of God.

"I did not call on my brother when I went from Paris to La Rochelle. I knew it would have been of no use, and I thought it was proper to offer that sacrifice to God, although it was, naturally, so painful; so I deprived myself of the greatest consolation I could have here below, in order to obtain by this renunciation of self, the grace of becoming a worthy instrument in the hands of God.

"Farewell then, my brother, farewell once again. I

embrace you with all my heart and love. Have pity on your brother, not because he is going to expose himself to tempests and shipwreck, to pirates and to savages, who are the cruelest of men—that is only a reason for joy; but because he is not yet what God would wish him to be, and is very far removed from the virtue which a worker in such a field ought to have." It would be hard to beat that for a love letter.

On the vessel with him were Fathers Chabanel, Druillettes, de Lyonne and Claude Quentin. They reached Quebec on August 19, 1643. He immediately wrote to his brother, and to interest him the more, he made use of a piece of birch bark instead of paper, for the missive. It reads as follows:

"We suffered on the voyage what people usually do; storms, danger of going to the bottom, want of fresh water, seasickness, which is a grievous trial, and the extremes of heat and cold. But all that trouble is now over, and it only made our arrival at Quebec the happier. As regards myself, I have never felt greater joy of heart. I would not exchange our bark hut for a king's palace, nor our poverty for all the riches and magnificence that I have seen in Rome or Paris; and this thought fills me with the greatest consolation. I can imitate Jesus Christ, my good Master, and obtain from Him the gift of fidelity in whatever is painful and hard. His journey to earth when he came from heaven for our salvation was longer than ours from the Old World to the New. The conversion of a single soul is, on that account, worth daring, if necessary, a thousand deaths, since for that reason the Son of God did not spare his blood or his life.

"I thank God that I fear neither fire nor sword. The most ardent desire of my heart is to sacrifice myself entirely for God, who is so good that he has sacrificed himself for me. I do not deserve such a favor, and I have reason to fear that my sins may prevent me from gaining the

crown of martyrdom, and that is what has brought me here.

"Believe me, my brother, everything here below is vanity and delusion, except the desire to work and suffer for God. When you think that such is the harvest I am reaping here do not worry, but rather rejoice with me that I am where God wishes, where I have desired so ardently to be, and where I am resolved to live and die for Him. Do not, however, imagine that we are without consolation. The success of our labors in propagating the Faith has been very great."

The thirteen years he spent in Canada were a complete realization of these lofty ideals. He was forever eliminating from his life whatever could flatter the senses; he was always thirsting for suffering, and was always on fire with the love of God and his neighbor. When he first arrived at Quebec he was assigned to the Algonquins, and consequently when de Brébeuf was returning to the missions and needed some one to look after the roaming savages who were staying around Huronia, Garreau was chosen for the work, and he started up the river on September 7, 1644. On reaching Huronia, he was immediately despatched with Father Claude Pijart to Lake Nippissing, where his flock could be found. They set out at the end of November in a canoe, taking the west shore of Georgian Bay, and going north to the mouth of the French River. Ascending that stream they finally arrived at the lake.

On December 4 they were still out in Georgian Bay, about nine miles from the shore when the cold became intense, and with such suddenness that they found themselves caught in the ice, and without any possibility of running their boat to the shore. Their only hope was to get on the ice, which was not yet thick enough to bear them; they hesitated, but as it was a choice of freezing to death in the motionless canoe or taking the risk, they concluded to make the attempt.. They succeeded at first, and crept

along cautiously, strung out a long distance from each other. A Frenchman and an Indian took the lead to test the ice, while the missionaries, not used to that kind of travelling, followed slowly and with great effort. They were soon very far behind; when suddenly the whole surface gave way under the feet of Father Pijart, and he disappeared in the lake. Garreau uttered a loud cry of alarm, and, quite oblivious of himself, hastened to the rescue. But he went in also, and both were soon grasping at the floating cakes around them. Their shouts brought their companions to the rescue, but there was no means of getting near the edge of the hole. Ropes were flung to the drowning men, but each effort to get out only widened the break, and meantime they were freezing to death in the icy water.

Humanly speaking all hope was lost, but they put their life in God's hands, praying with fervor to the saint whose feast was celebrated that day. They did not lose their heads for a moment, and finally, after desperate struggles they reached a piece of ice strong enough to support them, and by help of the ropes were hauled out of the water. The cold pierced the marrow of their bones, and their clothes became a solid block. They made all haste for the shore, lighted a fire and put together some bits of bark for a shelter against the driving wind. They recovered sufficiently, and then resumed their journey to the mission which, unfortunately, was not in any fixed place, but wherever the roving Indians chose to go; the presence of game usually deciding their camp. This rude work of following the tribe was continued all the winter and following summer; a terrible trial for two raw Europeans who, besides the hardships of the journey had nothing to eat; for the Algonquins devoured all the game they shot, and then starved till the next stroke of luck. But we are told that the missionaries found it easy because of the docility and fervor of their neophytes.

Towards autumn they started for St. Mary's, but on the

road Garreau fell ill. Disentery and fever made a wreck of him, and in that condition he had to face the wind and the heat and the rain, and sometimes in the hard parts of the journey, had to work like a slave at the paddle. Of course he grew worse. They stopped for a while to let him recuperate, but the symptoms became so alarming that they had to carry him on their shoulders, over the long and difficult portages, exhausting themselves as well as the sufferer. They endeavored to buoy him up with words of encouragement, the only thing they had to offer, and on the other hand his courage and resignation gave them strength. Finally, after a journey of thirteen long and sorrowful days, they arrived at St. Mary's. They were just in time. The sick man could stand it no longer, and for twenty-four hours he was at the point of death. Every moment they expected him to breathe his last. Indeed, he was so far gone that his coffin was actually made; but they kept on praying for him, and everyone made a vow to the Blessed Virgin for his recovery. Their prayer was heard. His strength returned, and he was soon on his feet again ready for work.

His friend, Father Garnier, who was present, wrote with enthusiasm about his manner of supporting his sufferings. "I was often carried away with admiration this winter," he says, "by one of Ours, who was so close to death that we were preparing his grave. He was sick for thirty-eight days, and what delighted us was the abundance of grace that God gave him. Indeed, it seemed too much for the extreme feebleness of his body. There was such an intensity and uninterruptedness in the heroic acts of humility which he made; there was such a boundless love of God which prompted him to offer himself to suffer all the pains of hell if necessary, and there were so many ardent aspirations for heaven that we could not understand how he did not succumb. He would pass three and four hours without intermission in those acts of piety.

As soon as he was up, Father Garreau went to work with greater enthusiasm than ever. The goodness of God had given him back his health, and he determined to use every bit of it. Father Ragueneau, who afterwards became his superior, wrote of him that "he died daily," and in an official letter to the General, in 1645, Pijart, who knew him thoroughly, described him as "a most intrepid missionary, just such as we need most here." When Father Garnier was sent in 1646 to found a permanent mission among the Petuns he took Garreau with him as a companion, chiefly to look after the Algonquin contingent that had settled there. He was very busy with them all winter, but an unfortunate occurrence disturbed the good feelings that existed between the Petuns and their Algonquin neighbors. An Algonquin was killed, and the Petuns refused to make the usual reparation. This failure of justice caused a rupture, and the Algonquins decamped and settled elsewhere.

As Garreau thus lost his flock, he set himself to study Huron, so as to be better able to help Father Garnier, whose work had grown excessively heavy.

A holy emulation sprung up between these two saints, in the care of their respective flocks. They alternately exchanged missions. Thus after fifteen or twenty days of work apart from each other, they met and passed two or three days together and then separated for another space, each taking the other's place, and so on through the year. "We are alone," says Garnier, "for three weeks at a time, except for our good angels and our Indians, but we must admit that the time of solitude is richest in graces and consolations."

In 1649, Father Greslon was sent to help Father Garnier, and Chabanel was named as Garreau's assistant. It was the year of the great catastrophies. De Brébeuf and Lalemant had been murdered and the whole country was in consternation; for the destruction of the entire Huron

nation, which the Iroquois had determined to bring about now seemed inevitable, especially as the year closed with the deaths of Garnier and Chabanel. Garreau and Greslon were thus the only priests left on the old missions. The other remnants of the wreck had been gathered on St. Joseph's Island.

Then Father Greslon fell sick and had to be sent away, and thus Garreau was all alone in the wilderness. How long he remained in that dreadful and dangerous isolation we do not know exactly. But soon his Indians left him. Like the rest of the tribe, they began to make their way to the Island, and he was compelled to follow them. There he remained until the general flight to Quebec. The story of that perilous journey has been often told and we omit it here, except to note that once again Garreau had to look into the eyes of death before he reached civilization. He was caught in the rapids and upset. Fortunately he was able to cling to his canoe, while he was being battered against the rocks by the roaring torrent. How he was saved he does not tell us, except that his Angel Guardian got him out of trouble. It would be pleasant for inquisitive mortals to know who was his Angel Guardian's representative. Possibly that was not the only adventure in the nine hundred miles of a journey, which he told his brother could be scarcely more perilous.

Every one was gloomy at Quebec after the arrival of the Hurons. For the priests, there were no longer any missions, and for the traders there were no more furs. At last, in 1654, to the delight of everyone, there sailed down the St. Lawrence a great flotilla of canoes loaded with rich peltries. A new set of Indians presented themselves. They were the Ottawas, or *Cheveux Relevés*. Immediately the traders took heart, and two young Frenchmen volunteered to go back with the newcomers to visit their country. It is not said in the "Relations" who these "two young men" were, but it is very likely they were no other than

Radisson and Chouart, the latter known later as Groseliers, both of whom figure very largely in Canadian history and who ultimately, to the chagrin of their compatriots, established the English Hudson Bay Company. They were accepted by the Ottawas, and started up the river with the intention of remaining a year. They did not return for two years, and when all hope of ever seeing them was given up, fifty canoes with 180 Ottawas paddled down to Three Rivers with a load of furs that set the whole colony dancing with delight. Every young man wanted to go back with them, and yielding to the popular demand the Governor commissioned thirty Frenchmen to begin a settlement in the Ottawa country. But it was not only trade that received a new impulse. While Radisson and Chouart were trafficking for furs, they had not been oblivious of the interests of religion. They had spoken a great deal to the Ottawas about Christianity, had even baptized all the dying babies they could lay their hands on, and had got a promise from the chiefs to ask for missionaries when they went down to Quebec. The Indians kept their promise, and offered the Governor to take back with them two priests to instruct the tribe. Father Garreau, who had spent some time on the Isle d'Orleans with Chaumonot and the Hurons, and was then at Three Rivers, was expressly asked for.

It was a joyous day for Quebec when amid the booming of cannon and the cheers of the colonists, the thirty Frenchmen got into the canoes with the one hundred and eighty Indians and started up the St. Lawrence. In the party were Fathers Garreau and Druillettes, and also Brother le Boême, with three domestics who had volunteered to go with the missionaries.

They were in high spirits until they met a French soldier on the river, who had been sent down to warn them that the Iroquois were on the war path, and were in ambush higher up the stream. The intelligence gave a chill to the enthusiastic company but it soon passed, and trusting in

their numbers they were almost eager to meet the foe. Whether or not they were seen by the Iroquois or whether the wily foe let them pass in hopes of a better opportunity further up, can not be determined. At all events the travellers reached Three Rivers in safety, and were quite elated over their success. But the feeling that prevailed in the settlement soon cooled their ardor, and they suddenly discovered that their canoes were in bad condition, and that their provisions were insufficient for the long journey of one thousand two hundred miles that lay before them. They ended by very disgracefully backing down from their lofty purpose, and concluded to return to Quebec.

Of course the Ottawas had to continue on their journey, and as the priests and brother were actuated by a loftier purpose than that of money-making, and had never any intention of withdrawing, they started on the way up the river with the Indians. Their three domestics also went with them. The Ottawas were in great spirits, and were quite heedless of the warnings they had received. They not only took no precautions against a surprise, but the foolish young braves who were as delighted with the firearms which they had purchased as a child is with a new toy, were continually shooting off their pieces to hear the report, or to bring down any game they met on the way. They were unaware that the Iroquois had been tracking them all the way up the river.

When they approached Montreal they entered the Rivière des Prairies, or Back River as it is now called, which runs on the north side of the island. Precisely how far they had travelled we do not know, though probably they had already covered a considerable distance. Six of the canoes were somewhat in advance, and in one of them was Father Garreau, intent on instructing his Indians. They had passed a rapid, and to avoid the current had to go very close to the shore near where a point of land projected into the river. Suddenly a report of firearms was heard, and

several of the occupants of the canoes tumbled over dead or wounded. Among them was Father Garreau, who was hit on the right side by a bullet which shattered his spine. They were at that time so close to the bank that the Iroquois pounced upon them and dragged them out of their boats. Those who were not wounded were made prisoners, and flung inside of the entrenchments which the Iroquois had, in expectation of a fight, thrown up near by. Seeing what had happened, the main body of the Ottawas hurried forward, determined to make short work of the enemy. But their ardor was checked when they encountered the defences from which it was impossible to dislodge the foe. Chagrined and baffled, they withdrew a short distance and began to build a fort of their own. Then they changed their tactics, and asked for a parley. They protested that they had no quarrel with the Iroquois, and merely wanted leave to continue on their journey, but their proposals were treated with contempt.

That night there was a tumult in the Ottawa camp. Shouts of command and the noise of falling trees gave notice to the enemy that a fight was going to be made on the morrow, but when morning dawned the Ottawas had disappeared. The noise was only a trick to deceive the enemy. It was the usual Indian strategy, and it is curious that it so often succeeded. Father Druillettes and the lay brother, Boême, who had not been hurt in the fight wanted to continue on the journey, but their request was refused, and they were left to shift for themselves in the woods. Ferland says they were taken prisoners by the Iroquois and led to Montreal, but he gives no authority for his assertion. There is nothing about it in the "Relation."

What had become of Garreau meantime? He was bleeding to death inside the stockade. He had been stripped of his clothes down to the miserable drawers that he wore, and left to die on the ground. No one paid any attention

to him except one Indian, who offered him some medicine which he was unable to take. It was then 4 o'clock on Wednesday, August 30, 1656. From time to time the savages would come to poke at the hole with iron prongs to try to extract the bullet, and he bore the agony of that horrible probing without a murmur. Thursday passed and Friday, and still he lay on the bare earth bathed in his blood. No one had given him even a drink of water, though they were on the river bank. Even then he was thinking of the souls around him, for while his eyes were closing in death he discovered among the captives a number of Huron Christians, and calling them over he made them go to confession, gasping out the words of absolution and exhorting them as best he could to be faithful during the terrible tortures and death to which they were doomed. But God gave him a much greater consolation. Among the Iroquois was an apostate Frenchman, who in a wild rage about some wrong which he had received in Quebec, had become an Indian. Father Garreau calmed the fury of the poor wretch, and after a while reconciled him to God. It was providential, for a day or so after, when the party went over to Montreal, the Iroquois betrayed the renegade to the colonists; and he was taken down to Quebec and hanged. But he persevered in the good sentiments which Father Garreau had poured into his soul, and died in great contrition for his sins. Such was the last act of the ministry of Father Garreau. If we are to trust Belmont, in his "Histoire du Canada," it was this Frenchman who fired the fatal shot; but perhaps that story was told by the Iroquois to shift the blame from themselves.

Saturday morning came, and Father Garreau was still breathing. It was a serious situation for the Iroquois. They were at peace with the French, and yet here was one who was not only a Frenchman but a priest whom they had murdered. It meant war unless it was explained. So they took up the dying man and hurried to Montreal, arriving

there in the afternoon. Flinging down the usual presents to wipe away the tears of his friends, they declared that the shooting was an accident, and then made off with themselves. Nothing could be done to punish them.

The great missionary was true to his high ideals to the very end. Without a murmur of resentment against the wretches who had so cruelly treated him during the three days of agony he, on the contrary, offered up the most fervent prayers to God in their behalf. He breathed his last, at ten o'clock that night, and went to heaven.

Shortly after the tragedy Father Ragueneau, who had been Father Garreau's Superior in the Huron country and subsequently at Three Rivers, and who loved him tenderly, wrote to the dead hero's brother. As the letter gives us an appreciation of the splendid character of the dead man, besides adding some details of his life which have been purposely omitted in the general sketch, it is thought proper to reproduce it here, even if one or two of the events already told are repeated. We find it in the MSS. of Father Felix Martin, who copied it from the "Histoire des Saints de Limoges." Incidentally it affords us some knowledge of Ragueneau's own charming character.

"Sir.

"Pax Christi:

"The writer, who is unknown to you, considers that he is under the obligation of communicating a happy piece of news about one who was very dear to you in life, and who must be a thousand times more so now that he is dead.

"You have a brother in heaven, a martyr of charity, killed by the savage Iroquois when he was beginning a journey of four hundred leagues, to labor at the conversion of a number of Indians, who having formerly known him, came down the river to the number of two hundred to ask for him as their teacher, promising at the same time that they would become Christians. He of whom I write is Father Garreau, whose virtue I have admired during the

WHERE GARREAU WAS BURIED.
(The Maisonneuve Monument, Montreal.)

twelve or thirteen years in which I had the privilege of knowing him in this country, and who deserves to be honored for the death that has crowned his holy life.

"God is great in his saints; and his ways of leading them are as adorable as they are mysterious. This blessed Father was endowed with an active and solid intelligence, and was accomplished in every way that one could desire. Grace was added in abundance to his splendid natural qualities, to make of him an evangelical laborer who, in whatever place he was assigned to, reaped a rich harvest of souls. Indeed it was to be expected from one whose zeal was so apostolic, and whom angels and men regarded with such approval. His profound humility; his patience in trials, his charity which was unalterably sweet, his obedience that dared everything, made him conspicuous among us. In brief, he possessed in an exalted degree every virtue that makes souls agreeable to God. I can say without any qualification whatever that he was dead to the world and lived in God.

"About ten years ago, after inconceivable hardship in the mission which lasted an entire summer, in which he had absolutely nothing to alleviate his sufferings, was without rest, and even without such necessities of life as the vilest slaves and the most wretched of men have in abundance, he returned to our mission amon the Hurons. He was deathly sick. Indeed we had already made his coffin, and prepared everything for his burial, under the impression that he had not an hour to live. It was marvellous what the love of God did in that emaciated body, whose strength was completely gone. Helping him at that late hour, I discovered a saint who, in the act of dying, was already living in God Every throb of his heart was a transport of love. Every breath was an act of love of God, uttered in such a loud but such a sweet voice, while he expressed the feelings with which his heart was beating, that I think it would have been impossible to have suggested more tender and loving and holy prayers

than those which his lips formed at that time. It was a divine eloquence, a holy abandonment of himself to the will of God, for time and eternity.

"Out of the abundance of his heart, his mouth spoke to God and of God. His trust in the Almighty was so sweet, his feelings of happiness so exalted, his detachment from self and his attachment to God so far removed from nature that we saw that grace alone abided in him, animating his desires, his hope and his love. This lasted for a whole hour, while his body was in the throes of death. But love was stronger than death, and God gave him back to us though we abandoned all hope. He recovered, and his noble heart continued faithful to the great love that was consuming it.

"In the missions which I have referred to, I can safely say that he sacrificed his whole life for God; that he suffered everything for God, and that for him God was all, and everything else was nothing. He lived in the places which were most exposed to the attacks of the Iroquois, and every day he was in danger of suffering a thousand deaths before the final blow came. It would be impossible for cruelty to invent more horrible pain than these enemies of God and man inflict on those who fall into their hands. Some of our Fathers have already been put to death by them, but Father Garreau, instead of fearing a similar fate, was longing for it. That desire animated his zeal and set his heart on fire. One of our Fathers, his intimate friend and the companion of his labors, Charles Garnier, was slain by those wretches on December 7, 1649, and after that Father Leonard was left in those parts alone, exposed to all the evils that nature shrinks from. He could then say with St. Paul: 'I die every day.' He had nothing to eat the greatest part of the time except acorns, roots and wild berries. The earth was his bed and God his consolation. I called him back from that mission in the spring of the following year, and on his way while crossing an expanse

of about ten leagues on the lake that was between him and us, he lost his way in the midst of a dense fog that settled around him. Night came on with a furious storm, and wearied out with paddling all day long, his companions gave up all hope and let themselves be carried wherever the winds and waves might toss them. It would seem that God had designedly made Father Garreau die every day, so that by looking death in the face his love might grow in intensity; for during that time when everyone expected to go to the bottom of the lake at any moment, nothing but loving words left his lips, as he exhorted his companions to accept death from the hands of God. During the two or three hours that they were there, he had them all reciting acts of the love of God and abandonment to Divine Providence. The party was half French and half Huron, and they told us afterwards that they were never happier than when all hope was gone; they never felt so well disposed, and were even desirous of death, for they were sure they would never be so well prepared. The fire of divine love in Father Garreau's heart had enkindled theirs, and made them feel the happiness it brings. After all hope of saving their lives had been abandoned, God stilled the tempest and scattered the clouds, and they found themselves suddenly near the shore tranquil, happy, and rejoicing.

"Less than a year ago, in order to prepare him for death, God sent him another sickness which was contracted in consequence of a labor of charity. While it lasted, all the virtues that one could expect in a holy man in the last struggle were evidenced in his heroic patience, his absolute submission to the will of God, his complete effacement of self, and his love that hoped for everything from God. The death of the saints is precious in the eyes of God, but God, who loved him so much, reserved him for another death instead of the one to which that sickness had nearly brought him.

"About two hundred and fifty Indians had come from

their country in the month of August, 1656, a distance of four hundred leagues. They were partly Huron and partly Algonquin. They came to trade, but also to ask for missionaries, and first of all they asked expressly for Father Garreau, who spoke the two languages, and also for the reason that he had been the first to preach the gospel among them. Having obtained two Fathers, one of our brothers and three of our domestics to go with them to begin a mission in those parts, he set out for their country. On the way up, six Huron canoes, in one of which Father Garreau was, paddled a short distance ahead of the rest of the flotilla and fell into an ambuscade of Mohawks, who were concealed in the reeds on the river bank, close to which the canoes had to pass, and who discharged a volley of musketry on the unsuspecting travellers. The best warriors in the six canoes fell dead, others were wounded, and the rest were dragged out of their boats to a captivity worse than death. After this first success the Mohawks hurried back to the intrenchment which they had thrown up in the woods.

Among the victims in that first attack was Father Garreau. He was struck by a musket ball which shattered his spine. He was taken from the canoe and flung pitilessly on the ground and stripped naked except for a miserable drawers that he wore. As he lay there the first word he uttered was: 'O God! receive my spirit. My God! forgive them.' He remained bathed in his blood for four hours, but rejoicing that he was left like Christ in his dereliction. When the savages came back and found him still alive they lifted him up and carried him inside the stockade. It was Wednesday, August 30, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon that he received this stroke of death, I should rather say his increase of life, for from that out, his life was only in God. He did not show even the slightest movement of resentment against his murderers. He was all charity for them; loved them in God, and God in them; offering his

life and his death for them, adoring and blessing God for the ways which had led up to the culmination of his labors.

"We could not have known this, had not the goodness of God given us back Father Garreau a little while before death finally came to claim him. For as the victorious Iroquois were anxious to keep the treaty of peace with the French, while waging a cruel war against our allies, they stopped at Montreal on the way back and left the Father there on the Saturday following, namely the 2d of September. It was a miracle that he was not dead. During all the time that elapsed since he was struck by the bullet he had not eaten a thing, and as not a drop of water had passed his lips he was tortured by a burning thirst.

"He was received at Montreal as an apostle and a martyr of Jesus Christ. That day he made his confession three times over, with sentiments of humility and love worthy of such a precious death. He received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction, and answered all the prayers. He continued to make acts of thanksgiving to God for the honor and the favor of accepting his blood and his life for the divine glory, and abandoned himself completely to God's holy will. He complained that his death was too easy. He lovingly invoked the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and his Angel Guardian. Finally, in the midst of his prayers, he was seized with convulsions, and at ten o'clock at night he gave his beautiful soul to God whitened by his blood, and leaving all those who stood around him filled with joy and hope that his blood would produce abundant fruits for the glory of God. We spared nothing to make his funeral rites what they should have been.

"His life was holy and his death still more so. All who knew him regard him as one of the great servants of God. No one prayed for him, but all invoked him as a saint. I have reason to know it, for I was his Superior for eight years. I was above him, indeed, in the eyes of the world,

but in reality like the dust beneath his feet. I can affirm in the presence of God, who knows the depths of our hearts, that he always appeared to me to be a saint; a man of solid virtue, unvarying piety, genuine humility, of a loving and lovable charity, and with an apostolic zeal that merited his holy death. May I die the death of that just man!

"What makes his death more precious is that he knew the danger he was incurring. We had experiences of the same enemy, and we apprehended that something of the sort might occur. But both he and we thought that the glory of God and the salvation of souls ought to lead him to make the attempt; for if the hope of gaining a glorious victory for one's king will send a soldier headlong against a foe, though death may be staring him in the face, should not a man do as much for God? That was in his mind, when forgetting himself and taking his life in his hands, he went forward with joy and love, obedient even unto death.

"I write you this from a French colony which we call Three Rivers, where your brother, that great servant of God, lived for the last two years of his life, edifying everyone by the example of his virtues and the power of his words, which were inflamed with the love of God and neighbor; a love which went almost to extremes, for he considered that there was nothing in the house that did not belong as much to the sick and the poor as to the Fathers. He often took the bread out of his mouth to give it to someone in want. In that way he won all hearts. I took his place there, without inheriting his virtues, but nevertheless I must bless God for having been his successor. He loved me while he was here on earth; he will have pity on me now that he is in heaven. He was separated from me for eight days before his death. On Saturday, the 2d of August, he made his general confession to me, and that day I thanked God for having such friends who loved Him in spirit and truth, and who loved Him alone. The last word

that was said to him was that he was going to his death, and he exclaimed 'O! would that it were so; how happy would I be!' A few moments before he was shot he was encouraging the Frenchmen who were with him, and telling them they ought to be ready to die; that the one whose heart is near God fears neither life nor death; and indeed prefers suffering and death if they make him live in God.

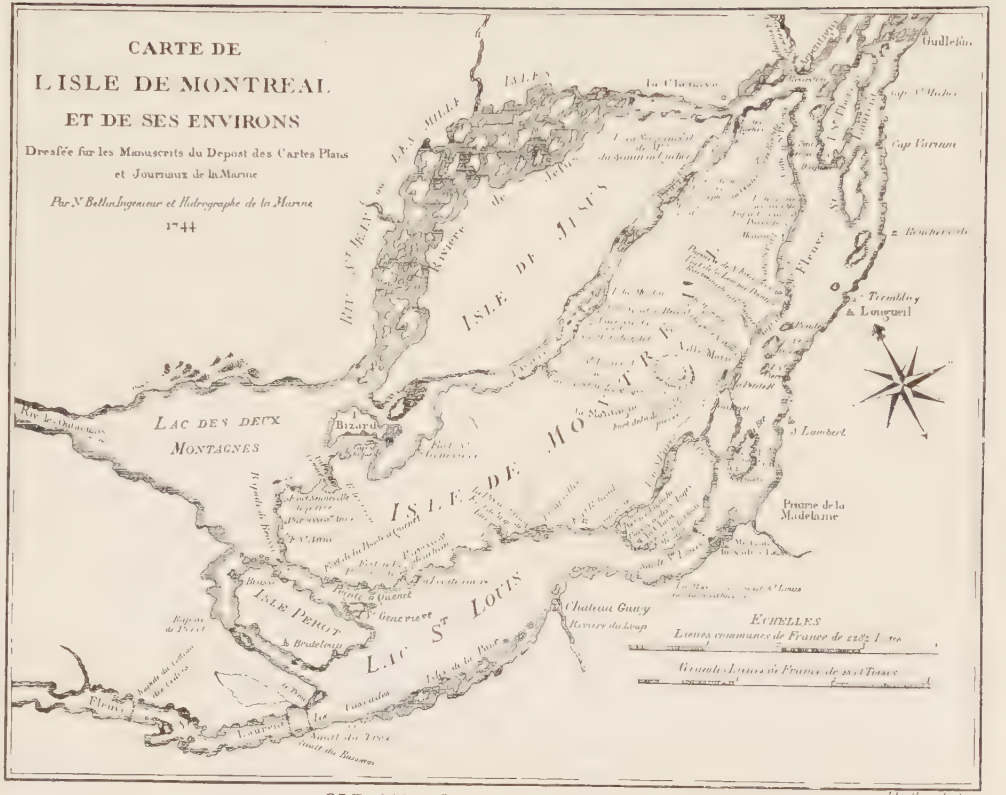
"Excuse me, if one whom you do not know writes at such length in his first letter to you, but I am writing to a brother, and of a brother who cannot be too much loved. He loved and respected you, and I know that a year ago, when he was near death, he asked me to write to you to tell you that he would think of you in heaven. Since then his love for you increased, and I doubt not that I am complying with his wishes in acquitting myself of this duty, and in asking you that since he was so close to me that I may find a place in your heart. You will lose by the change, or rather you will gain, for instead of one brother who is not dead, for he lives in heaven, and is more powerful than ever, you will have another who will be yours with all his heart.

"All those who witnessed his virtue in early youth say that he was endowed with a strong and keen intelligence, a docility that knew no bounds. When after his successful course of humanities he was received into the Society of Jesus, the greatest hopes were founded on him, because of the natural gifts with which he was endowed. In his novitiate he was the first in every hard and humiliating trial to which he was subjected; and he manifested a positive delight, not only in helping the poor, but in overcoming the repugnace which young people experience when they find themselves in the midst of infection, and the loathsome odor of the sick. He was the most eager to make their beds, to wash away their filth, and to console and instruct them. All the other novices were spurred on by his example.

"After the novitiate he was employed in teaching. He was very successful as a professor of philosophy, and for that reason he was sent to Rome for a six years theological course. In the large number of students gathered there from various parts of the world, his virtue attracted the attention of everyone. It was when he was nearing the end of his theology that a letter was sent to the Father General from the Superior of the Canada missions asking for help. Your brother accepted the call, and asked so persistently to be devoted to the conversion of the Indians, that he was chosen to the exclusion of others. He set out for America as soon as possible, manifesting the greatest joy at the realization of his hopes. He came, and died as we have seen.

"What can be said of his death except that it was precious in the eyes of God; that his memory will be in benediction in future ages; and that the record of his life will bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of many an ecclesiastic who is living idly at home, unfortunately burying the talents which nature and grace may have given, or whose labor results in nothing but vanity and affliction of spirit."

The death of Father Garreau was certainly the most notable event of those early days of Montreal, but in nearly all the histories it is remarkable how little attention is given to it. One would like to know, for instance, if Maisonneuve was there at the time? Did Jeanne Mance, who had founded her little hospital endeavor to alleviate his suffering? Was the gentle Marguerite Bourgeoys, who had come out to begin the work of education in that part of Canada present at his entombment? No doubt Father Druillettes and Brother le Boême and the three domestics who had started out with the dead missionary were then at Montreal, but nothing is said of them; though it is probable that when they found themselves alone in the woods by the Ottawa, they did not wait for the Iroquois to issue from



OLD MAP OF MONTREAL ISLAND.

their fort but made for Montreal, which Druillettes knew very well, for he had been in charge of the colony from 1643 to 1646.

Of the obsequies we know nothing except what is contained in Ragueneau's letter, viz.; "that they were made as splendid as the circumstances would permit." We have, however, in Viger's "Petit Régistre in 4° de la Cure de Montréal," an official record of the interment by Father Pijart, which runs as follows: "A. D. 1656 on the 2d of September at 11 o'clock at night, Father Leonard Garreau, Priest of the Society of Jesus fortified by all the sacraments, gave up his soul to God. He was struck by a musket ball on August 30 by the Iroquois, while on his way to preach the Gospel in the upper country. He was a man who was exceptionally endowed with the gifts of God, and enriched with every virtue. The day after his death he was buried by me, Claude Pijart, of the same Society of Jesus, in the plot set apart for the priests."

Where was this plot set apart for the priests? It was somewhere in the square where the splendid monument of Maisonneuve now stands. For we read in a little book entitled "Les Premières Cimitières Catholiques de Montréal," that the old place down at the river side, near the place Royale, was altogether abandoned on account of the inundations, and that a new one higher up had been chosen two years before Father Garreau's death. Where the precious remains are now we do not know, for the growth of the city made another change necessary in course of time, and the bodies, no doubt, were all transferred to the present cemetery of the Côte des Neiges.

It would be gratifying, also, to be able to identify the exact spot on which the battle was fought in which Garreau was wounded. The "Relation" merely states that "the Iroquois were ambushed on the bank of the great river where the Algonquins (the Ottawas were Algonquins) had to pass. They first threw up a redoubt on a little hill, by

cutting down some trees. The sentinels whom they had stationed at a convenient place which commanded a good view of the great river warned the chief that the flotilla was approaching, and then a number of braves who were good shots were concealed in the weeds and tall grass on a point which the canoes had to graze in passing (*que nos gens venoient friser*)."

This is very vague in spite of its details. The great river here spoken of included all the branches of the Ottawa, which was considered at that time to be the same as the St. Lawrence. A glance at the map will show that where the Ottawa approaches the island of Montreal, it widens out into what is called the Lake of the Two Mountains, and divides into three streams; one going to the St. Lawrence, another called Mille Isles, which runs north of the Isle Jésus, and a third called the Rivière des Prairies. The two latter enter the St. Lawrence at the eastern end of Montreal Island. It seems to be agreed that the travellers took the Rivière des Prairies, which was the usual route up the Ottawa. But at what point in the river the battle occurred we are not told. Charlevoix, who wrote a hundred years later, said it was on the shores of the Lake of the two Mountains. But as the river is so very wide there, it is hard to imagine any place where the canoes would be compelled to pass so close to the bank that the Iroquois in the reeds and tall grass were able immediately after the shooting to leap upon their victims and drag them ashore.

In direct contradiction to Charlevoix, with whose statement he was of course familiar, Father Martin says explicitly that "the Iroquois had concealed themselves on the *very island of Montreal,* on the banks of the river which bathes it on the northeast (the Rivière des Prairies or Back River), and at a place where the canoes had to pass (*ou ils devaient passer*). This place could not be better suited for their purpose, for in order to ascend the current in

that *narrow* and *rapid* place they had to hug the shore and work with all the strength of their paddles." If this is correct, though Father Martin is adding something to the vague description of the "Relation" without giving us his authority, it might be easy to find the spot. In scrutinizing the map of the Hunt Club of Montreal, we find the narrowest part of the river with a projecting point to be just above where the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the stream. Is that the place? It would be rash to venture an assertion. Only topographical experts can tell us.

In conclusion it is worth while recording the fact that besides being included in the "Histoire des Saints de Limoges," which was published in 1673 by Jean Collins, Father Garreau is honored not only by an unusually laudatory account of his life and death in the Roman Archives, and in Guilhermy's "Menology," but though anticipation of the decision of the Holy See is not allowed, he is put down in "Les Petits Bollandists" (7th ed., Tome 10, p. 408, on the 2d of December, the day of his death) as *"le vénerable Père Garreau de la Compagnie de Jésus missionaire dans le Canada."* In spite of all this, the great man is almost unknown at the present time.

EPILOGUE.

With the destruction of Father Garreau's mission among the Petuns, the work of the Jesuits around Lake Huron virtually came to an end. Parkman and others regard it as a failure, but it must be remembered that the Hurons would have been utterly annihilated if the priests had never approached them. Indeed their arrival retarded the disaster, and besides their presence was tolerated solely in the hope of averting the blow. It was only after the Hurons were overwhelmingly defeated by the Iroquois that de Brébeuf and his companions were admitted into their territory. They were like condemned criminals who angrily reject the ministrations of religion, but who finally yield in the hope of saving their necks from the gallows. They were of the same blood as the Iroquois, and were almost as terrible a race to deal with. They were degraded, ignorant, gross, immoral, obscene in their words and acts, depraved, superstitious, worshippers of the devil, liars, gamblers, traitors, apostates, murderers, fiendishly cruel in torturing their enemies, and not unfrequently cannibals. They had no idea of restraint in their family relations, or of submmission to the tribal authorities, and they regarded with loathing and contempt the teachings of Christianity.

To have attempted to convert such a people during the brief period of ten years, every moment of which was marked by wars, massacres, starvation, disease and pestilence, and nevertheless to have established flourishing missions in every Huron town, to have made many thousands of Christians, both young and old, nearly all of whom were perhaps too severely tried before being admitted to baptism, to have developed very many splendid examples of exalted sanctity, and finally, to have closed their books of account with the Lord not only by years of suffering

almost unparalleled in Christian annals, but to have sealed them with the blood of seven of their noblest men is the glorious record of the Huron missionaries.

In 1650 the tribe vanished from the earth as a distinct nation. Gathered at first, as a forlorn hope, on Christian or St. Joseph's Island, they were pursued and massacred by their foes even there. Pestilence came with its ravages, and starvation added its horrors to such a terrible degree that the dead were dug up and eaten. Some of the survivors took refuge among the Petuns, Neutrals and Eries, only to be murdered in the general destruction of those tribes by the all-conquering Iroquois. The Andastes, of Pennsylvania received some, and the Illinois others. There were groups of them at Mackinac, and Ménard's companions found a starving village of them in the swamps of Wisconsin. Three hundred families, mostly Christian, were led by Ragueneau to Quebec, and the remnants still live in La Jeune Lorette on the River St. Charles; but there is not a full-blooded Huron among them now. Thus perished the once flourishing nation to whom God gave such wonderful saints to lead them to heaven at the last moment of their existence.

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